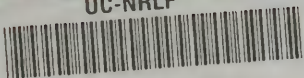


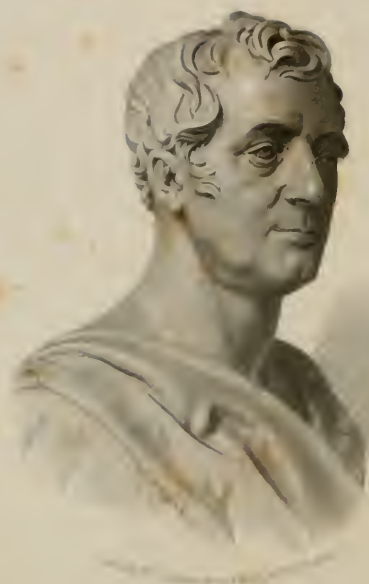
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THE ATLANTIC SOUVENIR.



Washington Irving

THE
ATLANTIC SOUVENIR,

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With Twelve Elegant Portraits on Steel, from Original Pictures.



NEW YORK:
DERBY & JACKSON, 119 NASSAU STREET.
1859.

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Rear of 43 & 45 Centre St.

GEORGE RUSSELL & CO., PRINTERS,
61 Beekman Street.

P R E F A C E .

THE ATLANTIC SOUVENIR is a compilation of several of the contributions to the Knickerbocker Gallery, a work intended as a graceful and appropriate tribute to the editor of the Knickerbocker Magazine, by his friends and correspondents. It was believed that the larger book would realize from its sale, a sufficient sum to purchase a cottage for the veteran editor, but owing to the great expense incurred in getting it up, of engraving and letter-press, although the sale was large, yet the proceeds were sufficient only to cover the expenses of publication. The present volume, embracing some of the best and most popular features of the Gallery, is intended to aid in effecting the object originally contemplated. Its price places it within the reach of persons of moderate means, while its fine engravings are such as are far beyond the illustrations usually exhibited, except in the most costly editions of gift books. Perhaps a better idea of the intention of this new edition will be given by quoting the language of the original preface.

“The popular actor on the stage receives from the public substantial ‘benefits,’ and the painter or sculptor whose productions have been more celebrated than profitable, not unfrequently collects them in an exhibition which the lovers of art

gladly support for his sake as well as for its attractive merits; but the editor has no such resort, as a test of the popular goodwill for him, nor any extraordinary means of making up the deficits of a season in which what the world owes him has been withheld.

"It seemed appropriate, in the case of Mr. LOUIS GAYLORD CLARK, to disregard precedents of neglect, and to offer him a testimonial of the esteem in which he is held by his *collaborateurs* that should be both pleasing as a compliment and valuable as a contribution to his means of happiness. It was proposed that the surviving writers for the Knickerbocker should each furnish, gratuitously, an article, and that the collection should be issued in a volume of tasteful elegance, of which the entire avails should be appropriated in building, on the margin of the Hudson, a cottage, suitable for the home of a man of letters, who, like Mr. CLARK, is also a lover of nature and of rural life.

"The editorial preparation of this volume was undertaken by JOHN W. FRANCIS, GEORGE P. MORRIS, RUFUS W. GRISWOLD, RICHARD B. KIMBALL, and FREDERICK W. SHELTON; their circular to the old contributors of the Magazine was met, in all cases, by a ready and generous response; and they submit the result in confidence that a literary miscellany of its kind has rarely, if ever, been published of which the contents are more various or uniformly excellent."

NEW YORK, 1859.

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Dr. F. Mitchell

The Bride of the Ice-King.

BY DONALD G. MITCHELL.

THERE is not a prettier valley in Switzerland than that of Lauterbrunnen. Whoever has seen it upon a fine day of summer, when the meadows were green, the streams full, and the sun shining upon the crystal glaciers which lie, from the beginning to the end of the year, at the head of the valley, can never forget it.

I do not think it can be more than a half-mile broad; and in many places, I am sure, it is much less. On one side, the rocks, brown and jagged, and tufted with straggling shrubs, rise almost perpendicularly; and a stream of water which comes from higher slopes, far out of sight, leaps over the edge of the precipice. At first, it is a solid column of water; then it breaks and spreads and wavers with the wind; and finally, in a rich white veil of spray, reaches the surface of the vale of Lauterbrunnen, a thousand feet below. They call it the Dust-Fall.

The opposite side of the valley does not change so suddenly into mountain. There are slopes, green or yellow, as the seasons may be, with the little harvests which the mountain-people raise; there are cliffs with wide niches in them, where you may see kids or sheep cropping the short herbage which grows in the shadow of the rocks; and there is a path, zig-zagging up from the road below, I scarce know how. It would be very tiresome, were it not for the views it gives you at every turning. Sometimes, from under a thicket of trees, you look sheer down upon the little bridge you have traversed in the bottom of the valley; seeming so near, that you could toss your Alpin-stock into the brook. Sometimes the green of the meadow, and the

sparkle of its stream are shut out; and you look straight across upon the Dust-Fall, where it leaps from the cliff abreast of you; and see it shiver, and grow white, and hear it afterward go murmuring away through its valley-bed.

At other times, as you pass farther up, the waterfall seems only a bit of gauze, which is lost over the edge of the cliff; and the heights above, from which the stream comes, break into sight and tower aloft in a way that quite dwarfs the poor valley beneath, and makes it seem a mere nook in the hills.

But by far the grandest sight of all those which belong to this mountain neighborhood, is that of the glacier which shuts up the head of the valley. It is not, indeed, larger or whiter than many others of Switzerland; but like the crown of a monarch, its green, lustrous crystals rise over the forehead of Lauterbrunnen, and charm you by such contrast of the fierce glory of winter, with the soft smile of summer, as can be seen nowhere else.

My first visit to this spot, many years ago, was on a midsummer's afternoon. The mountains were clear of clouds; and their snow-tops, and the green spurs of the glacier in the distance, seemed to wear the same warm glow of sunlight which fell upon the slopes around me, and upon the meadows beneath. I could see the brook trailing white in the bed of the valley; and the Dust-Fall gushing from the cliff into feathery, cloud-like vapor; and the peasants in the meadows, gathering their July crop of hay — yet so far below me, that no murmur of their toil came to my ear; but, in place of it, a mountain girl, from a cottage upon the heights, was singing, in the hope of a few pennies, a plaintive Swiss song, which floated pleasantly on the air, and mingled gracefully with the tinkle of the scattered bells, which the kids wore upon the cliffs above. Except these sounds, a silence haunted the whole region. As I lay under the shadow of a broad-limbed walnut, whose leaves scarce stirred in the summer air, the song, and the tinkle of the bells, and the glow of light upon the distant snow-cliffs, and the delicious haze that lingered over the Acreadian valley beneath me, seemed to belong each to each, and to make up a scene in which a life-time might be dreamed away, without a thought of labor or of duty.

It was different when I went there last. It was not in summer, but in autumn. The green of the meadows had given place to the brown tint which betokens the coming-on of winter. The trees on the slopes, as I toiled up the ascent toward the Wengern-Alp, were stripped of half their leaves; and the yellow and tattered remnants were sighing in a cool wind of October. The clouds hung low, and dashed fitfully across the heights. From hour to hour, great fragments of the glacier, loosened by the heavy rains of the previous night, fell thundering into distant mountain abysses. No sunlight rested upon the valley or upon the ice.

It hardly seemed to me the same spot of country which had so caught my fancy, and bewildered me with its quiet beauty years before. And yet there was a sublimity hanging about the landscape and the sky of which I had no sense on the former visit. At that time, the mountains, and the air, and even the lustrous glacier were subdued into quiet harmony with the valley and the valley-brook below. Even the song of the cottage-girl was an according symphony with the tone of nature.

Now, however, the gray landscape, unlighted by any ray of sunlight, wore a sober and solemn hue, that lifted even the meadow into grand companionship with the mountains and the glaciers; and the crash of falling icebergs quickened and gave force to the impressions of awe, which crept over me like a chill.

I began to understand, for the first time, that strange and savage reverence which the peasants feel for their mountains. And as the thunder of the falling glaciers echoed among the peaks, I grew insensibly into a fear of the great Power which lived and reigned in those regions of ice. It seemed to me that darkness would be only needed to drive away all rational estimate of the strange sounds which crashed, and the silence which brooded among the sombre cliffs. I entertained, with a willingness that almost frightened me, the old stories of ice-gods ruling and thundering among the glaciers.

The active, practical, reasoning world, with its throngs and talk, was far below. Greater things were around me, and challenged my fancy.

All the forces which man boasts of were little, compared with

those which made their voice heard among the cliffs. It seemed not only possible, but probable, that some great special Intelligence reigned over the giant forces which stirred around me. The old legends of ice-gods took shadow and form. I strode on to the little shelter-place, which lies under the Jungfrau, with the fearful step of one enroaching upon the domain of some august and splendid monarch. I did not once seek to combat the imaginative humors which lent a tone and a consistency to this feeling. I would not, if I could, have resisted the weird impressions of the place.

A terrific storm burst over the mountains, shortly after I had gained shelter in the little chalet of the Ober-Alp. The only company I found was the host, and a flax-haired German student. This last abandoned his pipe as the storm rose, and listened with me silently, and, I thought, with the same measure of awe, to the crash of the avalanches which were loosened by the falling torrents of rain.

"The Ice-King is angry to-night," said our host.

I could not smile at the superstition of the man; a sense of awe was too strong upon me; there was a feeling born of the mountain presence, and of the terrific crash of the glaciers, which forbade my smiling — a feeling as if an Ice-King might be really there to avenge a slight.

Presently there was a louder shock than usual, and the echoes of the report thundered for several minutes among the cliffs. The mountain host went to the door, which looked out toward the Jungfrau; and soon he called us hurriedly to see, as he called it, the Maid of the Glacier.

The bald wall of rock we could see looming dark through the tempest, and the immense caps of glacier, which lay at the top. The host directed our attention to a white speck half-way up the face of the precipice which appeared to rise slowly in a wavy line, and presently to disappear over the edge of the glacier.

"You saw her?" said the host excitedly; "you never see her, except after some terrible avalanche."

"What is it?" said I.

"We call her the Bride of the Ice-King," said our host; and he appealed to the German student, who, I found, had been frequently in

the Alps, and was familiar with all the legends. And when we were seated again around the fire, which the host had replenished with a fagot of crackling fire-wood, the German re-lighted his pipe, and told us this story of the Bride of the Ice-King. If it should appear tame in the reading, beside a Christmas blaze, it must be remembered, that I listened to it first in a storm at midnight, upon the wild heights of the Scheideck.

MANY, many years ago, (it was thus his story began,) there lived upon the edge of the valley of Lauterbrunnen a peasant, who had a beautiful daughter, by the name of Clothilde. Her hair was golden, and flowed in ringlets upon a neck which would have rivalled that of the fairest statue of antiquity. Her eye was hazel and bright, but with a pensive air, which, if the young herdsmen of the valley looked on only once, they never forgot in their lives.

The mother of Clothilde, who had died when she was young, came, it was said, from some foreign land; none knew of her lineage; and the people of the valley had learned only that the peasant, whose wife she became, had found her lost upon the mountains.

The peasant was an honest man, and mourned for the mother of Clothilde, because she had shared his labors, and had lighted pleasantly the solitary path of his life. But Clothilde, though the mother died when she was young, clung ever tenderly to her memory, and persisted always that she would find her again where her father had found her—upon the mountains. It was in vain they showed her the grave where her mother lay buried, in the village church-yard.

"No, no," she would say, "my mother is not there;" and her eyes lifted to the mountains.

Yet no one thought Clothilde was crazed; not a maiden of all the village of Lauterbrunnen performed better her household cares than the beautiful Clothilde. Not one could so swiftly ply the distaff; not one who could show such store of white cloth, woven from the mountain flax. She planted flowers by the door of her father's cottage; she watched over all his comforts; she joined with the rest in the vil

'age balls; but, unlike all the maidens of the village, she would accept no lover.

There were those who said that her smiles were all cold smiles, and that her heart was icy. But these were disappointed ones; and had never known of the tears she shed when she thought of her mother, who was gone.

The father, plain peasant that he was, mourned in his heart when he thought how Clothilde was the only maiden of the village who had no lover; and he feared greatly, as the years flew swiftly over him, for the days that were to come, when Clothilde would have none to watch over her, and none to share her cottage home.

But the pensive-eyed Clothilde put on gaiety when she found this mood creeping over her father's thought, and cheered him with the light songs she had learned from the village girls.

Yet her heart was not in the light songs; for she loved to revel in the wild and mysterious tales belonging to the mountain life. Deeper things, and things more dread than came near to the talk or to the thought of the fellow-villagers, wakened the fancy of the pensive-eyed Clothilde. Whether it was some dreamy memory of the lost mother, or daily companionship with the mountains and the glaciers, which she saw from her father's door, certain it was, that her thought went farther and wider than the thoughts of those around her.

Even the doctrines she learned from the humble curé of the village, blended with the wilder action of her fancy; and though she kneeled, as did the father and the good curé, before the image at the altar of the village church, she seemed to see HIM plainer in the mountains: and there was a sacredness in the pine woods upon the slope of the hill, and in the voice of the avalanches which fell in the time of spring, which called to her mind a quicker sense of the Divine presence and power, than the church chalices or the rosary.

Now, the father of Clothilde had large flocks, for a village peasant. Fifty of his kids fed upon the herbage which grew on the mountain ledges; and half a score of dun cows came every night to his chalet, from the pasture-grounds which were watered by the spray of the Dust-Fall.

Many of the young villagers would have gladly won Clothilde to

some token of love; but ever her quiet, pale face, as she knelt in the village church, awed them to silence; and ever her gentle manner, as she clung to the arm of the old herdsman, her father, made them vow new vows to capture the village beauty.

In times of danger, or in times when sickness came to the chalets of the valley, Clothilde passed hither and thither on errands of mercy; and when storms threatened those who watched the kids upon the mountain slopes, she sent them food and wine, and fresh store of blankets.

So the years passed; and the maidens said that Clothilde was losing the freshness that belonged to her young days; but these were jealous ones, and, like other maidens than Swiss maidens, knew not how to forgive her who bore away the palm of goodness and of beauty.

And the father, growing always older, grew sadder at thought of the desolate condition which would soon belong to his daughter Clothilde.

"Who," said the old man, "will take care of the flocks, my daughter? who will look after the dun cows? who will bring the winter's store of fir-wood from the mountains?"

Now, Clothilde could answer for these things; for even the curé of the village would not see the pretty and the pious Clothilde left destitute. But it pained her heart to witness the care that lay upon her father's thought, and she was willing to bestow quiet upon his parting years. Therefore, on a day when she came back with the old herdsman from a village-wedding, she told him that she, too, if he wished, would become a bride.

"And whom will you marry, Clothilde?" said the old man.

"Whom you choose," said Clothilde; but she added, "he must be good, else how can I be good? And he must be brave, for the dangers of the mountain life are many."

So the father and the village curé consulted together, while Clothilde sang as before at her household cares; and lingered, as was her wont at evening, by the chapel of Our Lady of the Snow, in view of the glaciers which rose in the front of the valley.

But the father and the curé could decide upon none who was

wholly worthy to be the bridegroom of Clothilde. The people of the valley were honest, and not a young villager of them all but would have made for her a watchful husband, and cared well for the flocks which belonged to her father's fold.

In that day, as now, village fêtes were held in every time of spring, at which the young mountaineers contended with each other in wrestling, and in the cast of heavy boulder-stones, and in other mountain sports, which tried their manliness, and which called down the plaudits of all the village dames. The spring and the spring fêtes were now approaching, and it was agreed between the father and the curé, that where all were so brave and honest, the victor in the village games should receive, for reward, the hand of Clothilde.

The villagers were all eager for the day which was to decide the fortunes of their valley heiress. Clothilde herself wore no cloud upon her brow; but ever, with the same serene look, she busied her hands with her old house-cares, and sang the songs which cheered her old father's heart.

The youth of the village—they were mostly the weaker ones—eyed her askance, and said, "She can have no heart worth the winning, who is won only by a stout arm." And others said still, "She is icy cold, and can have no heart at all."

But the good curé said, "Nay;" and many a one from sick-beds called down blessings on her.

There were mothers, too, of the village, thinking, perhaps, as mothers will, of the fifty kids and of the half-score of dun cows, which would make her dowry, who said, with a wise shake of the head, "She who is so good a daughter will make also a good wife."

Among those who would gladly, long ago, have sought Clothilde in marriage, was a young villager of Lauterbrunnen, whose name was Conrad Friedland.

He was a hunter as well as a herdsman, and he knew the haunts of the chamois upon the upper heights as well as he knew the pasture-ground where fed the kids which belonged to the father of Clothilde. He had nut-brown hair, and dark blue eyes; and there was not a maiden of the valley, save only the pensive Clothilde, but watched admiringly the proud step of the hunter Friedland.

Many a time her father had spoken of the daring deeds of Conrad, and had told to Clothilde, with an old man's ardor, the tale of the wild mountain-hunts which Conrad could reckon up; and how, once upon a time, when a child was lost, they had lowered the young huntsman with ropes into the deep crevasses of the glacier; and how, in the depths of the icy cavern, he had bound the young child to his shoulder, and been dragged, bruised and half-dead, to the light again.

To all this Clothilde had listened with a sparkle in her eye; yet she felt not her heart warming toward Conrad, as the heart of a maiden should warm toward an accepted lover.

Many and many a time Conrad had gazed on Clothilde as she kneeled in the village church. Many and many a time he had watched her crimson kirtle, as she disappeared among the walnut-trees that grew by her father's door. Many and many a time he had looked longingly upon the ten dun cows which made up her father's flock, and upon the green pasturage ground, where his kids counted by fifty.

Brave enough he was to climb the crags, even when the ice was smooth on the narrow foot-way, and a slip would hurl him to destruction; he had no fear of the crevasses which gape frightfully on the paths that lead over the glaciers; he did not shudder at the thunders which the avalanches sent howling among the heights around him; and yet Conrad had never dared to approach, as a lover might approach, the pensive-eyed Clothilde.

With other maidens of the village he danced and sang, even as the other young herdsmen, who were his mates in the village games, danced and sang. Once or twice, indeed, he had borne a gift—a hunter's gift of tender chamois-flesh—to the old man, her father. And Clothilde, with her own low voice, had said, "My father thanks you, Conrad."

And the brave hunter, in her presence, was like a sparrow within the swoop of a falcon!

If she sang, he listened—as though he dreamed that leaves were fluttering, and birds were singing over him. If she was silent, he gazed on her—as he had gazed on cool mountain-pools when the sun smote fiercely.

The idle raillery of the village he could not talk to her; of love she would not listen; of things higher, with his peasant's voice and mind, he knew not how to talk. And the mother of Conrad Friedland, a lone widow, living only in the love of her son, upon the first lift of the hills, chid him for his silence, and said, "He who has no tongue to tell of love, can have no heart to win it!"

Yet Conrad, for very lack of speech, felt his slumberous passion grow strong. The mountain springs which are locked longest with ice, run fiercest in summer.

And Conrad rejoiced in the trial that was to come, where he could speak his love in his own mountain way, and conquer the heart of Clothilde with his good right arm.

Howbeit, there was many another herdsman of the valley who prepared himself joyously for a strife, where the winner should receive the fifty kids, and the ten dun cows, and the hand of the beautiful Clothilde. Many a mother, whose eye had rested lovingly on these, one and all, bade their sons "Be ready!"

Clothilde alone seemed careless of those, who, on the festal day, were to become her champions; and ever she passed undisturbed through her daily round of cares, kneeling in the village church, singing the songs that gladdened her father's heart, and lingering at the sunset hour, by the chapel of Our Lady of the Snow, whence she saw the glaciers and the mountain-tops glowing with the rich red light from the west.

Upon the night which was before the day of the village fête, it happened that she met the brave young hunter, Conrad, returning from the hills, with a chamois upon his shoulder. He saluted her, as was his wont, and would have followed at respectful distance; but Clothilde beckoned his approach.

"Conrad," said she, "you will contend with the others at the fête to-morrow?"

"I will be there," said Conrad; "and, please the blessed Virgin, I will win such prize as was never won before!"

"Conrad Friedland, I know that you are brave, and that you are strong. Will you not be generous also? Swear to me that if you are the winner in to-morrow's sports, you will not claim the

reward which my father has promised to the bravest, for a year and a day."

"You ask what is hard," said Conrad. "When the chamois is near, I draw my bow; and when my arrow is on the string, how can I stay the shaft?"

"It is well for your mountain prizes, Conrad; but bethink you the heart of a virgin is to be won like a gazelle of the mountains?"

"Clothilde will deny me, then?" said Conrad reproachfully.

"Until a year and a day are passed, I must deny," said the maiden. "But when the snows of another spring are melted, and the fête has returned again, if you, Conrad Friedland, are of the same heart and will, I promise to be yours."

And Conrad touched his lips to the hand she lent him, and swore, "by Our Lady of the Snow," that, for a year and a day, he would make no claim to the hand of Clothilde, though he were twice the winner.

The morning was beautiful which ushered in the day of the fêtes. The maidens of the village were arrayed in their gayest dresses, and the young herdsmen of the valley had put on their choicest finery. The sports were held upon a soft bit of meadow-land at the foot of the great glacier which rises in the front of Lauterbrunnen. A barrier of earth and rocks, clothed with fir-trees, separated the green meadow from the crystal mountain which gleamed above. And ever, when the sun smote hotly, the glacier streams, which murmured upon either side of the meadow, made cool the air.

All the people of the village were assembled, and many a young hunter or herdsman beside, from the plains of Interlacken, or from the borders of the Brienzer-See, or from the farther vale of Grindelwald.

But Conrad had no fear of these; for already on many a day of fête, he had measured forces with them, and had borne off the prizes, whether in wrestling or in the cast of the granite boulders. This day he had given great care to his dress; a jerkin of neatly tanned chamois-leather set off his muscular figure, and it was dressed upon the throat and upon the front with those rare furs of the mountains, which betokened his huntsman's craft.

Many a village maiden wished that day she held the place of Clothilde, and that she, too, might have such champion as the brown-haired Conrad.

A rich cap of lace, worked by the village hands, was round the forehead of Clothilde; and, to humor the pride of the old man, her father, she had added the fairest flowers which grew by the cottage-door. But, fair as the flowers were, the face of Clothilde was fairer.

She sat between the old herdsman and the curé, upon one of the rustie benches which circled the plateau of green, where the village sports were held. Tall poles of hemlock or of fir, dressed with garlands of mountain laurel, stood at the end of the little arena, where the valley champions were to contend. Among these were some whose strong arms and lithe figures promised a hard struggle to the hopeful Conrad; and there were jealous ones who would have been glad to humble the pretensions of one so favored by the village maidens, as the blue-eyed hunter, Friedland.

Many looks turned curiously toward the bench, where sat the village belle, whose fortunes seemed to hang upon the fate of the day; but her brow was calm; and there, as ever, she was watchful of the comfort of the old man, her father.

Half of the games had passed over, indeed, before she turned a curious look upon the strife. Conrad, though second in some of the lesser sports, had generally kept the first rank; and the mere vigorous trials to come would test his rivals more seriously, and would, it was thought, give him a more decided triumph.

When the wrestlers were called, there appeared a stout herdsman from the valley of Grindelwald, who was the pride of his village, and who challenged boldly the hunter, Conrad. He was taller and seemed far stronger than Conrad; and there were those — the old herdsman among them — who feared greatly that a stranger would carry off the prize.

But the heart of the brave hunter was fired by the sight of Clothilde, now bending an eager look upon the sports. He accepted the challenge of the stout herdsman, and they grappled each other in the mountain way. The stranger was the stronger; but Conrad, the more active. For a long time they struggled vainly, and the vil-

lagers were doubting how the strife might end, when the foot of Conrad, striking a soft bit of turf, failed him, and he fell. There was a low murmur of disappointment; but in an instant, Conrad, by a vigorous effort, freed himself from his rival and was again upon his feet.

They grappled once more, but the heavy herdsman was weary; Conrad pressed him closely; and soon the valley rang with shouts, and the champion of Grindelwald was fairly vanquished.

After this came the cast of the boulders. One after another, the younger men made their trial, and the limit of each cast was marked by a willow wand, and in the cleft of each wand was a fragment of ribbon, bestowed by well-wishing maidens.

Conrad, taking breath after his wrestling-match, advanced composedly to his place at the head of the arena, where stood the fir-saplings with the laurel wreaths. He lifted the boulder with ease, and, giving it a vigorous cast, retired unconcerned. The little blue strip of ribbon which presently marked its fall, was far in advance of the rest.

Again there was a joyous shout. But the men of Grindelwald cried out loudly to their champion, and he came forward; but his arm was tired, and his cast was scarce even with the second of the men of Lauterbrunnen.

Again the shout rose louder than before, and Conrad Friedland was declared by the village umpires of the fête to be the victor, and, by will of the old herdsman, to be the accepted lover of the beautiful Clothilde. They led him forward to the stand where sat the curé, between the old herdsman and the herdsman's daughter.

Clothilde grew suddenly pale. Would Conrad keep his oath?

Fear may have confused him, or fatigue may have forbid his utterance; but he reached forth his hand for the guerdon of the day, and the token of betrothal.

Just then an Alpine horn sounded long and clear, and the echoes lingered among the cliffs and in the spray of the Dust-Fall. It was the call of a new challenger. By the laws of the fête, the games were open until sunset, and the new-comer could not be denied.

None had seen him before. His frame was slight, but firmly

knit; his habit was of the finest white wool, closed at the throat with rich white furs, and caught together with latchets of silver. His hair and beard were of a light flaxen color, and his chamois boots were clamped and spiked with polished steel, as if he had crossed the glacier. It was said by those near whom he passed, that a cold current of air followed him, and that his breath was frosted on his beard, even under the mild sun of May.

He said no word to any; but, advancing with a stately air to the little plateau where the fir spars stood crowned with their laurel garlands, he seized upon a boulder larger than any had yet thrown, and cast it far beyond the mark where the blue pennant of Conrad still fluttered in the wind.

There was a stifled cry of amazement, and the wonder grew greater still, when the stranger, in place of putting a willow wand to mark his throw, seized upon one of the fir saplings, and hurled it through the air with such precision and force, that it fixed itself in the sod within a foot of the half-embedded boulder, and rested quivering with its laurel wreath waving from the top.

The victor waited for no conductor; but, marching straight to the benches where sat the bewildered maiden, and her wonder-stricken father, bespoke them thus:

"Fair lady, the prize is won; but if, within a year and a day, Conrad Friedland can do better than this, I will yield him the palm; until then I go to my home in the mountains."

The villagers looked on amazed; Clothilde alone was calm, but silent. None had before seen the stranger; none had noticed his approach, and his departure was as secret as his coming.

The curé muttered his prayers; the village maidens recalled by timid whispers his fine figure, and the rich furs that he wore. And Conrad, recovering from his stupor, said never a word; but paced back and forth musingly, the length of the boulder-cast which the white-clad stranger had made.

The old man swore it was some spirit, and bade Clothilde accept Conrad at once as a protector against the temptations of the Evil One. But the maiden, more than ever wedded to her visionary life by this strange apparition, dwelt upon the words of the stranger, and repeat-

ing them, said to her father, "Let Conrad wait for a twelvemonth, and if he passes the throw of the Unknown, I will be his bride."

The sun sank beyond the hills of the Ober-Alp, and with the twilight came a mystic awe over the minds of the villagers. The thoughtful Clothilde fancied the stranger some spiritual guardian: most of all, when she recalled the vow which Conrad had made and had broken. She remarked, moreover, as they went toward their home, that an eagle of the Alps, long after its wonted time of day, hovered over their path, and only when the cottage-door was closed, soared away to the cliffs that lifted above the glaciers of Lauterbrunnen.

The old herdsman began now to regard his daughter with a strange kind of awe. He consulted long and anxiously with the good curé of the village. Could it be that the maid, so near to his heart, was leagued with the spirit-world? He recalled the time when he had met first her mother, wandering upon the mountains. Whence had she come? And was the stranger of the festal day, of some far kindred, who now sought his own? It was remembered how the mother had loved her child, and had borne her in her arms often to the very edge of the glacier, and lulled Clothilde to sleep with the murmur of the deep falls of water, which, in the heats of summer, make mysterious music in the heart of the ice-mountains.

It was remembered how, in girlhood, Clothilde had often wandered thither to pluck Alpine roses, and was heedless always of the icy breath which came from the blue glacier-caverns. Always, too, she hung her votive garlands on the altar of "Our Lady of the Snow," and prayed for the pilgrims, who, in winter, traversed the rude passes of the Ober-Alp. Did the mother belong to the Genius of the Mountain? and was the daughter pledged to the Ice-King again?

The poor old herdsman bowed his head in prayer; the good curé whispered words of comfort; Clothilde sang as she had sung in the days that were gone, but the old man trembled at her low tones, which thrilled now in his ear like the syren sounds, which they say in the Alps, go always before the roar of some great avalanche.

Yet the father's heart twined more and more round the strange spirit-being of Clothilde. It seemed to him, more and more, that the

mother's image was before him, and that the mother's soul looked out from the pensive eyes of Clothilde. He said now no word of marriage, but waited with resignation for the dread twelvemonth to pass away. And he looked with pity upon the strong-hearted Conrad, who, fiercer and more daring than before—as if some quick despair had given courage—sealed the steepest cliffs, and brought back stores of chamois-flesh, of which he laid always a portion at the door of the father of Clothilde.

It was said, too, that the young huntsman was heard at night, casting boulder-stones in the valley, and nerving his arm for the trial of the twelvemonth to come.

The maidens of the village eyed askance the tripping figure of the valley belle; the mothers of the young herdsmen spoke less often of the ten dun cows which fed upon her father's pasture-grounds, and counted less often the fifty kids which trooped at night into her father's folds upon the mountain.

Yet ever Clothilde made her sunset walks to the chapel of Our Lady of the Snow, and ever, in her place in the village church, she prayed, as reverently as before, for HEAVEN to bless the years of the life of the old man, her father.

If she lived in a spirit-world, it seemed a good spirit-world; and the crystal glory of the glacier, where no foot could go, and where her gaze loved to linger, imaged to her thought the stainless purity of angels. If the curé talked with Clothilde of the heaven where her mother had gone, and where all the good will follow, Clothilde—pointed to the mountains.

Did he talk of worship and the anthems which men sang in the cathedrals of cities?

Clothilde said, "Hark to the avalanche!"

Did he talk of a good spirit, which hovers always near the faithful?

Clothilde pointed upward, where an eagle soared over the glacier, a speck upon the sky.

As the year passed away, mysterious rumors were spread among the villagers; and there were those who said they had seen at eventide, Clothilde talking with a stranger in white, who was like the chal-

lenger of the year before. And when the winter had covered the lower hills with white, it was said that traces of strange feet were seen about the little chapel of Our Lady of the Snow.

Howbeit, Clothilde neglected not one of the duties which belonged to her in the household of her father, and her willing heart and hand forbade that either the kind old herdsman or the curé should speak aught ill to her, or forbid her the mountain rambles.

The old mother of Conrad grew frightened, indeed, by the stories of the villagers, and prayed her son to give up all thought of the strange Clothilde, and to marry a maiden whose heart was of warmer blood, and who kept no league with the Evil One. But Conrad only the more resolutely followed the bent of his will, and schooled himself for the coming trial. If they talked to him of the stranger, he vowed with a fearful oath, that, be he who he might, he would dare him to sharper conflict than that of the year before.

So, at length, the month and the day drew near again. It was early spring-time. The wasting snows still whitened the edges of the fields which hung upon the slopes of the mountain. The meadow of the fête had lost the last traces of winter, and a fresh green sod, with sprinkled daisies, glittered under the dew and the sunlight.

Clothilde again was robed with care, and when the old herdsman looked on her, under the wreath she had woven out by his cottage flowers, he forgave her all he had thought of her tie to the spirit-world, and clasped her to his heart — “his own, his good Clothilde!”

On the day before the fête, there had been heavy rain; and the herdsmen from the heights reported that the winter snows were loosening, and would soon come down, after which would be broad summer and the ripening of the crops.

Scarce a villager was away from the wrestling-ground; for all had heard of Clothilde, and of the new and strange comer who had challenged the pride of the valley, and had disappeared — none knew whither.

Was Conrad Friedland to lose again his guerdon?

The games went on, with the old man, the father of Clothilde, looking on timidly, and the good curé holding his accustomed place beside him. There were young herdsmen who appeared this year,

for the first time, among the wrestlers, and whom the past twelve-month had ripened into sturdy manhood. But the firm and the tried sinews of the hunter Conrad placed him before all these, as he was before all the others. Not so many, however, as on the year before, envied him his spirit-bride. Yet none could gainsay her beauty; for this day her face was radiant with a rich glow, and her clear complexion, relieved by the green garland she wore, made her seem a princess.

As the day's sports went on, a cool, damp wind blew up the valley, and clouds drifted over the summits of the mountains. Conrad had made himself the victor in every trial. To make his triumph still more brilliant, he had even surpassed the throw of his unknown rival of the year before. At sight of this, the villagers raised one loud shout of greeting, which echoed from end to end of the valley. And the brave huntsman, flushed with victory, dared boldly the stranger of the white jerkin and the silver latchets to appear and maintain his claims to the queen of the valley — the beautiful Clothilde.

There was a momentary hush, broken only by the distant murmur of the Dust-Fall. The thickening clouds drifted fast athwart the mountains.

Clothilde grew suddenly pale, though the old herdsman, her father, was wild with joy. The curé watched the growing paleness of Clothilde, and saw her eye lift toward the head of the glacier.

"Bear away my father!" said she, in a quick tone of authority. In a moment the reason was apparent. A roar, as of thunder, filled the valley; a vast mass of the glacier above had given way, and its crash upon the first range of cliffs now reached the ear. The fragments of ice and rock were moving with frightful volume down toward the plateau.

The villagers fled screaming; the father of Clothilde was borne away by the curé; Clothilde herself was, for the time, lost sight of. The eye of Conrad was keen, and his judgment rare. He saw the avalanche approaching, but he did not fly like the others. An upper plateau and a thicket of pine-trees were in the path of the avalanche; he trusted to these to avert or to stay the ruin.

As he watched, while others shouted him a warning, he caught

sight of the figure of Clothilde, in the arms of a stranger flying toward the face of the mountain. He rushed wildly after.

A fearful crash succeeded; the avalanche had crossed the plateau, and swept down the fir-trees; the trunks splintered before it, like summer brambles; the detached rocks were hurled down in showers; immense masses of ice followed quickly after, roaring over the *débris* of the forest, and, with a crash that shook the whole valley, reached the meadow below. Swift as lightning, whole acres of the green sod were torn up by the wreck of the forest-trees and rocks, and huge, gleaming masses of ice; and then, more slowly, with a low murmur, like a requiem, came the flow of lesser snowy fragments, covering the great ruin with a mantle of white.

Poor Conrad Friedland was buried beneath!

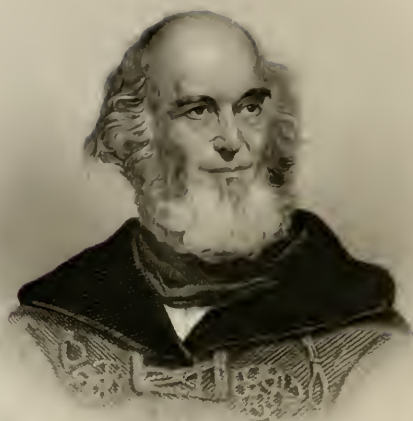
The villagers had all fled in safety; but the green meadow of the fêtes was a meadow no longer.

Those who were hindermost in the flight said they saw the stranger in white bearing Clothilde, in her white robes, up the face of the mountain. It is certain that she was never seen in the valley again; and the poor old herdsman, her father, died shortly after, leaving his stock of dun cows and his fifty kids to the village curé, to buy masses for the rest of his daughter's soul.

"THIS," said the German, "is the story of the Bride of the Ice-King;" and he re-lighted his pipe.

The storm had now passed over, and the stars were out. Before us was the giant wall of the Jungfrau, with a little rattle of glacier artillery occasionally breaking the silence of the night. To the left was the tall peak of the Wetterhorn, gleaming white in the starlight; and, far away to the right, we could see the shining glaciers at the head of the Lauterbrunnen valley.

If I ever pass that way again, I shall ask the guides to show me the avalanche under which poor Conrad, the hunter, lies buried.



William Cullen Bryant.

The Snow Shower.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

STAND here by my side and turn, I pray,
On the lake below thy gentle eyes;
The clouds hang over it, heavy and gray,
And dark and silent the water lies;
And out of that frozen mist the snow
In wavering flakes begins to flow;
Flake after flake,
They sink in the dark and silent lake.

See how in a living swarm they come
From the chambers beyond that misty veil.
Some hover awhile in air, and some
Rush prone from the sky like summer hail.
All, dropping swiftly or settling slow,
Meet and are still in the depth below;
Flake after flake,
Dissolved in the dark and silent lake.

Here delicate snow-stars, out of the cloud
Come floating downward in airy play,
Like spangles dropped from the glistening crowd
That whiten by night the milky way;
There broader and burlier masses fall;
The sullen water buries them all;
Flake after flake,
All drowned in the dark and silent lake.

And some, as on tender wings they glide
From their chilly birth-cloud, dim and gray,
Are joined in their fall, and, side by side,
Come clinging along their unsteady way;
As friend with friend or husband with wife
Makes hand in hand the passage of life;
Each mated flake
Soon sinks in the dark and silent lake.

Lo! while we are gazing, in swifter haste
Stream down the snows, till the air is white,
As, myriads by myriads madly chased,
They fling themselves from their shadowy height.
The fair frail creatures of middle sky,
What speed they make with their grave so nigh;
Flake after flake,
To lie in the dark and silent lake!

I see in thy gentle eyes a tear;
They turn to me in sorrowful thought;
Thou thinkest of friends, the good and dear,
Who were for a time and now are not;
Like these fair children of cloud and frost,
That glisten a moment, and then are lost,
Flake after flake,
All lost in the dark and silent lake.

Yet look again, for the clouds divide;
A gleam of blue on the water lies;
And far away, on the mountain side,
A sunbeam falls from the opening skies.
But the hurrying host that flew between
The cloud and the water no more is seen;
Flake after flake,
At rest in the dark and silent lake.

Conversations with Talma.

FROM ROUGH NOTES IN A COMMON-PLACE BOOK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE SKETCH-BOOK.

PARIS, *April 25, 1821.* — Made a call with a friend, this morning, to be introduced to Talma, the great French tragedian. He has a suite of apartments in a hotel in the Rue Des Petites Augustines, but is about to build a town residence. He has also a country retreat a few miles from Paris, of which he is extremely fond, and is continually altering and improving it. He had just arrived from the country, and his apartment was rather in confusion, the furniture out of place, and books lying about. In a conspicuous part of the saloon was a colored engraving of John Philip Kemble, for whom he expresses great admiration and regard.

Talma is about five feet seven or eight inches, English, in height, and somewhat robust. There is no very tragic or poetic expression in his countenance; his eyes are of a bluish gray, with, at times, a peculiar cast; his face is rather fleshy, yet flexible; and he has a short thick neck. His manners are open, animated, and natural. He speaks English well, and is prompt, unreserved, and copious in conversation.

He received me in a very cordial manner, and asked if this was my first visit to Paris. I told him I had been here once before, about fourteen years since.

"Ah! that was the time of the Emperor!" cried he, with a sudden gleam of the eye.

"Yes—just after his coronation as King of Italy.

"Ah! those were the heroic days of Paris—every day some new victory! The real chivalry of France rallied round the Emperor; the youth, and talent, and bravery of the nation. Now you see the courts of the Tuileries crowded by priests, and an old, worn-out nobility brought back by foreign bayonets."

He consoled himself by observing, that the national character had improved under its reverses. Its checks and humiliations had made the nation more thoughtful. "Look at the young men from the colleges," said he, "how serious they are in their demeanor. They walk together in the public promenades, conversing always on political subjects, but discussing politics philosophically and scientifically. In fact, the nation is becoming as grave as the English."

He thinks, too, that there is likely to be a great change in the French drama. "The public," said he, "feel greater interest in scenes that come home to common life, and in the fortunes of every day people, than in the distresses of the heroic personages of classic antiquity. Hence, they never come to the Théâtre Français, excepting to see a few great actors, while they crowd to the minor theatres to witness representations of scenes in ordinary life. The revolution," added he, "has caused such vivid and affecting scenes to pass before their eyes, that they can no longer be charmed by fine periods and declamation. They require character, incident, passion, life."

He seems to apprehend another revolution, and that it will be a bloody one. "The nation," said he, "that is to say, the younger part of it, the *children of the revolution*, have such a hatred of the priests and the *noblesse*, that they would fly upon them like wolves upon sheep."

On coming away, he accompanied us to the door. In passing through the ante-chamber, I pointed to children's swords and soldiers' caps lying on a table. "Ah!" cried he, with animation, "the amusements of the children now-a-days are all military. They will have nothing to play with but swords, guns, drums, and trumpets."

Such are the few brief notes of my first interview with Talma. Some time afterward I dined in company with him at Beauvillier's restaurant. He was in fine spirits: gay and earnest by turns, and always perfectly natural and unreserved.

He spoke with pleasure of his residence in England. He liked the English. They were a noble people; but he thought the French more amiable and agreeable to live among. "The intelligent and cultivated English," he said, "are disposed to do generous actions, but the common people are not so liberal as the same class among the French: they have bitter national prejudices. If a French prisoner escaped in England, the common people would be against him. In France it was otherwise. "When the fight was going on around Paris," said he, "and Austrian and other prisoners were brought in wounded, and conducted along the Boulevards, the Parisian populace showed great compassion for them, and gave them money, bread, and wine."

Of the liberality of the cultivated class of English he gave an anecdote. Two French prisoners had escaped from confinement, and made their way to a sea-port, intending to get over in a boat to France. All their money, however, was exhausted, and they had not wherewithal to hire a boat. Seeing a banker's name on a door, they went in, stated their case frankly, and asked for pecuniary assistance, promising to repay it faithfully. The banker at once gave them one hundred pounds. They offered a bill, or receipt, but he declined it. "If you are not men of honor," said he "such paper would be of no value; and if you are men of honor, there is no need of it." This circumstance was related to Talma by one of the parties thus obliged.

In the course of conversation, we talked of the theatre. Talma had been a close observer of the British stage, and was alive to many of its merits. He spoke of his efforts to introduce into French acting the familiar style occasionally used by the best English tragedians; and of the difficulties he encountered in the stately declamation and constantly-recurring rhymes of French tragedy. Still he found, he said, every familiar touch of nature immediately appreciated and applauded by the French audiences. Of Shakspeare he expressed the most exalted opinion, and said he should like to attempt some of his principal characters in English, could he be sure of being able to render the text without a foreign accent. He had represented his character of Hamlet, translated into French, in the Théâtre Français with great success; but he felt how much more powerful it would be if

given as Shakspeare had written it. He spoke with admiration of the individuality of Shakspeare's characters, and the varied play of his language, giving such a scope for familiar touches of pathos and tenderness and natural outbreaks of emotion and passion. "All this," he observed, "requires quite a different style of acting from the well-balanced verse, flowing periods, and recurring rhymes of the French drama; and it would, doubtless, require much study and practice to catch the spirit of it; and after all," added he, laughing, "I should probably fail. Each stage has its own peculiarities which belong to the nation, and can not be thoroughly caught, nor perhaps thoroughly appreciated by strangers."

[To the foregoing scanty notes were appended some desultory observations made at the time, and suggested by my conversations with Talma. They were intended to form the basis of some speculations on the French literature of the day, which were never carried out. They are now given very much in the rough style in which they were jotted down, with some omissions and abbreviations, but no heightenings nor additions.]

The success of a translation of *Hamlet* in the Théâtre Français appears to me an era in the French drama. It is true, the play has been sadly mutilated and stripped of some of its most characteristic beauties in the attempt to reduce it to the naked stateliness of the pseudo-classic drama; but it retains enough of the wild magnificence of Shakspeare's imagination to give it an individual character on the French stage. Though the ghost of *Hamlet's* father does not actually tread the boards, yet it is supposed to hover about his son, unseen by other eyes; and the admirable acting of Talma conveys to the audience a more awful and mysterious idea of this portentous visitation than could be produced by any visible spectre. I have seen a lady carried fainting from the boxes, overcome by its effect upon her imagination.

In this translation and modification of the original play, Hamlet's mother stabs herself before the audience, a catastrophe hitherto unknown on the grand theatre, and repugnant to the French idea of classic rule.

The popularity of this play is astonishing. On the evenings of its representation the doors of the theatre are besieged at an early hour. Long before the curtain rises, the house is crowded to overflowing; and throughout the performance the audience passes from intervals of breathless attention to bursts of ungovernable applause.

The success of this tragedy may be considered one of the triumphs of what is denominated the romantic school; and another has been furnished by the overwhelming reception of *Marie Stuart*, a modification of the German tragedy of Schiller. The critics of the old school are sadly alarmed at these foreign innovations, and tremble for the ancient decorum and pompous proprieties of their stage. It is true, both *Hamlet* and *Marie Stuart* have been put in the strait waistcoat of Aristotle; yet they are terribly afraid they will do mischief, and set others madding. They exclaim against the apostasy of their countrymen in bowing to foreign idols, and against the degeneracy of their taste, after being accustomed from infancy to the touching beauties and harmonious numbers of *Athalie*, *Polyeucte*, and *Merope*, in relishing these English and German monstrosities, and that through the medium of translation. All in vain! The nightly receipts at the doors outweigh, with managers, all the invectives of the critics, and *Hamlet* and *Marie Stuart* maintain triumphant possession of the boards.

Talma assures me that it begins to be quite the fashion in France to admire Shakspeare; and those who can not read him in English enjoy him diluted in French translations.

It may at first create a smile of incredulity that foreigners should pretend to feel and appreciate the merits of an author, so recondite at times as to require commentaries and explanations, even to his own countrymen; yet it is precisely writers like Shakspeare, so full of thought, of character, and passion, that are most likely to be relished, even when but partially understood. Authors whose popularity arises from beauty of diction and harmony of numbers are ruined by translation; a beautiful turn of expression, a happy combination of words

and phrases, and all the graces of perfect euphony, are limited to the language in which they are written. Style can not be translated. The most that can be done is to furnish a parallel, and render grace for grace. Who can form an idea of the exquisite beauties of Racine, when translated into a foreign tongue? But Shakspeare triumphs over translation. His scenes are so exuberant in original and striking thoughts, and masterly strokes of nature, that he can afford to be stripped of all the magic of his style. His volumes are like the magician's cave in Aladdin, so full of jewels and precious things, that he who does but penetrate for a moment may bring away enough to enrich himself.

The relish for Shakspeare, however, which, according to Talma, is daily increasing in France, is, I apprehend, but one indication of a general revolution which is taking place in the national taste. The French character, as Talma well observes, has materially changed during the last thirty years. The present generation, (the "children of the revolution," as Talma terms them,) who are just growing into the full exercise of talent, are a different people from the French of the old *régime*. They have grown up in rougher times, and among more adventurous and romantic habitudes. They are less delicate in tact, but stronger in their feelings, and require more stimulating aliment. The Frenchman of the camp, who has bivouacked on the Danube and the Volga; who has brought back into peaceful life the habits of the soldier; who wears fierce moustaches, swaggers in his gait, and smokes tobacco, is, of course, a different being in his literary tastes from the Frenchman of former times, who was refined, but finical in dress and manners, wore powder, and delighted in perfumes and polished versification.

The whole nation, in fact, has been accustomed for years to the glitter of arms and the parade of soldiery; to tales of battles, sieges, and victories. The feverish drama of the revolution, and the rise and fall of Napoleon, have passed before their eyes like a tale of Arabian enchantment. Though these realities have passed away, the remembrances of them remain, with a craving for the strong emotions which they excited.

This may account in some measure for that taste for the romantic

which is growing upon the French nation—a taste vehemently but vainly reprobated by their critics. You see evidence of it in every thing: in their paintings; in the engravings which fill their print-shops; in their songs, their spectacles, and their works of fiction. For several years it has been making its advances without exciting the jealousy of the critics; its advances being apparently confined to the lower regions of literature and the arts. The circulating libraries have been filled with translations of English and German romances, and tales of ghosts and robbers, and the theatres of the Boulevards occupied by representations of melo-dramas. Still the higher regions of literature remained unaffected, and the national theatre retained its classic stateliness and severity. The critics consoled themselves with the idea that the romances were only read by women and children, and the melo-dramas admired by the ignorant and vulgar. But the children have grown up to be men and women; and the tinge given to their imaginations in early life is now to have an effect on the forthcoming literature of the country. As yet, they depend for their romantic aliment upon the literature of other nations, especially the English and Germans; and it is astonishing with what promptness the Scottish novels, notwithstanding their dialects, are translated into French, and how universally and eagerly they are sought after.

In poetry, Lord Byron is the vogue: his verses are translated into a kind of stilted prose, and devoured with ecstasy, they are *si sombre!* His likeness is in every print-shop. The Parisians envelop him with melancholy and mystery, and believe him to be the hero of his own poems, or something of the vampyre order. A French poem has lately appeared in imitation of him,* the author of which has caught, in a great degree, his glowing style, and deep and troubled emotions. The great success of this production insures an inundation of the same kind of poetry from inferior hands. In a little while we shall see the petty poets of France, like those of England, affecting to be moody and melancholy, each wrapping himself in a little mantle of mystery and misanthropy, vaguely accusing himself of heinous crimes, and affecting to despise the world.

* *The Misseniennes.*

That this taste for the romantic will have its way, and give a decided tone to French literature, I am strongly inclined to believe. The human mind delights in variety, and abhors monotony even in excellence. Nations, like individuals, grow sated with artificial refinements, and their pampered palates require a change of diet, even though it be for the worse. I should not be surprised, therefore, to see the French breaking away from rigid rule; from polished verse, easy narrative, the classic drama, and all the ancient delights of elegant literature, and rioting in direful romances, melo-dramatic plays, turgid prose, and glowing rough-written poetry.

PARIS,



Oliver Wendell Holmes

A Vision of the Housatonic.

EPILOGUE TO A LECTURE ON WORDSWORTH.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

COME, spread your wings as I spread mine,
And leave the crowded hall
For where the eyes of twilight shine
O'er evening's western wall.

These are the pleasant Berkshire hills,
Each with its leafy crown;
Hark! from their sides a thousand rills
Come singing sweetly down.

A thousand rills; they leap and shine,
Strained through the mossy nooks,
Till, clasped in many a gathering twine,
They swell a hundred brooks.

A hundred brooks; and still they run
With ripple, shade, and gleam,
Till, clustering all their braids in one,
They flow a single stream.

A bracelet, spun from mountain mist,
A silvery sash unwound,
With ox-bow curve and sinuous twist,
It writhes to reach the Sound.

This is my bark; a pigmy's ship;
Beneath a child it rolls;
Fear not; one body makes it dip,
But not a thousand souls.

THE ATLANTIC SOUVENIR.

Float we the grassy banks between;
Without an oar we glide;
The meadows, sheets of living green,
Unroll on either side.

Come, take the book we love so well,
And let us read and dream
We see whate'er its pages tell,
And sail an English stream.

Up to the clouds the lark has sprung,
Still trilling as he flies;
The linnet sings as there he sung;
The unseen cuckoo cries:

And daisies strew the banks along,
And yellow kingcups shine,
With cowslips, and a primrose throng,
And humble celandine.

Ah foolish dream! when Nature nursed
Her daughter in the West,
Europe had drained one fountain first;
She bared her other breast.

On the young planet's orient shore
Her morning hand she tried,
Then turned the broad medallion o'er
And stamped the sunset side.

Take what she gives; her pine's tall stem;
Her elm with drooping spray;
She wears her mountain diadem
Still in her own proud way.

Look on the forest's ancient kings,
The hemlock's towering pride;
Yon trunk had thrice a hundred rings,
And fell before it died.

Nor think that Nature saves her bloom
And slights her new domain;
For us she wears her court costume;
Look on its queenly train!

The lily with the sprinkled dots,
Brands of the noontide beam;
The cardinal, and the blood-red spots,
Its double in the stream,

As if some wounded eagle's breast,
Slow throbbing o'er the plain,
Had left its airy path impressed
In drops of scarlet rain.

And hark! and hark! the woodland rings;
There thrilled the thrush's soul;
And look! and look! those lightning wings —
The fire-plumed oriole!

Above, the hen-hawk swims and swoops,
Flung from the bright blue sky;
Below, the robin hops and whoops
His little Indian cry.

The beetle on the wave has brought
A pattern all his own,
Shaped like the razor-breasted yacht
To England not unknown!

Beauty runs virgin in the woods,
Robed in her rustic green,
And oft a longing thought intrudes,
As if we might have seen

Her every finger's every joint
Ringed with some golden line;
Poet whom Nature did anoint!
Had our young home been thine.

Yet think not so; old England's blood
Runs warm in English veins,
But wafted o'er the icy flood
Its better life remains;

Our children know each wild-wood smell,
The bayberry and the fern,
The man who does not know them well
Is all too old to learn.

Be patient; Love has long been grown;
Ambition waxes strong,
And Heaven is asking time alone
To mould a child of song.

When Fate draws forth the mystic lot
The chosen bard that calls,
No eye will be upon the spot
Where the bright token falls.

Perchance the blue Atlantic's brink,
The broad Ohio's gleam,
Or where the panther stoops to drink
Of wild Missouri's stream:

Where winter clasps with glittering ice
Katahdin's silver chains,
Or Georgia's flowery paradise
Unfolds its blushing plains:

But know that none of ancient earth
Can bring the sacred fire;
He drinks the wave of Western birth
That rules the Western lyre!

Eighteen Years.

A REMINISCENCE OF KENTUCKY.

BY REV. SAMUEL OSGOOD.

EVERY profession or business has its own peculiar experiences, and it has often seemed to me that the world of readers would be wiser, and they who make books for them would be far more interesting and instructive, if every writer would describe things from his own actual point of view, trying honestly to hold the mirror up to nature and life with his own hand from his own position. The genuine diary of a physician, or lawyer, or clergyman, or merchant, or banker, if recording his own impressions during his years of activity, would be as interesting as any fictitious sketches, and far more instructive, whether to the old who are always glad to fight their battles over again, or to the young whose battles have not yet begun. I do not make this remark by way of preface to any ambitious portraits of professional scenes and labors, but merely to introduce a few slight sketches of professional travel that seem quite as well fitted for the present purpose as any more elaborate essay.

I have just returned from a visit to Kentucky after an absence of seventeen years. I was at the city of L—— at various times in the years 1836–37, and have never forgotten the impression left by the place and the people. The first years of a minister's professional life are far more significant than those of any other profession; for usually he takes upon himself the full burden of his cares, and in most cases he has as much labor and anxiety at twenty-five as at fifty. In one respect, indeed, he has more care at the outset of his career; for he is

obliged to depend each week upon the fresh coinage of his own brain, instead of falling back upon the large literary capital accumulated by a veteran sermon-writer. The consequence is that the first two or three years of a preacher's life are quite likely to decide his destiny, and if he does not break down within this period after his settlement, he is pretty well seasoned and stocked for subsequent needs. It is advisable, therefore, on many accounts, that he should take what the Germans call his "Wanderjahre," and travel a year or two before pitching his tent for permanence. Travel merely for pleasure, or for general information, is dangerous to a young man's habits of study and sobriety of purpose, whilst travel with professional aims, for periods of service for a few weeks or months in different places, gives him a wide field of observation, and prepares him for his parish duties alike as a man of practical experience and of literary resources. I remember very well the events of the two years passed in this way, and have been inclined to ascribe the good health and constant labor of the long time since to the influence of those years of wandering. I visited, in some way, almost every State in the Union, and in various cities and towns remained several weeks, and in a few cases several months. No place lingers more fondly in memory than the city of L——, Kentucky.

Contrast is one of the laws of sympathy, and there is something in the electric beat of the Southern pulse quite fascinating to a young man educated under the sedate discipline of New-England, and taught to depend upon cool reasoning as the only sure path to the convictions of his audience. Most of our young theological students of the more ambitious kind, put study and thought enough into their first sermon to expand into a whole volume, forgetful of the fact that it is the emotional life that gives the sermon its power, and that, without this, the gun "ecclesiastic," however crammed with balls or shot, has no powder, and can not be fired. A Southern audience is sure to teach a young man this fact, and, whilst fond of clear reasoning, it is so greedy for fervor in feeling and utterance, as to have little patience with the speaker who does not meet this want. The tone of social life is somewhat in the same spirit, and nothing can more successfully take the stiffness out of the manners and conversation of our North

ern scholastics than a few months' sojourn in hearty Southern society. I remember very well the first impression of Kentucky life. Faults there were in abundance to note, deficiencies of culture, radical errors in the political and domestic order, yet the sternest censor could not but be captivated by the cordiality of the people, and even soften his censure into sympathy, when he found that they were quite as ready to perceive and lament their failings as he could be. From the first hearty shake of the hand from a Kentuckian on the crowded landing to the hearty farewells that speeded the parting guest upon his homeward way months afterward, the same genial pulse seemed to beat. It would be quite as wrong to regard this impulsive warmth of manner as mere affectation of generosity, as it would be wrong to regard the colder temper of Northern men as proof of habitual selfishness. The climate has much to do with the temperament, and it is undoubtedly the union of Southern impulsiveness with the daring self-reliance incident to a border life that has given the Kentuckian his peculiar air and tone.

So far as I could see, the same electric temper appeared in every sphere of life, certainly in the serious as well as in the festive sphere. If in the conduct of business, especially of agricultural business, there were some tokens of the easy gait so characteristic of people accustomed to be served by slaves, no trace of languor showed itself whenever men met together upon any interesting occasion, whether grave or gay. A revival preacher, or a stump orator, could have no occasion to complain of dull listeners. The chat of an evening party had none of the stately reserve so affected by English mannerists nearer home, but seemed downright earnest, as if society were a genuine business, and very pleasant business, too. I remember the perfect *furor* that prevailed during one of those semi-barbarous races which are a kind of relic of the ancient tournament, with this difference, that the man is but a spectator, and leaves the honors and the pains of the struggle to his horse. The whole city was in commotion, and the rage of betting infected the servants and slaves. The little fellow that brushed our clothes at the boarding-house, swelled into the consequence of a gentleman of the turf, as he staked his half-dollar with a comrade of like hue and stature, whilst the august head of Henry

Clay, then in his prime, towered up among the sporting magnates on the stand erected for the judges of the course. All Kentucky and all Tennessee seemed to be embodied in those rival racers, and every Kentuckian felt an inch taller when his own pet came in the winner. Absurd as this excitement seemed to a Northern man, so cruel to the horses, and so little profitable to the spectators, it was not difficult to read it as a text from the old book of human nature. From the very beginning, the rivalries of men and nations have turned more upon the pride of conquest than the prize contested, and whether for an oaken crown or a silver cup, whether upon the race-course or the battle-field, it is the name more than the game that is played for. He that would moralize largely and wisely about a horse-race would come to some very sweeping conclusions regarding the whole system of competition that rules over society, and strike hard at the habits of many very grave people.

The social elements that presented themselves to a stranger's observation in various circles, were in many respects of the most heterogeneous kind, yet seemed all pervaded by the same stirring leaven. The New-Englander and the Englishman, with their cool temperament, caught much of the prevailing tone of geniality, without losing their characteristic calculation. One of the most delightful and hearty men in the social walk was an English gentleman who had come out to seek his fortune with a young wife and slender patrimony in that then far country. The brother of one of our most ideal and gifted poets, he did not lose sight of the ideal world in the prosaic business of a lumber-merchant. He was always ready for a literary conversation, and took delight, at any time, in turning from his ledger to his library, and from numbers arithmetical to numbers poetical. I never meet with the portrait of John Keats now, without tracing in his features and expression a memento of this emigrant brother, who never ceased to prove that he was of kindred blood to the author of "Endymion" and "The Eve of St. Agnes." He is not living now, but his image stands in my memory among the cherished forms that can not be forgotten. I might add many other names to the list of notables, but it is enough to specify one person more whose acquaintance enlarged my knowledge of human character.

Judge S—— was a noble specimen of a gentleman of the old school—of the most transparent simplicity, thorough honesty in deed and word, and unswerving independence. I remember well the first time of meeting him. His quaint old carriage drove up to the door of our lodgings, and the vehicle and the occupant looked like specimens of the good old days gone by. It was worth a thousand miles' travel to receive such a shake of the hand, and such an invitation to visit him at his plantation. His eye had an almost feminine mildness, yet in its affectionate expression there was a latent manliness as in the mild blue sky, above whose transparent depths the Sun-God has his throne, and can thence at will launch his arrows at their mark. It was quite a new phase of life that the days spent on his plantation disclosed. Never have I seen more affection between the various members of a family; never a more earnest purpose to be just and kind in every social relation. The Judge was no admirer of slavery, and if the counsels of such men as he had prevailed, the curse of bondage would, ere this, have been erased from the statute-book of Kentucky. He aimed, so far as the laws allowed him, to abolish slavery in his own domain, by exchanging servitude for service, and treating his dependents as servants to be protected. They looked upon him with great affection, and could honestly pray that he might live a thousand years. When an absent son returned, it was a rare sight to see the welcome of him by the slaves the morning after his arrival. They seemed all to claim kindred with him, and their cordial greeting to Master Josh was a better commentary than any antiquarian notes upon the redeeming features of the old patriarchal times. In becoming acquainted with the slaves, one marks quite as wide differences of character as among their prouder lords. I found in the two who took charge of the horses, genuine representatives of characters that have stamped their mark upon the world's history. The coachman was a thorough-going mystic, a believer in visions and trances, which he interpreted to auditors, who listened with open ears and distended eyes. He was a preacher, as he and his admirers thought, of heaven's own ordaining; and, although occasionally somewhat given to excessive potations, his hearers, with an acuteness equal to that of many pious white people under similar circumstances, carefully distr-

guished between the infirmities of the man and the inspirations of the saint. The hostler, Cato, was of sterner school, and not at all addicted to mysticism, or any kind of faith or devotion. He was the skeptic of the plantation, and might have astonished the author of the "Vestiges of Creation" by his constant reference of remarkable phenomena to natural causes. When Morocco, the coachman, would discourse of the falling stars as sure signs that the world was coming to an end, Cato would contemptuously shrug his shoulders, and say that it was "nothing but the brimstone in the air." The mystic seemed to have more followers than the skeptic, and when the Judge tried to entertain his guests by excavating an Indian mound upon his plantation, and evening shut in before the close of the labor, the sable excavators evidently inclined to Morocco's opinion that the wizard-hour had come, when the spirits of the dead Indians haunted their graves, and it was time to stop working there.

Many scenes stand associated with that kindly home. One fairy little form that graced the house and garden walks I can never forget; the bright child who cheered us by her naïve prattle and her sylph like dance. Her form lingered like a benediction upon the memory; and when word of her death came to me, years afterward, it was as if one of the lights of our own household had been quenched. When, in the March of 1837, I left Kentucky, and parted with so many cherished friends, of the whole circle none gave more brightness to the hope of a return, ere long, than the kindly group who dwelt under the tall trees of that plantation, and day by day received the good judge's blessing. My course was homeward to New-England by the circuitous Southern route; and in the five days after the departure, every variety of climate between winter and summer presented itself, until in New-Orleans I found fruits and flowers in abundance, under a sky as sultry as when our dog-star rages. In due season I returned to New-England to find its forests leafless, its gardens still waiting the footsteps of the golden summer that I had left at the South. Years passed, and with them passed many schemes for visiting old friends at the West and South. Only after seventeen years' absence the opportunity came, and I have just returned from Kentucky and the kindly city of L —, which I saw for the first time eighteen years ago.

Every man who has any sort of affection or sentiment is glad to re-visit familiar scenes; yet, there is something startling in the return after long absence. We think of all that we have done and endured during the interval, and our own daily life, with its constant yet almost unnoticed changes, rises up before us in its united experience; so that a man sometimes needs to go away from home to see himself as he is and has been in his own home. There are few men who can look upon the form and feature of a score of years thus consolidated by distance without some grave thoughts upon life and its changes. We tremble, moreover, as we draw near the places and friends so long unvisited. We fear that we have been shaping an ideal world out of the materials stored up by our memory, and that things and persons will seem wholly strange to us. We fear that more friends than we have heard of have passed away, and that they who remain will not remember us as we remember them.

When our steamer drew near the city of L —, the spires of some of the churches were familiar to my eye, and the whole face of the country seemed to answer the absentee's grateful recognition. The city had more than doubled its population, and stretched itself out on either side of its domain; yet it had only grown in stature, without having essentially changed its features. The landing was crowded by the same motley throng as of old, and it is only when the stranger sees the new squares of stately houses in the remoter streets that he appreciates the growth and prosperity of the place. But what avails a familiar scene if there is no welcome from a familiar friend? It was somewhat remarkable that the first face that I recognized was that of the son of my kind host of former years, the good Judge; and it was cheering to learn, from our ready and mutual recognition, that Father Time had not so set his marks upon our features as to hide the familiar lineaments. In a half-hour, the hearty welcome from his sisters, two of whom kept house together in the city, was ample assurance that the light of other days had not died out, and that the father's kind heart still animated the children, even as when he was with them in the body. The welcome was not limited to the parlor, but came also from the tenants of the kitchen. The old farm-servants were not indeed there, and Morocco and Cato, with many of their associates, had gone

to the land where the law of color and caste does not rule, but the smart serving-maid, who had grown from a child to a stout woman during the interval, seemed to have some remembrance of the ancient guest at the old plantation; and the little boy, Bob, who presided at the brush, grinned with all his might when I talked to him of his Uncle Morocco, as if we were friends and kindred at once by that tie of association.

Our stay in the city was a succession of delightful recognitions, deepened yet not wholly saddened by remembrances of those who had passed away. Our religious services renewed all the best associations of former years, and for five days the hours were too few for the discourses, devotions, and discussions which engaged the conference of worshippers, met together from so many States. It is not the place to describe the theological aspects of the occasion, and I will only give a description or two of social experiences.

An observing man could write a good treatise upon the chronology of the human features or the traces of time left upon the human countenance by various periods of years. This visit has given a far milder idea of the ravages of this ruthless power. My friends who were in early manhood eighteen years ago are now in their prime; their look is the same as then, nay, even more decidedly pronounced, and, like Pat's portrait, "more like than the original." They who were in the meridian then are now of more venerable mien, yet not one such face had any trait that did not seem familiar and agreeable. The feminine complexion is indeed a more delicate chronicle of times and experiences; yet the many buxom mothers in whom I recognized the sprightly girls of eighteen years ago were but the same flowers in fuller bloom; and I more than once, in view of a worthy mother with a group of a half-dozen children about her, was reminded of the favorite theory, that even personal beauty is more a moral than a physical attribute, and ripens, instead of dying, with years of faithful service to life's true ideal. What Dante said of Beatrice in *Paradise* is true of every woman who does her work nobly and keeps her soul unspotted from the world. There is a "second beauty," even fairer than the first—a beauty radiating from a life beyond that of youthful bloom.

The angels are calling on every fair woman in this world, as upon Beatrice in the spiritual world :

“TURN, BEATRICE!’ was their song: ‘Oh! turn
Thy saintly sight on this thy faithful one.
Gracious at our prayer, vouchsafe
Unveil to him thy cheeks; that he may mark
Thy second beauty, now concealed.’ ”

Setting all merely poetic sentiment aside, is it not true that the beauty that most transforms the character, and refines and softens the husband and subdues and educates the child, is that which beams from a face in which girlish bloom has ripened into womanly fidelity and benignity? Whilst contesting thus the boasted empire of Time over the countenance, it must be confessed that, in one respect, his transforming power was most startling. In seventeen years, the infant of the cradle grows to full stature, and the absentee felt, on his return, somewhat of a Nestor in age as he was greeted by two fair girls who were babies at his previous visit, and who, for their honored and lamented father’s sake, were ready to receive him with something of filial deference.

One scene more only can be noted—a re-visit to the plantation of our old friend already so affectionately named. We rode out—a goodly company of guests—to that house so memorable for its unstinted hospitality. The Judge was not there to welcome us with his hearty grasp and benign eye. His daughter, however, fitly honored her name and breeding as she welcomed her father’s friends. Many changes had taken place in the grounds on account of the division of the property and the encroachments of the city upon the country; but the house, with its lofty rooms, was the same, and the gateway and broad green-sward of the great avenue were as of old. The most conspicuous change was presented by the family burial-place, now inclosed by a massive wall. We all went reverently to that hallowed ground. I stood over the grave of the noble father and the dear child, the pet of the former visit, who gave such light to that home, and blessed God for the treasure of such a remembrance and such a hope. The myrtle covered those graves with its rich and aromatic growth, and birds of

many hues and notes sang in the branches of the trees. A venerable clergyman, who had known and honored the good Judge, spoke words of consolation to the large company of children, grand-children and friends, and, leaning upon his staff, lifted his voice in prayer. But even this touching ministration added little to the pathos of that scene. The place, with those tomb-stones, was enough and more than enough. I could hardly listen to language touching and spiritual as that which sought so fitly to consecrate that sun-set hour among the dead. Those buried ones spoke to me with a living voice that rose above the sad dirges chanted by the shades of all those intervening years. From the midst of that garden of graves, where blooming life sprang from the decaying dust, a voice from the unseen world repeated the great prophet's saying :

"THE grass withereth, the flower fadeth :
But the word of our GOD shall stand for ever."

The years that had gone since meeting those cherished friends seemed to rise before me, and to chant a requiem which mingled the solemnity of memory with the cheerfulness of hope.

Antique Dirge.

BY E. H. STODDARD.

WE are bent with age and cares,
In the last of our gray hairs,
And we lean upon our staffs,
Looking for the epitaphs;
For we are the last, *the last*,
In the ruins of the Past!

When our youth was in its prime,
Then it was a merry time;
Suns were golden, stars were bright,
And the moon was a delight!
And we wandered in its beams,
In the sweetest, sweetest dreams!
Now our dreams are fled,
For the happy Past is dead,
And we feel it lived in vain,
And will never come again!
No! 't is gone! and gone each trace
Of its once familiar face:
Even the dust to which we yearn
Lost, and lost its very urn!
Nothing remains except its tomb;
 (The earth, and heaven so draped with clouds!)
And we who wander in its gloom,
 And soon will need our shrouds,
So pale are we, and so aghast,
At the absence of the Past!

We had friends when we were young,
 And we shared their smiles and tears
 But they are for ever flown;
 We can only weep alone
 In the shadow of the years!
 Roses come again with spring;
 (We are standing on the tomb,
 But beneath our feet they bloom!)
 And the summer birds do sing!
 But the dead, who loved them so,
 They are in the winter snow;
 Far from birds, and far from flowers,
 And this weary life of ours!
 All is over! Naught remains,
 Save the memory of our pains,
 And the years that bear us fast
 To the silence of the Past!

A Serenade.

THERE 's a door in your chamber, lady mine;
 I, the king, have the key;
 There 's a walk in our garden's deepest shade,
 For you, sweet, and me!

We are royal and distant by day,
 When the world is in sight;
 But at night we have hearts, and we love,
 And are happy at night!

Not a lamp now remains, lady mine!
 All is still: let us rise:
 I can track you by the beat of your heart,
 And the light of your eyes!

Through the dusk of the lindens we 'll glide
 To that alley of ours,
 And walk in the light of the moon,
 And the odor of flowers!

On Lake Pepin.

N Y E P E S S A R G E N T .

THE excursion of June, 1854, up the Northern Mississippi, in honor of the completion of the Rock-Island and Chicago Railroad, and by invitation of the contractors of that road, was on a scale quite unparalleled in the history of similar celebrations. Some seven hundred guests, chiefly from the Atlantic States, were freely transported an immense distance to view the last railroad link between the Atlantic and the Mississippi, and to enjoy an excursion by steamboat from the point of termination on the river up to the new and wondrous city of St. Paul, in Minnesota, and thence to Fort Snelling, and by land to the Falls of St. Anthony.

The river trip was accomplished between Monday evening and the next Saturday morning; the boats stopping at Galena and Dubuque on the upward passage. Above Dubuque the scenery begins to open upon the voyager in forms of singular beauty. The bluffs grow higher and more precipitous; and the remarkable sand-stone protrusions, so characteristic of the banks of the Upper Mississippi, begin to appear.

At one point it requires no exaggeration of fancy to trace the outlines of a ruined castle; while, at another, you see a solitary tower, and then the serrated embrasures of a deserted battlement. The boat glides on, and now from the steep slope of a bluff, clothed in richest verdure, as if it had been kept under careful cultivation, you see the sand-stone bare in a single central spot, and taking the form of an ancient cenotaph, as if there reposed the ashes of some ante-diluvian monarch. A mile or two farther on, and the broken entablature of a Grecian temple, with architrave, frieze, and cornice, and resting on

two or three dismembered columns, seems set in a wall of verdure, as if it were a piece of subterranean architecture, exposed by the washing away of the earth, which had then been sloped and terraced about it by the hand of art, and planted with the finest grasses, while the trees were so distributed as to impart the most picturesque effect. Indeed, the orchard-like appearance of these slopes, sweeping in curves of enchanting beauty to the water's edge, is the most surprising feature in the landscape. For scores of miles you may see no sign of population, and yet many of these hills appear like the outskirts of a nobleman's park, carefully kept free from under-brush and matted vegetation, and rounded by some landscape gardener to gratify the eye of taste. Here and there a sort of dimple is scooped in the hill; or you see two noble hills nearly meet at their bases, leaving a hollow between, like a lap, to receive the treasures of fertility which the land is ready to pour down. The charm of vegetation, which a luxuriant soil imparts, is spread like a mantle over these bluffs. You look in vain for a bleak or barren point. When the bluffs sink on one side of the river, they reappear on the other; and this peculiarity continues, with a few exceptions, (as at Lake Pepin,) till you reach the pine region above the mouth of the St. Croix.

A hundred miles from the Falls of St. Anthony, you pass through Lake Pepin, which is merely an expansion of the Mississippi, about twenty-four miles long, and from two to four miles wide. It is rightly named a lake, however; as the characteristics of the river are here greatly modified. There is no perceptible current. The low islands, covered with rank vegetation, and annually overflowed and abraded by the brimming river, here entirely disappear. There is not an island in Lake Pepin. There are bluffs on both sides, which slope down cleanly to the water's edge, leaving a narrow rim of sand, but no marshy bottom-land between.

At one point, on the Wisconsin shore, the bluffs recede, and a beautiful platform of land extends before them, dotted with trees. On the Minnesota shore the line of bluffs is at one place thrown back to make way for a prairie, on the back-ground of which Nature has lavished all that can be imagined of the picturesque in the scenery of hill and dale. Here and there along the summit-line of majestic

bluffs you see a single row of trees at a distance of several feet from one another, like warriors in Indian file.

The amenity of the landscape lends to it an indescribable charm. On Lake George you see bold and beautiful hills, wooded to the water's edge, and interspersed with rocks and rugged declivities that contrast with the pervading verdure. But on Lake Pepin you see grandeur putting on all forms of beauty, and wearing, under all aspects, a smile. Even its ravines are so hollowed and smoothed that every rugged feature has been softened down. Its charming hill-sides are such as the imagination of Watteau used to select for the pastoral pic-nics and concerts he delighted to paint. The charm of variety is not wanting to these slopes. The curves and undulations of verdure assume every fanciful and delightful form; now sweeping so as to create a regular amphitheatre between two high bluffs; now sinking into basins; now sparsely dotted with trees; now entirely bare of trees, and richly carpeted with grass; now crowned with noble forests; and now rising into a perpendicular and precipitous wall of sand-stone.

On our northward trip, we passed through Lake Pepin in the night-time; so that we could not see much of its scenery. Three of our boats were lashed together, and thus proceeded along the whole length of the lake, exhibiting to any stray occupant of the shore a startling and fiery spectacle. On our return we were more fortunate. We entered upon Lake Pepin at the dawn of a beautiful day. Toward the southern extremity of the lake we saw the high bluff, with its sand-stone pinnacle, known as the Maiden's Rock. It was my fortune to be standing on the hurricane-deck, with my foot upon a life-preserving stool, and my elbow leaned upon my knee, when some of my lady acquaintances of the excursion broke in upon my contemplations.

"We have come to you," said one, "for the authentic version of the legend which gives to that rock its name. Please to sit down, and tell it like a faithful chronicler."

"Authorities differ," said another, "as to whether the maiden, who threw herself from the rock, had a lover; now I insist upon it that she had."

"Please to be seated, ladies, and you shall hear the whole story ; although it is many years since I received it from a Sister of Charity at Montreal."

"But I insist upon it that a lover must be introduced," said lady number two.

"We can not promise," said I ; "for the story will come to my recollection only by degrees, as I go along. What shall we call it?"

"Call it," said the first lady, hesitatingly, "call it

"We-no-na's Rock."

"WE-NO-NA'S ROCK it shall be."

Know, then, that many years ago, shortly before the indefatigable Jesuit missionaries had penetrated this country, or given to this beautiful lake the name of that old king of the Franks, which it bears, the Dahcotahs or Sioux Indians occupied the region now partly included within the limits of Minnesota and Wisconsin.

The Dahcotahs were confederated bands, sub-divided into clans, and they differed from the Indians east of the Mississippi in relying more exclusively for their support upon hunting the bison. They were a fierce, aggressive people, and so improvident, that periods of famine among them were quite common. On such occasions they would suddenly break up their settlements and move to distant hunting-grounds, leaving their infirm old men, who were unable to travel, behind to perish.

On a cold day in January, on the edge of the clump of trees which you see a short distance back from the Maiden's Rock, an old Indian might have been seen cowering about a fire. Ish-te-nah had been left to die. His people, driven by hunger, had gone west in search of the bison. A small pile of wood, some morsels of food, a hatchet, a birchen vessel, filled with water, and a bow and arrows, were by his side ; and a few stakes, covered with deer-skins, disposed in a cone-like shape, formed the wigwam for his shelter and repose. The ground was covered with snow, and the wind blew keenly from the north-west.

"Go, my children," the old man had said, when some seemed to hesitate in their act of desertion ; "go where you can get food. Leave me to the GREAT SPIRIT'S care. At the best I have but a brief while

to live. I should be a burthen and a delay to you if you attempted to take me with you. Your women and young people must be provided for. Go!"

And Ish-te-nah was left alone. Although he had made a virtue of necessity, and exhibited the characteristic stoicism of his race, in insisting upon thus being deserted, he could not repress the bitter thoughts that visited him as the last lingerers disappeared from his feeble gaze. He recalled the times when he had rallied his people to a victorious onset, or saved them from a well-laid ambush, or brought them off safely from the assault of superior numbers. He recalled his achievements in the chase, and the occasions when, by foresight and energy, he had averted calamities like the present. And after all his benefits to his tribe, here was his reward.

As he was indulging in these repining retrospections, he was startled by the sound of crackling snow, and the next moment an Indian girl stood panting before him.

"We-no-na! What brings you here?" said the old man. "Do not linger, or you will miss your people's track. Already the drifting snow may have covered it."

"I do not care. I stay here," said We-no-na, throwing some dry boughs on the fire.

"Would the young fawn perish like the old, disabled buck? What moves We-no-na to this desperate resolve?"

"Father, they would wed me to the chief Ha-o-kah; and I detest him."

"In other words, you love some younger man of the tribe."

"I love no man, young or old; unless it be you, father, from whom I have always had kindness."

"Go, foolish fawn! Ha-o-kah is as good as most husbands."

"I would sooner die than have a husband, if all are like those of the Dahcotahs," exclaimed We-no-na energetically. "How much better is a wife treated than a dog? Look at my mother! See her staggering under heavy burthens, while her husband carries no more than will keep him warm. The wife must cut the tree, peel the bark, build the hut, sew the skins, paddle the canoe, and cook the food. She must do every menial thing, while the husband looks on in idle

ness. All this I could bear, if she had good treatment after it. But then, when her drudgery is over, she must be beaten, or have a stick of wood thrown at her head. Yesterday my mother was beaten for not beating me hard enough, because I said I would die sooner than marry, and so I would!"

"The Indian's is a bad life," said the old man. "What you say is true. Indian women are slaves; and Indian old men are abandoned, as I am, to die."

"Father, you shall not die if I can help it. I will build your fire, peel bark to improve your shelter, and break holes in the ice to catch fish."

For a moment the old man's Indian apathy was melted, and a strange, unwonted feeling, which, a little more indulged, would have brought tears to his eyes, stole through his breast.

"We-no-na deserves a better husband than any Dahcotah would make," said the old man. "It is hard to speak against one's own nation; but what I have seen, I have seen. We-no-na does not desire to be a slave, and so she will go unwedded."

"Father, I would willingly toil like a slave, if there were loving words and looks to repay me; but the angry threat, the blow, the contempt of a man is more than I can submit to. I think the GREAT SPIRIT has made me different from other Dahcotah women."

Saying this, We-no-na seized the hatchet, and treading lightly and fleetly over the snow toward that grove of oak which you see in the direction of the north-west, cut a bundle of dry boughs, and brought them to the fire. The old man and maiden then partook of a frugal meal of dried venison; and when the night came on, one of them watched the fire while the other slept.

The next morning We-no-na crossed the lake on the ice to that bluff with the bowl-like hollow on its front, to reconnoitre. What was her joy on discovering traces of deer! She had brought the old man's bow and arrows with her, and she resolved to lie in wait for the game on which not only her own life, but another's, seemed now to depend. Her vigilance was soon repaid. A noble deer came bounding by toward an oak opening which lies just back of the bluff. With beating heart We-no-na fixed the arrow in the string, and without

pausing, shot it at the animal. Leaping high in the air, he fell, and crimsoned the snow with his life-blood. "Surely," thought We-no-na, "the good spirit who dwells in woods has befriended me;" for this was the first deer she had ever killed. With great labor she dragged the carcase to the edge of the bluff, and rolled it down over the icy crust to the frozen lake. It would have been hard work for a strong man to pull it over the ice, and up to the little encampment back of We-no-na's rock. But this she did, greatly fearing the while lest the wolves should interrupt her in the task.

Old Ish-te-nah's eyes sparkled when he saw what the maiden had accomplished.

"Here is enough," he said, "to keep you from starving till the spring."

"To keep us both, father," rejoined We-no-na.

The old man shook his head, but said nothing.

"What would my father say?" asked We-no-na, after a long pause.

"Should I leave you, my child, trust in the GREAT SPIRIT, and be brave. Wait here through the winter as long as you can get food and warmth; but do not tarry after you have plucked the first ripe strawberry in the summer. Remember."

We-no-na promised obedience.

"And go east, beyond the great lakes, to the country of the Algonquins, where you will find the pale-faces of whom you have heard, and who will teach you much that will do your people good, should you ever return to them."

We-no-na bowed her head in acknowledgment that she had stored up in her memory all that the old man had enjoined. She then cooked some venison, but he partook sparingly, and bade her sleep, while he watched. The command was not unwelcome; for she had been much fatigued by her day's work. She slept profoundly for some hours, then started up suddenly, waked by the cold, and found that the fire was decaying fast. She heaped upon it some more wood, then turning to Ish-te-nah, said: "Father, you shall now take your turn to sleep." No answer came from him. We-no-na seized him by the arm: it was cold and stiff. The soul of the old warrior had departed.

The maiden sat in mute, overpowering affliction for many hours. The anguish of utter bereavement and desolation seemed to deprive her even of the relief of tears. At length she recalled her promises to the old man. She found a place under a high snow-drift, where the ground was yet unfrozen; and here she dug a grave, and deposited his mortal body. And it was not till all this was done, and the snow had been replaced over the spot of interment, and the fire had been heaped anew with wood, that tears and lamentations found vent with We-no-na.

But the grief of the young and healthy is like a flesh-wound that befalls them: it soon heals. Left entirely to her own resources, We-no-na found hourly occupation for her hands and thoughts, and at night slept so profoundly that, on waking, she often could not remember that she had even dreamed. She enlarged the little wigwam so as to make quite a neat apartment, well roofed, and with a floor of bark, on which was spread the skin of a bison. By laying large strips of bark sloping against the trees to which her wigwam was bound, she made a safe place for the deposit of the venison and other provisions. She constructed a canoe in anticipation of the river's melting in the spring; and out of the deer-skin she made moccasins and belts. And then a good part of the day was occupied in cutting and bringing in wood; so that We-no-na had little time for idle or desponding fancies. Occasionally, when the wind howled, and the snow whirled in wild eddies over the bluff, she would sit and feed the fire for hours, and then strange thoughts would visit her; and the consciousness of her lonely situation would press upon her heavily. But she was naturally cheerful and hopeful; and her day-dreams were oftener bright than gloomy. She was saddest when she thought of a little sister, who had died the winter before. But one night she dreamed that little We-har-ka came to her lonely wigwam, and promised to lead her in good time to a land more beautiful than any she had yet seen, where there were birds and fruits all the year round, and where no violence was done, and no harsh words were spoken. After this, We-no-na was more content, and she loved to recall all the particulars of her dream. There were little brothers whom she had been obliged to leave in deserting her people. And did not We-no-na

grieve for them? Alas! like all Indian boys, they had been bred up to treat their sisters with contempt and ignominy; and the effects of a vile education had been such as to blunt their natural affections, and to make them regard the fraternal sentiment as a weakness which no boy who hoped to become a great warrior ought to entertain.

The winter months had never seemed to We-no-na less tedious. March, with its cold blasts, and April, with its torrents of rain, had passed; and the south wind unlocked the fettered Mississippi, and the blue waters of Lake Pepin again sparkled in the sunshine, and the verdure began to creep over bluff and prairie, and the delicate foliage to fringe the trees, and bright flowers to open amid the springing grass and by the border of the groves. We-no-na's winter experiences had given her a feeling of independence and self-reliance, which was in itself a great source of happiness. Never before had she known the true luxury of freedom. If heretofore she had roamed the prairie, or paddled the canoe, it was but to anticipate her degradation the moment she should enter the filthy hovels where her people were herded. She had a womanly sense of neatness, which now she could indulge unchecked. She delighted in nature, and her delight was now unmarred by embittering associations. She grew in stature and in beauty, and in strength and fleetness; and as she snuffed the pure morning breeze, and saw the sun crimsoning the eastern clouds, or as she looked up to the starry heavens, or to the coruscations of the Aurora by night, she would exclaim: "Yes, the GREAT SPIRIT is generous and good; it is man only who is bad, and who spoils the gifts that are lavished on his race!"

It was one of the last days of May, when, as We-no-na was descending to that beautiful prairie, where the little house now stands, she saw a red strawberry amid the grass, and plucked it. She then remembered Ish-te-nah's injunction, and walked musingly back to her wigwam. It was almost with a pang of regret that she prepared to leave this beautiful region. All the means of subsistence seemed so abundant around her; earth, air, and water seemed so kind in rendering up their stores; and then, as summer came on, the whole landscape was clothed in such affluent beauty; the verdant bluffs swept in such graceful curves to the water's edge; and the distant prairie

began to heave its sparkling waves of green so luxuriantly! But might there not be fair spots eastward of the lake? She would go, as Ish-te-nah had recommended; but first she would collect, as a memorial, some of the beautiful stones scattered along the shore.

These stones, as you are aware, are agates and cornelians; and Lake Pepin has yielded them in abundance for many years.

We-no-na descended and ran along the shore as far as the point we are now skirting. She would stop here and there to pick up a handful of agates, and then, as she saw others more beautiful, she would throw aside those she had gathered, and replace them with new treasures. She was thus lured on to wander several miles; and the evening twilight was far advanced before she regained her wigwam. It was now too late to start upon her pilgrimage. No matter; she would commence it early the next morning.

When morning came, there were many preparations to make; and the sun had been up a couple of hours before she had set forth on her journey. She carried her canoe fastened by a strap to her back, her hatchet and arrows in her belt, and provision for several days in a pouch of deer-skin that hung at her side. What was her dismay, after descending the hill and passing through yonder little belt of woodland, on coming suddenly upon an Indian encampment! She paused, hoping to retreat unseen; but this was now impossible. Several Indians started up and approached her, and a second glance was not needed to assure her that among them she saw her father and mother and her hated suitor, Ha-o-kah. This worthy chief had made the lives of the old people somewhat uncomfortable from his repeatedly twitting them with the fact that he had bought their daughter of them twice over, and been cheated out of the purchase. As Ha-o-kah had no small degree of influence in the tribe, the old couple felt very uneasy at their daughter's dereliction, it having placed them in the position of debtors to one who evidently, by his frequent taunts and dunning, was not disposed to let them sleep over the debt they had incurred.

There was, consequently, an exclamation of general surprise and satisfaction at the appearance of We-no-na. Her first act was to disencumber herself of her canoe, and every thing that could impede

her flight. She then placed an arrow in the string of her bow, and, retreating a few steps, called upon the approaching party to stop. There was something so imperious in her tone that they instantly obeyed. She then briefly told them that she had withdrawn from her tribe; that she looked to none of them for support; and that she wished to be alone. To this her father replied in violent language, ordering her to come to him. She refused by a significant gesture. He ran forward to meet her, but she soon doubled the distance between them. With true Indian craft, he then changed his policy, and asked We-no-na whiningly if she would not come to her dear, affectionate parents? At the same time, We-no-na could see him threaten her mother with his hatchet, bidding her to join in his entreaties and lamentations. This the old woman readily did. But We-no-na was inexorable. Then the amiable Ha-o-kah approached; but as We-no-na aimed, or pretended to aim, an arrow at him, he dodged behind a bush, and begged her to hear him. This, she assured him, she would do if he would stay where he was. Ha-o-kah then informed her that he had bought her in fair trade of her parents, and that in common honesty she ought to come and be his wife; he told her that he had but three wives, all of whom were happy women; he had been very successful in hunting, and had collected a good number of skins, beside a quantity of bear's-grease; he had also taken the scalp of a Pawnee, and stolen a horse; in short, there was not a young woman in the tribe who would not be proud of the position he now offered to the disdainful We-no-na.

We-no-na, leaning scornfully on her bow, replied: "Thief of a Dahcotah, your wife I will never be! You say you have but three: there was a fourth, who died of a blow from her husband. What a brave he must be! There is another, who is blind of an eye. How did she lose it, O great warrior, with your one scalp, and that, I will venture to say, a woman's? Never will I be your wife! never will I be one of your people again! Go vent your anger upon the poor slaves who are left to you, and be content!"

By this time the rage of Ha-o-kah was at its height; and, regardless of danger, he rushed forth with a howl to seize her who had dared to give utterance to such unwelcome truths. But We-no-na,

vigilant as a wild-cat and swifter than the deer, gained an elevation from which she again aimed an arrow at her pursuer. He threw himself on the ground, and the arrow lodged in the trunk of a tree some distance behind. With a yell, he rose to his feet, and strained every sinew to overtake We-no-na; but, with the ease and grace of an antelope, she outran him. All the young men of the encampment were by this time in full chase; for they knew that they need expect no grace from Ha-o-kah unless they were officious in assisting him. We-no-na ran to the top of the bluff, where her wigwam stood, and threw herself panting upon a bed of dry, fragrant grass, that she had prepared some days before. She had rested there hardly a minute, when the sound of voices and footsteps roused her, and, springing to her feet, she saw Ha-o-kah, with three or four followers, ascending the hill-slope from the south, and but a few rods distant. In a frenzy of indignation, she again set an arrow in the string, and exclaiming, "This, Ha-o-kah, for the benefit of your three wives!" shot it at him before he had time to turn aside. It lodged in his right arm above the elbow, disabling it materially for the active purposes of chastising his wives or scalping his foes.

The pursuers paused, quite confounded at this audacious shot; but Ha-o-kah, with a scream of mingled rage and pain, bade them proceed, and they dashed on toward the summit of the bluff. As they mounted it, they beheld We-no-na at the very edge of the fearful precipice, looking back upon them with a determined glance. "Brave woman-chasers!" she exclaimed, "let me see you follow!"

And, with the words, she sprang from the cliff, some sixty feet far out among the trees that slope from the base of the wall of rock toward the water; and before her pursuers could reach the edge of the precipice, she had swung herself from bough to bough into the river.

There was an exclamation of horror and surprise from Ha-o-kah and his young men as they witnessed this intrepid leap. No one dared to risk his neck by imitating it. They separated, and ran round each side of the bluff toward the base; but to their amazement could see no trace of We-no-na. Was it possible that she had leaped

so far as to fall into the water? Incredible as this seemed, it was the conclusion to which they came.

Poor Ha-o-kah was a good deal crest-fallen, as, with his wounded arm in a sling, he rejoined the encampment. His three wives at first exhibited much concern on seeing him wounded, and approached him with the servility he habitually exacted; but, on discovering that his arm was so shattered as to be unfit for any future service, they taunted him with his misfortune, and manifested a wonderful indifference to his sufferings. He looked about for a hatchet to throw at one of them, but a slight motion of his arm reminded him of his impotence, and he changed his rough tone to a pleading treble. As his influence with his tribe was derived chiefly from his physical strength and skill, and not from his wisdom in council, he at once fell into insignificance, and soon found himself restricted to a single wife, whom he never spoke to but in terms of profound respect.

The pursuers all reported that We-no-na was drowned: it would have been a poor compliment to their speed and sagacity to suppose otherwise. Almost every version of the tradition of "We-no-na's Rock" adopts their story. But it does not follow that, because they could not find her, she was drowned. On the contrary, there is in the very fact a presumption that she escaped. The truth is, that We-no-na, who was a most adroit swimmer, *did* escape. Swimming across the river, she concealed herself awhile, and then took up her journey toward the east. She crossed the territory which now constitutes the width of the State of Wisconsin, and arrived at Green Bay early in August. Here, at the point where Fort La Baye was subsequently erected, she found a French exploring party, under the conduct of several Jesuit missionaries. She attached herself to it, and soon made herself useful.

A young Parisian of education and refinement, and a devout Catholic withal, named La Crosse, was seriously ill of a fever; and We-no-na was appointed to watch and nurse him. This she did with so much patience and fidelity, that La Crosse was seriously impressed; and no sooner was he restored to health than he informed Father Duhesme of his desire of espousing We-no-na. The worthy father said that this could not be done until the maiden was made a

good Catholic; and they both forthwith applied themselves to her conversion. This was a longer process than they anticipated. It was some time before We-no-na acquired sufficient French to understand their purpose; and then she had so many posing questions to ask, that the learned missionary frequently thought she must be especially instigated by Satan in the unlooked-for difficulties she raised.

At length the maiden's intelligence seemed to pierce to the pith of the matter, relieved of all its bewildering husks, forms, and wrappings. The beauty and holiness of Christian morality dawned upon her benighted soul, and reconciled her fully and cordially to the Christian religion. It was to her, in truth, a revelation, and was received in earnestness and faith. She was baptized and married.

The party returned soon after to Montreal. La Crosse became the chief man of one of the beautiful villages on the St. Lawrence. We-no-na adapted herself eagerly to the habits and tastes of civilized life. Sometimes, as the happy pair sat on their broad piazza amid roses and honeysuckle, with their little half-breeds playing before them, La Crosse, to make his wife's eyes flash with their old barbarian fire, would express a pretended preference for the freedom of savage-life, and, sighing, wish that they were among the Dahcotahs; a wish which never failed to call forth an indignant rebuke from We-no-na. On one occasion her husband, to please some wandering Iroquois, daubed his face with ochre, grease, and charcoal, threw a blanket over his shoulders, decorated his head with feathers, took a scalping-knife in one hand and a tomahawk in the other, and, with genuine French versatility, joined in a war-dance. But when he found that his disguise disturbed We-no-na, so that she wept passionately, he threw it aside, never to resume it.

A proud woman was she, when, with her two boys and a little girl, La Crosse first drove her up, in a painted sledge, to the little Catholic church where Sunday service was held. No wonder that the emotion of gratitude surpassed all others as she knelt in prayer. A still prouder woman was she, when her children could read and write, and one of her boys attained such proficiency on the bass-viol that

he was employed by the priest to lead the choir in church. They grew up a bright intelligent race, and We-no-na lived to see them all happily settled upon adjoining farms.

And this is the end of "We-no-na's Rock."

Masaccio.

BRANCACCI CHAPEL, FLORENCE.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

HE came to Florence long ago,
And painted here these walls, which shone
For RAPHAEL and for ANGELO
With secrets deeper than his own;
Then shrank into the dark again,
And died, we know not how or when.

The shadows deepened, and I turned
Half-sadly from the fresco grand;
And is *this*, mused I, all ye earned,
High-vaunted brain and cunning hand,
That we who wonder here should know
This single word — MASACCIO?

And who were they, I mused, that wrought
Through pathless wilds, through hate and wrong,
The highways of our daily thought?
Who built those towers of eldest song
That lift us o'er the world to peace,
Remote, 'mid starry silences?

Out clanged the AVE-MARY bells,
And to my heart this message came:
"Each clamorous throat among us tells
What strong-souled martyrs died in flame
To make it possible that thou
Shouldst here with brother-sinners bow.

" Thoughts that great hearts once brake for, ye
Breathe painless now as common air;
The dust ye trample heedlessly
Is that of saints and heroes rare
Who perished, opening for their race
Paths now so tame and common-place."

Henceforth, when rings the health to those
Who live in story and in song,
O nameless dead, that now repose
Safe in Oblivion's chambers strong,
One cup of recognition true
Shall silently be drained to you!



Bayard Taylor.

A Day at St. Helena.

FROM THE LOG-BOOK OF MY HOMEWARD VOYAGE.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

THE three passengers on board of the clipper-ship *Sea-Serpent*, bound from Whampoa to New-York, were greatly delighted to learn from Capt. Howland, on the day when they crossed the tropic of Capricorn, that the water was getting short, and he had therefore decided to touch at St. Helena for a fresh supply. We had already been more than sixty days on board, and the sea, with all its wonderful fascination, was growing monotonous. Here was an event which, in addition to its positive interest, would give us at least five days of anticipation and a week of active remembrance, virtually shortening our voyage to that extent; for at sea we measure time less by the calendar than by our individual sense of its duration. I have spent several months on shipboard, when, according to the almanac, barely a fortnight had elapsed.

The trade-wind bore us slowly northward, and when I went on deck at sunrise, four days afterward, St. Helena was in sight, about twenty-five miles distant. It was a dark-blue mass, filling about twenty degrees of the horizon, and of nearly uniform elevation above the sea, but gradually resolved itself into sharper and more broken outlines as we approached. Except upon a lofty terrace on the southern side, where there was a tinge of green and some traces of fields, the coast presented a frightfully rocky and inhospitable appearance. Nevertheless it displayed some grand effects of coloring. The walls of naked rock, several hundred feet high, which rose boldly

from the sea, in some places overhanging their base, were tinted as by

"the deep-blue gloom
Of thunder-shower,"

the hollow chasms between them being filled with gorgeous masses of purple-black shadow, under the sultry clouds which hung over the island. At the south-eastern extremity were two pointed, isolated rocks, probably a hundred feet high. We stood around the opposite extremity of the island, making for the port of Jamestown, which faces the north-west. The coast on this side rises into two bold heads, one of which projects outward like a gigantic capstan, while the other runs slantingly up to a pointed top, which is crowned with a signal station. The rock has a dark bluish-slate color, with streaks of a warm reddish-brown, and the strata, burst apart in the centre, yet slanting upward toward each other like the sides of a volcano, tell of upheaval by some tremendous subterranean agency. The structure of the island is purely volcanic, and, except the rock of Aden, on the coast of Arabia, I never saw a more forbidding spot.

The breeze increased as we drew near the island, but when we ran under the lee of the great cliffs, fell away almost entirely, so that we drifted lazily along within half a mile of them. At length a battery hove in sight, quarried in the face of the precipice, and anchored vessels, one by one, came out behind the point. We stood off a little, urged along by occasional flaws of wind, and in a short time the shallow bight which forms the roadstead of St. Helena lay before us. There was another battery near at hand, at the foot of a deep, barren glen, called Rupert's Valley, from which a road, notched in the rock, leads around the intervening cliffs to the gorge, at the bottom of which Jamestown is built. A sea-wall across the mouth of this gorge, a row of ragged trees, weather-beaten by the gales of the Atlantic, and the spire of a church, were all that appeared of the town. The walls of the fort crowned the lofty cliff above, and high behind them towered the signal station, on the top of a conical peak, the loftiest in the island. The stone ladder which leads from the tower to the fort was marked on the face of the cliff like a white ribbon unrolled from its top. Inland, a summit covered with dark pine-trees, from the

midst of which glimmered the white front of a country mansion, rose above the naked heights of the shore. This was the only gleam of fertility which enlivened the terrible sterility of the view.

Further in-shore a few gun-boats and water-boats lay at anchor, and some fishing-skiffs were pulling about. As we forged slowly along to a good anchoring ground, the American consul came off, followed by a boarding-officer, and we at once received permission to go ashore and make the most of our short stay. The consul's boat speedily conveyed us to the landing-place, at the eastern extremity of the town. Every thing had a dreary and deserted air. There were half-a-dozen men and boys, with Portuguese features and uncertain complexions, about the steps, a red-coated soldier at a sentry-box, and two or three lonely-looking individuals under the weather-beaten trees. Passing a row of mean houses built against the overhanging rock, a draw-bridge over a narrow moat admitted us within the walls. A second wall and gate, a short distance further, ushered us into the public square of Jamestown. Even at its outlet, the valley is not more than a hundred and fifty yards wide, and the little town is crowded, or rather jammed, deep in its bottom, between nearly perpendicular cliffs, seven or eight hundred feet in height. At the top of the square is the church, a plain yellowish structure, with a tall, square, pointed spire, and beyond it Market street, the main thoroughfare of the little place, opens up the valley.

A carriage — almost the only one in Jamestown — was procured for Mrs. H —; my fellow-passenger, P —, provided himself with a saddle-horse, and we set out for Longwood. We had a mounted Portuguese postillion and rattled up the steep and stony main street in a style which drew upon us the eyes of all Jamestown. The road soon left the town, ascending the right side of the ravine by a very long and steep grade. Behind the town are the barracks of the soldiery and their parade-ground — all on a cramped and contracted scale; then some dreary burial-grounds, the graves in which resembled heaps of cinders; then a few private mansions, and green garden-patches, winding upward for a mile or more. The depth and narrowness of the gorge completely shut out the air; the heat was radiated powerfully from its walls of black volcanic rock, and the

bristling cacti and yuccas by the roadside, with full-crowned cocoa palms below, gave it a fiery, savage, tropical character. The peak of the signal-station loomed high above us from the opposite side, and now the head of the ravine—a precipice several hundred feet high, over which fell a silver thread of water—came into sight. This water supplies the town and shipping, beside fertilizing the gardens in the bed of the ravine. It is clear as crystal, and of the sweetest and freshest quality. Looking backward, we saw the spire of the little church at the bottom projected against the blue plain of ocean, the pigmy hulls of the vessels in the roads, and a great triangular slice of sea, which grew wider and longer as we ascended, until the horizon was full fifty miles distant.

Near the top of the ravine there is a natural terrace about a quarter of a mile in length, lying opposite to the cascade. It contains a few small fields, divided by scrubby hedges, and, near the further end, two pleasant dwelling-houses, surrounded by a garden in which I saw some fine orange-trees. This is "The Briars," memorable from having been Napoleon's first residence on the island. The Balcombe family occupied the larger of the two dwellings, which is flanked by tall Italian cypresses, while the other building, which was then a summer pavilion, but was afterward enlarged to accommodate the Emperor and his suite, received him on the very night of his landing from the Bellerophon. It stands on a little knoll, overlooking a deep glen, which debouches into the main valley just below. The place is cheerful though solitary; it has a sheltered, sunny aspect, compared with the bleak heights of Longwood, and I do not wonder that the great exile left it with regret. Miss Balcombe's account of Napoleon's sojourn at "The Briars" is among the most striking reminiscences of his life on the island.

Just above the terrace the road turned, and, after a shorter ascent, gained the crest of the ridge, where the grade became easier, and the cool south-east trade-wind, blowing over the height, refreshed us after the breathless heat of the ravine. The road was bordered with pine-trees, and patches of soft green turf took the place of the volcanic dust and cinders. The flower-stems of the aloe-plants, ten feet in height, had already begun to wither, but the purple buds of the cactus were

opening, and thick clusters of a watery, succulent plant were starred with white, pink, and golden blossoms. We had now attained the central upland of the island, which slopes downward in all directions to the summit of the sea-wall of cliffs. On emerging again from the wood, a landscape of a very different character met our view. Over a deep valley, the sides of which were alternately green with turf and golden with patches of blossoming broom, we looked upon a ridge of table-land three or four miles long, near the extremity of which, surrounded by a few straggling trees, we saw the houses of Longwood. In order to reach them, it was necessary to pass around the head of the intervening valley. In this direction the landscape was green and fresh, dotted with groves of pine and white country houses. Flocks of sheep grazed on the turfy hill-sides, and a few cows and horses ruminated among the clumps of broom. Down in the bottom of the valley, I noticed a small inclosure, planted with Italian cypresses, and with a square white object in the centre. It did not need the postillion's words to assure me that I looked upon the Grave of Napoleon.

Looking eastward toward the sea, the hills became bare and red, gashed with chasms and falling off in tremendous precipices, the height of which we could only guess from the dim blue of the great sphere of sea, whose far-off horizon was drawn above their summits, so that we seemed to stand in the centre of a vast concavity. In color, form, and magnificent desolation, these hills called to my mind the mountain region surrounding the Dead Sea. Clouds rested upon the high, pine-wooded summits to the west of us, and the broad, sloping valley, on the other side of the ridge of Longwood, was as green as a dell of Switzerland. The view of those fresh pasture-slopes, with their flocks of sheep, their groves and cottages, was all the more delightful from its being wholly unexpected. Where the ridge joins the hills, and one can look into both valleys at the same time, there is a small tavern, with the familiar English sign of the "Crown and Rose." Our road now led eastward along the top of the ridge, over a waste tract covered with clumps of broom, for another mile and a half, when we reached the gate of the Longwood Farm. A broad avenue of trees, which all lean inland from the stress of the

trade-wind, conducts to the group of buildings, on a bleak spot, overlooking the sea, and exposed to the full force of the wind. Our wheels rolled over a thick, green turf, the freshness of which showed how unfrequent must be the visits of strangers.

On reaching the gate a small and very dirty boy, with a milk-and-molasses complexion, brought out to us a notice pasted on a board, intimating that those who wished to see the residence of the Emperor Napoleon must pay two shillings a-piece, *in advance*; children half-price. A neat little Englishwoman, of that uncertain age which made me hesitate to ask her whether she had ever seen the Emperor, was in attendance, to receive the fees and act as cicerone. We alighted at a small green verandah, facing a wooden wing which projects from the eastern front of the building. The first room we entered was whitewashed, and covered all over with the names of visitors, in charcoal, pencil, and red chalk. The greater part of them were French. "This," said the little woman, "was the Emperor's billiard-room, built after he came to live at Longwood. The walls have three or four times been covered with names, and whitewashed over." A door at the further end admitted us into the drawing-room, in which Napoleon died. The ceiling was broken away, and dust and cobwebs covered the bare rafters. The floor was half-decayed, almost invisible through the dirt which covered it, and the plastering, falling off, disclosed in many places the rough stone walls. A winnowing-mill and two or three other farming utensils stood in the corners. The window looked into a barn-yard filled with mud and dung. Stretched on a sofa, with his head beside this window, the great conqueror, the "modern Sesostris," breathed his last, amid the delirium of fancied battle and the howlings of a storm which shook the island. The corner-stone of the jamb, nearest which his head lay, has been quarried out of the wall, and taken to France.

Beyond this was the dining-room, now a dark, dirty barn-floor, filled to the rafters with straw and refuse timbers. We passed out into a cattle-yard, and entered the Emperor's bed-room. A horse and three cows were comfortably stalled therein, and the floor of mud and loose stones was covered with dung and litter. "Here," said the guide, pointing to an unusually filthy stall in one corner, "was the

Emperor's bath-room. Mr. Solomon (a Jew in Jamestown) has the marble bathing-tub he used. Yonder was his dressing-room" — a big brindled calf was munching some grass in the very spot — "and here" (pointing to an old cow in the nearest corner) "his attendant slept." So miserable, so mournfully wretched was the condition of the place, that I regretted not having been content with an outside view of Longwood. On the other side of the cattle-yard stand the houses which were inhabited by Count Montholon, Las Casas, and Dr. O'Meara; but at present they are shabby, tumble-down sheds, whose stone walls alone have preserved their existence to this day. On the side facing the sea, there are a few pine-trees, under which is a small crescent-shaped fish-pond, dry and nearly filled with earth and weeds. Here the Emperor used to sit and feed his tame fish. The sky, overcast with clouds, and the cold wind which blew steadily from the sea, added to the desolation of the place.

Passing through the garden, which is neglected, like the house, and running to waste, we walked to the new building erected by the Government for Napoleon's use, but which he never inhabited. It is a large quadrangle, one story high, plain but commodious, and with some elegance in its arrangement. It has been once or twice occupied as a residence, but is now decaying from very neglect. Standing under the brow of the hill, it is sheltered from the wind, and much more cheerful in every respect than the old mansion. We were conducted through the empty chambers, intended for billiard, dining, drawing, and bed-rooms. In the bath-room, where yet stands the wooden case which inclosed the marble tub, a flock of geese were luxuriating. The curtains which hung at the windows were dropping to pieces from rot, and in many of the rooms the plastering was cracked and mildewed by the leakage of rains through the roof. Near the building is a neat cottage, in which General Bertrand and his family formerly resided. It is now occupied by the gentleman who leases the farm of Longwood from the Government. The farm is the largest on the island, containing one thousand acres, and is rented at £315 a year. The uplands around the house are devoted to the raising of oats and barley, but grazing is the principal source of profit.

I plucked some branches of geranium and fragrant heliotrope from the garden, and we set out on our return. I prevailed upon Mr. P — to take my place in the carriage, and give me his horse as far as the "Crown and Rose," thereby securing an inspiring gallop of nearly two miles. Two Englishmen, of the lower order, had charge of the tavern, and while I was taking a glass of ale, one of them touched his hat very respectfully, and said: "Axin' your pardon, Sir, are you from the States?" I answered in the affirmative. "There!" said he, turning to the other and clapping his hands, "I knew it; I've won the bet." "What were your reasons for thinking me an American?" I asked. "Why," said he, "the gentlemen from the States are always *so mild*! I knowed you was one before you got off the horse."

We sent the carriage on by the road, to await us on the other side of the glen, and proceeded on foot to the Grave. The path led downward through a garden filled with roses and heliotropes. The peach-trees were in blossom, and the tropical *loquât*, which I had seen growing in India and China, hung full of ripe yellow fruit. As we approached the little inclosure at the bottom of the glen, I, who was in advance, was hailed by a voice crying out, "This way, Sir, this way!" and, looking down, saw at the gate a diminutive, wrinkled, old, grizzly-headed, semi-negro, semi-Portuguese woman, whom I at once recognized as the *custodienne* of the tomb, from descriptions which the officers of the Mississippi had given me. "Ah! there you are!" said I; "I knew it must be you." "Why, Captain!" she exclaimed; "is that you? How you been this long while? I did n't know you was a-comin', or I would ha' put on a better dress, for, you see, I was a-washin' to-day. Dickey!" — addressing a great, fat, white youth of twenty-two or twenty-three, with a particularly stupid and vacant face — "run up to the garden and git two or three of the finest *bokys* as ever you can, for the Captain and the ladies!"

At the gate of the inclosure hung a placard, calling upon all visitors to pay, in advance, the sum of one shilling and sixpence each, before approaching the tomb. This touching testimony of respect having been complied with, we were allowed to draw near to the

empty vault, which, for twenty years, enshrined the corpse of Napoleon. It is merely an oblong shaft of masonry, about twelve feet deep, and with a rude roof thrown over the mouth, to prevent it being filled by the rains. A little railing surrounds it, and the space between is planted with geraniums and scarlet salvias. Two willows — one of which has been so stripped by travellers that nothing but the trunk is left — shade the spot, and half-a-dozen monumental cypresses lift their tall obelisks around. A flight of steps leads to the bottom of the vault, where the bed of masonry which inclosed the coffin still remains. I descended to the lowest step, and there found, hanging against the damp wall, a written tablet stating that the old woman, then waiting for me at the top, told an admirable and excellent story about the burial of Napoleon, which travellers would do well to extract from her, and that one shilling was but a fair compensation for the pleasure she would afford them. Appended to the announcement were the following lines, which I transcribed on the spot :

“FIRMLY strike my bounding lyre,
 Poet's muse can never tire,
 Nosegays gay and flowers so wild,
 Climate good and breezes mild,
 Humbly ask a shilling, please,
 Before the stranger sails the seas.

NAPOLEON was in love with a lady so true,
 He gave her a gold ring set with diamonds and pearls,
 Which was worthy the honors of many brave earls.
 But she died, it is said, in her bloom and her beauty,
 So his love broken-hearted
 For ever was parted.

He drank of the spring and its water so clear,
 Which was reserved for his use, and he held it most dear.

So he died, so he died,
 In the bloom of his pride,
 Like the victor of worlds in the tomb to abide,
 Though he conquered to conquer another beside.
 In his life he sat under yon lone willow-tree,
 And studied the air, the earth, and the sea;
 His arms were akimbo, his thoughts far away.

He lived six months at the house on the hill, at his
friend's, the brave General BERTRAND by name, and
from thence he would come
To visit the spot,
And stand in deep thought,
Forgotten or not."

If I had been saddened by the neglect of Longwood, I was disgusted by the profanation of the tomb. Is there not enough reverence in St. Helena, to prevent the grave which a great name has hallowed, from being defiled with such abominable doggerel? And there was the old woman, who, having seen me read the notice, immediately commenced her admirable and interesting story in this wise: "Six years he lived upon the island. He came here in 1815, and he died in 1821. Six years he lived upon the island. He was buried with his head to the east. This is the east. His feet was to the west. This is the west. Where you see that brown dirt, there was his head. He wanted to be buried beside his wife, Josephine; but, as that could n't be done, he was put here. They put him here because he used to come down here with a silver mug in his pocket, and take a drink out of that spring. That's the reason he was buried here. There was a guard of a sargeant and six men up there on the hill, all the time he was down here a-drinkin' out of the spring with his silver mug. This was the way he walked." Here the old woman folded her arms, tossed back her grizzly head, and strode to and fro with so ludicrous an attempt at dignity, that, in spite of myself, I was forced into laughter. "Did you ever see him?" I asked. "Yes, Captain," said she; "I seed him a many a time, and I always said, 'Good mornin', Sir,' but he never had no conversation with me." A draught of the cool and delicious lymph of Napoleon's Spring completed the farce. I broke a sprig from one of the cypresses, wrote my name in the visitor's book, took the "boky" of gillyflowers and marigolds, which Dickey had collected, and slowly remounted the opposite side of the glen. My thoughts involuntarily turned from the desecrated grave to that fitting sepulchre where he now rests, under the banners of a hundred victorious battle-fields, and guarded by the time-worn

remnant of his faithful Old Guard. Let Longwood be levelled to the earth, and the empty grave be filled up and turfed over! Better that these memorials of England's treachery should be seen no more!

We hastened back to Jamestown, as it was near sunset. The long shadows already filled the ravine, and the miniature gardens and streets below were more animated than during the still heat of the afternoon. Capt. Howland was waiting for us, as the ship was ready to sail. Before it was quite dark, we had weighed anchor, and were slowly drifting away from the desolate crags of the island. The next morning, we saw again the old unbroken ring of the sea.

A Tropical Voyage.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

It was the month, the saddest one
Of all the varied year;
The slant beams of the setting sun
Touched the long vapors, thick and dun,
Like hope that brightens fear.
And far and near, with dash and moan,
The waves, like prisoners, dungeon-pent,
Beat on the rocky bars;
When forth upon my voyage I went,
Companioned, yet alone!
Friends made I of the stars;
For, ere the day had slowly rolled,
The mists were all bedecked with gold,
And when dark shadows grew,
Those lustrous children of the Night
Looked with their tender eyes of light
Serenely from the blue.
I was no sage astrologer,
Yet in their pure and brilliant lore,
Without one cloud the page to blur,
As gently, smoothly, softly o'er
Now sparkling waves our vessel flowed,
Could I a radiant story see
Of that not far futurity,
That longed-for, sighed-for, dear abode,
From which, forlorn, I had departed,
To drink awhile the healing airs,
To taste the effluence, which imparted,
In answer to unfaltering prayers.

Joy to the storm-tost mariner,
 When, dimly far, COLUMBUS spied
 The blue line of San Salvador
 Lift o'er the golden tide!
 Yes, hopes and wishes fell like rays
 Upon me from that starry blaze;
 And well I knew that I should turn
 Safely my homeward prow once more,
 And once more view their glory burn,
 Silvering the billows toward the shore
 Of Northern climes, to which my soul
 Still pointed with magnetic power;
 Though soft the scene and fair the hour,
 And though the billows' murmuring roll
 Lulled every sense in deep repose,
 And winds, that seemed to waft the rose,
 Came to me through the Tropic night,
 Suggesting visions of delight,
 And rapturous dreams of beauty bright,
 In Southern chambers, never known
 To dwellers in the Temperate zone.

And so we sailed — on — on — while smiles
 Dimpled each billow's azure cheek,
 And then we hailed those happy isles
 That Nature's fond enthusiasts seek,
 Because perpetual Summer dwells
 In all their flower-besprinkled dells,
 And lifts his banners green above
 Their hills and woods, and hangs his wreaths
 In all their bowers — where lasting love
 The incense of fruition breathes.

It is, in truth, a fairy clime,
 With all its beauty spared by Time.
 Though Cultivation o'er the land
 Hath sown its seeds with liberal hand;
 Though, in the lapse of many a year
 The Spirit of the Storm appear,
 And hurl destruction far and near,
 So rapidly is life regained

By tree and herbage, that the field
 Where the swift deluge fiercest rained,
 Will all its vegetation yield,
 With more luxuriance than the first
 New morn the faithful soil was nursed.

Long graceful lines of coast were seen,
 Fringed with the deepest tints of green;
 The waves ran up and kissed the shore,
 As if inspired with child-like glee,
 Then, laughing at the robbery, bore
 Leaves, buds, and blossoms out to sea.
 It was a heartfelt joy to hear
 Their merry voices; to behold
 Gleaming upon their foreheads clear,
 Circlets of silver, wreaths of gold;
 To deem them living creatures, blest
 With the soft airs and genial glow
 Of this Elysium of the West,
 Unchanging ever in their flow,
 Save with the changes of their queen —
 The Moon — subdued by whose sweet face,
 They rolled away and left between
 Their boundary and the shore a space —
 A glittering belt of sand and shells,
 Tossed from the ocean's treasure-cells.

Alas! how many years I've told
 On my life's rosary, since the time,
 When, jingling little bells of rhyme,
 I voyaged to shun the mist and cold
 Of Winter in a Northern town;
 I voyaged to lands of small renown —
 Lands where no war was ever waged,
 Where none but lovers were engaged;
 Where old Association finds
 No records of illustrious minds;
 No ruined temple, broken bust,
 Nor urn nor venerated dust;
 But where, a Matron-Bride arrayed
 In all the pomp of light and shade,

In flowers that blush in earth, in air,
In fruitage, luscious, rich and rare,
Sits Nature with her belt unbound,
Garments loose-flowing to the ground.
Looks, gesture, motion warm and free,
And all the charms of liberty.



Engraved by J. Spawell & Co.

D. W. Keble

Gentle Dove.

A N I N D I A N L E G E N D.

BY F. W. SHELTON.

LONG, long ago, on the banks of the Upper Mississippi, among the tribes of the warlike Sacs, lived a young woman, who for the endearing gentleness of her nature, was called Nit-o-me-ma, or Gentle Dove. The savages in the wilderness acknowledged her power, though revealed only in the majesty of her motions and in the music of her voice. She controlled their avenging passions by her glance of pity, and disarmed them with a woman's tears. The doctrines of the cross accorded well with a spirit so meek and loving, and she became a Christian. The good missionary Marquette came from a distant land, crossed the stormy deep, and pursuing his journey through a trackless country, bore in his hands the Gospel of Peace. Self-sacrificing and devoted, he went upon his errand, proclaiming to the benighted children of the forest the glad tidings of salvation with a resolution which despised all dangers and which knew no fatigue. How sublime is the life of such a follower of CHRIST! But alas! the disciple was treated as his master. His benevolent designs were soon mistaken, and ascribed to motives base and mercenary. Escaping from his pursuers, he went into a solitary place to pray. When they came up with him he was discovered on his knees. It is said that they drew their bows, but, observing that he did not move, they approached and found him dead.

Soon after this, Gentle Dove was married to Omaint-si-ar-nah, son of the nation's chief. Beautiful and manly in person, tall and athletic,

with features regular and handsome, skillful and adroit in the use of the bow and in casting the javelin, in battle bold and daring, like his sire, he was, moreover, the faithful friend, the kind husband, the generous host ; but he was in temper sanguine, credulous, and jealous.

Scarcely had Gentle Dove become his bride, even with the first waning moon which made her his, when a sudden war-whoop broke upon this dream of bliss. No more the lovers walked within the silent forest or shot the rapids in their light canoe. Tender and impassioned was their early parting ; and should they never see each other more upon the transitory earth, they vowed to meet unchanged in love upon the shadowy confines of the spirit-land. Omaint-si-ar-nah smoothed the tresses of his Gentle Dove, held her hand in momentary silence, then turned his back, and walked erect to meet his warriors in the grove. Towering above the naked and be-painted group, he waved his arm, and with a bold untutored eloquence, he recounted insults and kindled up the passion of revenge. Wild gestures, and a yell more dreadful than the beasts make in concert, attested that his words had taken effect. Calling Que-la-wah, "Faithful Friend," he walked aside, and bade him save his scalping-knife and unstring his supple bow. He could have no part in the present foray, although he was a warrior of approved renown. Que-la-wah must remain behind, and to his good protection during her lord's absence he committed Gentle Dove. Then, having received assurance, the chief once more called his band around him, and marched without delay to take revenge upon the distant tribes.

The art of writing was unknown ; but every month he sent a trusty courier from his camp with a verbal message to his wife, and received her missives in return. Loitering and tedious was this method for the impatience of affection, but dearer than volumes were the true words when they arrived. Omaint-si-ar-nah sometimes drank them into his ear as he reclined by the camp-fires at midnight, and the music of water-falls was not so sweet. They nerved his arm for a score of battles, though but the plaining of a dove. How welcome the surprises when he heard the dry leaves crackling, and seized his bow and stole without the tent, expecting an enemy in ambush, and lo ! a mes-

senger from his love! Thus to and fro, like shining arrows shot and returned, were reciprocated these missives of two faithful hearts, until they suddenly ceased. Omaint-si-ar-nah walked in gloom. He thought his courier had fallen a victim to the foe.

Que-la-wah, "Faithful Friend," had become enamored of Gentle Dove, and sought by every means to win her from her rightful lord. She spurned his offers with indignation, but he did not cease to torment her with his appeals. The old and the very young were all who remained in the tribe, and she needed protection from her protector. Meantime, being much perplexed in spirit, she had a dream. An awful form stood before her, and told her that the Virgin loved her, and promised to reveal the future to her eyes. What she had suffered from Que-la-wah was but a beginning of greater woes to come; for he in whom her soul delighted should be deceived, forsake his faithful wife, and she should narrowly escape with life. Moreover, there should be a strife for empire, and a race of white men who had gained a footing near the rising sun, from small beginnings should sweep over and subdue the entire land. Still her own nation should not be without renown, for lo! a chief should arise who should bear sway over many tribes, and lead his warriors to successful battles; and when at last his limbs should be bound in fetters, his soul would be unsubdued: his name should never perish, and the Holy Virgin would vouchsafe protection to Gentle Dove.

Omaint-si-ar-nah dispatched another messenger. Meantime, Que-la-wah, finding that his proffers were rejected, vowed revenge. He bribed the courier whom the chieftain sent with tidings to his wife, so that she received them not, and returned no answer; but he bore back word that he had delivered them, and that Gentle Dove had treated them with marked contempt; that she was inconstant and abandoned, and had violated her pledge. On the receipt of these cruel tidings, the chief went into a paroxysm of rage. He commanded those who stood near him to draw their bows and shoot him. As none obeyed, he was about to drive a dart into his own breast, but the weapon was wrested from his hand. Then the flame of love being quite extinguished, a violent hate reigned in its place, and he resolved that the base woman who had betrayed his hopes should speedily die

He dispatched an emissary, to whom he gave secret orders to entice his wife into the forest, under pretence that he bore tidings from her lord, when he should slay her, and immediately return to the camp, bringing with him a lock of her hair as a pledge that his errand had been accomplished.

The round orb of the setting sun was just visible above the waves of the yellow Mississippi. Nito-me-ma stood in the door of her tent, weeping and dejected, pressing to her bosom her new-born child, and sometimes, according to the faith which she had imbibed, appealing to the protection of the Virgin, sobbing out in short ejaculations, "O sweet Mary, holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for me!" Thus engaged in devotion, her eyes were uplifted to heaven; but when again they were cast downward, a strange form stood before her. So stealthily had he glided through the thickets, that his presence was like that of a spirit. For a moment he stood erect in silence, as if spell-bound by her charms.

The expression of maternal love added a new grace to the pale face of the poor child of sorrow, and her bright yet tender eyes were brimming over with tears. Her hair, as if unloosed on purpose to be rifled for the sacrificial token, fell upon her glossy shoulders and almost touched the ground, and, like a mute and unoffending victim, ready for the altar, she stood as if to wait the mandate of the avenging priest.

The stranger stretched his naked arm, and pointed with his finger to the sun. "See!" he said, in a low voice like a whisper, "he is departing; the day is almost dead. The winds cease to move the tree-leaves; the waves cease to murmur. But it is not dark; it is not silent. Go with me to the deepest thicket at a distance from the curling smoke of tents. Over the mountains I have come, through the rivers. A message sent so far for one beloved is not for common ears. Fear not, Gentle Dove!"

Trembling and agitated, still pressing her babe to her breast and praying as she went, she followed his footsteps, which were rapid, so that she could scarce keep pace with them, with her burden in her arms. It was nearly dark when, arriving at a most secluded spot, her guide suddenly turned, and without the delay of a moment, as if he

feared that pity might gain the mastery over him in the sight of so much beauty, assumed a stern aspect, and commanded her to lay down her child.

"Nito-me-ma!" he exclaimed, "prepare to die instantly, as the penalty of unfaithfulness. I am the avenging messenger of your husband, and I dare not disobey his bidding. That the blow may be surer and less painful, do not resist a fate which is inevitable. Kneel!"

He snatched his tomahawk from his girdle, and raised it on high Gentle Dove, who, for her own sake, would have gladly died, looked on her innocent child; then, with a wild, impassioned eloquence, begged a few moments' respite to send up a prayer to God. Her request was granted, and she poured forth her soul for heavenly aid in such a strain as well might make the angels weep. The GREAT SPIRIT heard it. The delay which had been allowed by Omaint-si-annah's messenger was fatal to his resolution. Three times he whirled his hatchet round his head, then struck it deep into the trunk of the nearest tree; and yielded to compassion. In truth, his savage soul had first been melted when he stood before the tent.

He spared the life of Nito-me-ma on one condition: that she would retire into the thickest forest, and never more be seen among her tribe. Having exacted such a promise, he shored a long lock of her raven hair, gazed at her in a long, admiring silence, replaced his hatchet in his girdle, and then, as loth to go, he turned upon his heel and stalked away. "I have disobeyed my chieftain," he wailed aloud when at a little distance; then he beat his breast and exclaimed, "The GREAT SPIRIT is my chieftain, and HE spoke to me from here." He was inclined to turn again and shield the unprotected wanderer; but when he reached the river's brink he flung himself into his bark canoe, and waiting for the moon to rise, he slept upon the murky tide.

Gentle Dove, when left alone to perish, as might be supposed, by a more cruel, lingering death, moved slowly onward through the dark, she knew not where. Entering a deep hollow, she found it filled with dry leaves, and, lying down with her child, the breeze of the night came along, and with a sudden gust, covered them lightly with the same, so that the chilling dews should not benumb them. More useful thus

the perished twigs than when upon the oaken crowns they shone in glossy verdure, and were vital in the spring-time of the year. The wolves howling for their evening repast might be heard in the distance, but Nito-me-ma slept sweetly on her sylvan couch, and feared no evil. On the morrow she rose up refreshed, and went away into her woody exile far from her husband's tent. She would return no more, but God would be her sole protector. For three days she travelled in the forest, till, arriving at a very secret place, where she perceived no trails had been, she kneeled upon the sod, and, by a short act of private devotion, consecrated it as her future home. It was a narrow vale, sheltered by a gigantic growth, and without brambles or underwood. The soft green sod was a carpet for her bare feet, and a pure fountain gushed up hard by from a bed of little white pebbles. A snail's shell served as a water-cup, and searching in the neighborhood for a place to build her tent, a vast tree, hollowed out at the base, was revealed to her, quite ample in accommodation for herself and child. She now sought the means of life, that the fount which flowed in her bosom might not be dry. Roots and berries would not supply its rich life-stream, but Nito-me-ma had not lived in the forest in vain. Wandering beyond the limits of her domain, she came upon an open place in the wilderness where the sun shone down, and her eyes were delighted by the sight of a field of wild maize. Day by day she transported the treasure to her habitation, until it was all housed and her bread was sure. From the white husks she wove a matting for her habitation, and the sweet stalks she stored away elsewhere, and she beat the grain in a rude mortar; but as she sat in the door-way, Nito-me-ma reflected that she had no fire to bake the crisp-cakes withal. But the same God who gave her daily bread struck a dry pine-tree in one of his glorious storms, and enkindled its bark as if with the very sparks of His pity. From that time the flame died not on the domestic hearth; and when the shades of night came down, it shone with soft effulgence on the mother and her child. Nito-me-ma found a sharp-edged stone in the brook, with which she hewed down a lithe sapling, and having woven a strong cord for her bow, and selected some reeds for arrows, she shot the little birds and dressed them for food, and she entrapped the mountain trout in their fastnesses, and

preserved them in the waters of a salt spring which she discovered about a league off from her home. She laid away great store of dried fruits and berries, and pleasant herbs and flowers, and sassafras and birch, and sweet barks. In one moon before the hoar frosts had whitened the ground, her store-house was so well furnished that she could have no dread of famine, and might even entertain a pilgrim in distress. The furniture of her abode accorded also with her wants: a bed made of dry husks, with a covering of the same, a chair woven of the wild willow, and a slight table of the same; for cups, gourds and snail-shells, and vessels of rude pottery made by her own hands. At morning, noon, and night, she offered prayers to God, and invoked the Virgin.

Gentle Dove seemed to live within a charmed circle. Wild beasts and venomous serpents did not find their way therein, and the more dreaded foot of man intruded not; but myriads of birds flew into the inclosures, both those of gorgeous plumage and of dulcet song — the bobolink and the oriole, and the pure white doves. The humming-birds came in quest of honeysuckles and the Missouri rose-buds, which clustered around the poor child's door. Moreover, the fawns skipped on the grass before the hollow tree, but she could not find it in her heart to pierce them with her arrows. They were the delight of her eyes, and at last approached and ate out of her hand. While her child slumbered on the bed of husks, Gentle Dove sat without, singing in a low sweet voice the hymns Marquette had taught her; nor were these moments spent in idleness: she wove willow baskets, or made sandals from the bark of trees, blankets, and garments for her little one. Oh! how sweetly it slumbered! — it seemed to thrive more and more every day, and in features more and more resembled its mother. "Morning-Glory" was its name, and every morning Nitome-ma took it to the spring, and poured the cold crystal waters upon it, so that it became hardy, and its olive complexion glowed with health. She had already baptized it, but not in the waves of the fountain. When she first came into the wilderness, perceiving that the child's face was wet with tears which had dropped from her own eyes, she signed the cross upon its forehead, and in those holy drops which welled up from a broken heart, christened it in the name of the

undivided TRINITY. Swung upon her shoulders, Morning-Glory was the constant attendant of all her walks, no matter how great the distance, or what additional burden she expected to bear.

A mother with her child, can feel no solitude. Every place is a desert without it; with it, there are people enough in the unpeopled waste. It is music where there is no voice, and speech where there is no language, and a host of friends where all have departed, a blue sky where there is nothing but clouds, and a flower in the unwatered wilderness. But this little wood-nymph, in its hollow tree, made the whole ground enchanted. The winds sighing in the branches seemed to Gentle Dove like angels of heaven which whispered its lullaby. Alas! it was only when she thought that her child was without a father, that this dream of bliss was doomed to be interrupted. But never had her love for her husband become abated, nor had such cruel treatment stirred one feeling of resentment in her soul. In truth, she hardly learned to love him till she was forced to pity and forgive!

How different from this peaceful sanctuary the scenes where Omaint-si-ar-nah walked in gloom! With desperate rage he rushed into the thick of battle. He raged and ravened like a wolf upon the bloody field, and scalped his foes and brought off many trophies; but most of all, he sought to terminate a life which was no longer to be desired. The very sun was hateful to his sight, and so irascible became his temper, that his own friends would scarce approach him in his fits of moody melancholy, lest in a moment he should strike them dead. He had been deceived by the wife of his bosom, in whom he trusted, and he now suspected all of being traitors. In fact, he was betrayed and blinded; but she who was so grossly injured did not cease to pray for his preservation, and that the scales might be removed from her husband's eyes.

One day, with bow and arrows, and a basket on her arm and with Morning-Glory on her back, Gentle Dove went forth to search for eggs of pheasants and the prairie-hen. She wandered far, and was just stooping to complete her store, when her quick ear detected the approaching sound of steps. Gliding into a thicket, she moved not and dared scarcely breathe. In a moment, Que-la-wah, detested traitor, appeared in sight. Low stooping, with his eyes fastened on

the ground, he examined footsteps in the sand. Then he laid down his bow and game, and first looking upward, stood with his back against a tree.

"God of Justice!" exclaimed Gentle Dove, "nerve thy weak creature's arm!"

She placed her child upon the ground, chose from her quiver a well-sharpened arrow and fitted it to the string. Fixing her keen eye for the moment on the mark she aimed at, she drew the weapon to its flinty head and let it speed. The whizzing shaft just grazed the ear of the false savage, and quivered in the bark.

"Lost!" said Gentle Dove, but did not remove her gaze, and fitted another arrow to the string.

Que-la-wah leaped aloft and uttered a terrific yell, and leaving after him his bow and game, fled quickly to the thickest woods. Then Nito-me-ma inscribed a cross upon the tree in token of deliverance, and gathering at its foot the small wild flowers, she bore them home and wove a votive chaplet for her shrine.

The autumn passed away; the falling leaves and sombre skies announced that winter was at hand. Nito-me-ma laid up a great store of brushwood, and dry turf and pitchy bark, and prepared a wadded curtain for the opening in the hollow tree, and made thick brooms of twigs wherewith to sweep away the snows, and little lamps of clay to be used in the long winter evenings, and garments of the furs of rabbits, and a soft couch for her child from the down of the prairie-hen, and treasured up eggs in the waters taken from the salt spring. Thus having done all for safety which her knowledge prompted, she waited without apprehension for the cutting blasts and for thick-falling snows. Beautiful and like a conqueror came on October in the distant west, with gorgeous plumes and purple hues, like hectic flushes of the dying. A thin blue vapor floated over vale and mountain-top; the air was fragrant with the scent of strawberry-leaves, while the still genial sun encouraged vegetation and wooed the prairie-rose to bloom. The wild grapes hung in tempting clusters from the high trees of the forest, as if the produce of the elm and vine. Then often at the hour of sunset, when the birds hid their heads beneath their wings, and all the labors of the day were finished,

would Nito-me-ma sing an evening hymn, or with a low and plaintive melody, strike into a little voluntary of her own :

" My MORNING-GLORY is the pride of the forest :
Nothing so sweet beneath the stars :
Opens its blue eyes in the morning and closes its lids at night :
It has but a slender support to lean on,
For its strong prop has been taken away.
It climbs o'er a sorrowful ruin,
And its cup, it is filled with briny tears.
Wind round me, sweet MORNING-GLORY,
And bind up the stem which holds up thee."

At last the snows descended and lay in pyramidal layers on the pines and evergreens, and the air was nipping cold, but it entered not the barken inclosure, nor touched the little nymph at the foot of the oak. Gentle Dove was happy in those dark days. The snow-birds hopped about her abode, to receive crumbs from her humble table, and left their footprints all around. She had no book to read from, nor had she learned the art of reading, but Morning-Glory was an opening and expanding revelation, full of poetry and irradiated with hope. At night, when the winds howled, and, in sympathy with the uplifted head, the sides of the living house in which she dwelt were contorted and sent forth groans as if in pain, she made moccasins by the dim light of her lamp, with her feet near the hot embers, and so beguiled the weary time. She dared not wander during the wintry months, for the wolves were hungry, and their howlings could be heard for miles on the air. Beyond the forests the illimitable prairies were covered with a white mantle, and the Father of Waters was frozen-up.

When the natal day of the Lord came, Gentle Dove adorned her sanctuary with laurel and with green twigs, and out of doors built an altar of pure white snows, and wreathed it round with running vines, and placed thereon the dried-up votive chaplet, and she called it the Altar of Deliverance. It was not destitute of other offerings, for the trees dropped icicles, and covered it with crystal gems. At last the thaws began, and the green blades of grass peeped forth upon

the sunny knolls, and the blue violets appeared, first heralds of the spring, and the fragrant buds swelled out, and tender leaves appeared. Another ordeal had been safely passed, while new hope and confidence animated the grateful heart of Nito-me-ma. She came forth from her retreat, and erected a summer bower more ample in accommodations than the one which she left, working at it during the intervals in which her child reposed. She bent the crowns of tall young saplings, and fastening them together at the top with strong cords, she interwove the intervals with pliant boughs, and having completed it in a short time moved thither her domestic goods. So sweetly stole the hours away, and never was one more happy in unhappiness, or more supported when support appeared to be withdrawn.

The arrival of the lovely month of May awakened a feeling of ecstacy in the heart of Gentle Dove. In that month she was born and married, and in that her child was born; nay, more, at that season she had been converted to the religion of the Cross, and every fortunate circumstance of her life was connected with it, and it was associated with a thousand happy memories. Its balmy breath infused new life into her system, for she was somewhat pale and wan with watching and confinement, and again she hurried forth with Morning-Glory on her shoulders, to gather flowers in the distant vale. Her provision of maize was still far from exhausted, but she had been obliged to mix the cakes with water, and long ago the bread had become poor to the taste. Her unpampered palate required still the luxury of milk. She was just thinking of this, although by no means murmuring, when, in a grassy nook, she suddenly encountered a female buffalo quietly grazing, with her young by her side. It was as tame as if brought up among the haunts of men. She fed it with hand's-full of green and tender grass, and, unmolested, placed her tiny palms upon its forehead. When she retreated, the cow followed her, and never ceased to track her footsteps until she arrived before her bower. From that time she drained its milk day by day in the hollow of a wild gourd, and it gave sustenance to herself and to her child.

Nito-me-ma used to rise at day-break, and, after washing herself in the cool brook, and offering up her devotions, she walked with

sight of her home until the time of her morning meal. In one of these excursions she was clambering up a ledge of rocks when she dipped her hands into some wild honeycomb filled with sweets, and made of the earliest flowers of spring. Thoughtlessly she broke it into fragments, and piled the delicious masses into an apron made of leaves, while all around her head the bees buzzed busily without the infliction of a sting. Although in faith a Christian, Gentle Dove adhered religiously to many customs of her ancestors, so far as they did not conflict with her Christian faith. She loved her tribe and people, and her own dear home, from which she was banished, and she longed to dwell again among her kindred, to assuage their ferocious spirit, and to teach them the offices of kindness and of love. Day after day passed away in her hopeless solitude, and brought no tidings from her distant lord. Yet she had the most manifest proofs of the Divine protection in the little miracles which diversified her lonely career. The courier had taken that lock of hair from her devoted head, and carried it to Omaint-si-ar-nah at his encampment, who supposed that his cruel mandate had been obeyed. Hence he continued to be reckless of life, and did not make haste to return to the homes of his fathers.

In the mean time Morning-Glory increased in stature, and was straight and slender as a reed. So soon as she could be made to comprehend, she was instructed in the first principles of the Christian faith. In the cathedral-like and solemn gloom of primitive woods, each day her little hands were clasped in prayer, and the whole place was rendered consecrate. There was a music in her lisping voice, which rose to heaven with a more buoyant ease than sound of organs and of jubilant anthems in the temple-naves. In the pure waters of the spring, which gushed up hard by, might sometimes be seen a wild little picture, the image of Morning-Glory—her face stained with berries, her hair stuck full of the feathers of gay birds, and her waist wound around with a cincture of flowers. She was already skillful in the use of the bow and in casting a small javelin; she was no longer swung upon her mother's back, nay, in case of danger and attack, Morning-Glory might have been an efficient auxiliary, because she could direct a deadly arrow, and did not know the sentiment of

fear. But her mother did not permit her out of sight for a moment. Deprived of her sweet child, her sole companion, the spirits of Gentle Dove would have sunk beyond recovery. One morning, having slept soundly, on awaking, she found that Morning Glory had risen before her, and gone out of the house. In dread alarm, she rushed into the wood, and lifted up her voice, and shrieked aloud; but no answer was returned, save the mocking echo, "Morning-Glory! Morning-Glory!" She ran hither and thither, she knew not where, and peered into the thickets with a keen eye, and tried to track her by the footprints of her tiny feet, and kept continually calling her by name, weeping and beating her breast the while, but no Morning-Glory! Exhausted by exertion, and overpowered with grief, Gentle Dove came and cast herself upon her cot in an agony bordering on despair. But as the day declined, and she had given up all for lost, the clear and ringing laughter of the little rover was heard without, and she approached with two young turtle-doves, which she had only slightly wounded. Nito-me-ma clasped her to her bosom, and her convulsions of joy were almost fatal. When a little recovered, she thought to punish her for so wild and disobedient an act, but she could not find in her heart to lay a finger upon her, and she did nothing but weep upon the head of Morning-Glory a shower of sparkling tears.

The child had, perhaps, attained her sixth year, and the life in the grove was but little varied, when Omaint-si-ar-nah, tired of roaming, returned with his warriors to the place whence they had set out. His wigwam was burned to the ground, his old mother was dead, his Gentle Dove (as he thought) was murdered. He walked apart and spent his days in gloom, while his warriors dared not approach him, for he was more ferocious and hostile in spirit than before. One day he was wandering listlessly on the bank of a stream, waiting for a deer which was swimming with its current, when his attention was attracted by some hieroglyphics on a tree, understood by Nito-me-ma and himself. They were the emblems of true love; and, on close inspection, he discovered that some of them had been freshly made, and signified affection which has changed not, and which is unchangeable. Their time of being made was posterior surely to that when she whom he suspected had been accounted false. Then the sad truth flashed in on

his benighted soul; he struck his brow with violence, and groaned aloud. He took the raven tresses from his bosom, sole relic of his once-loved wife, and, sitting down upon a fallen trunk, spake to himself in mournful accents, and in the figurative language of the Indian tribes: "O Nito-me-ma, Dove of the Forest, Beautiful Pride of the Prairie, torn away by cruel fate. Her breath was sweeter than the mountain balm; her eyes were like the wild fawn's eyes; and her teeth, white as the snow-flakes newly fallen. Where wanders my love by the crystal rivers of the Spirit-Land? Omaint-si-ar-nah's heart is gloomy as the cypress-grove at midnight when the moon goes down. His arm has lost its strength, and his feet cease from running. O Gentle Dove, come to me from the land of ghosts!"

"The chief walks alone," said a voice almost at Omaint-si-ar-nah's ear. He turned, and Gray-Eagle stood before him, the commissioner of blood.

"Ha!" said the former, clutching in his hand the lock of hair, "you have executed your errand well, and have shed innocent blood." He restored the lock to his bosom, placed his left hand on the hatchet in his girdle, and raising his right arm to heaven, "By the GREAT SPIRIT!" he added, "we shall both die, and that before yon sun goes down."

Gray-Eagle stood erect and smiled a moment without reply. He walked slowly down to the margin of the brook, dipped a shell in water, and poured it over his hands.

"Thou art not exonerated," said Omaint-si-ar-nah.

"I am, Chief," replied the Gray-Eagle.

Omaint-si-ar-nah grasped his tomahawk, and made a threatening motion as if to strike him dead.

Gray-Eagle smiled again, and did not move.

"Hear me," he said; "I have disobeyed my chieftain, but these hands have not been stained with blood. The Gentle Dove still lives."

"Lives!" said the other, and he clasped his hands and stood a long time rooted to the soil—"lives!" he exclaimed in ecstasy; "then *I* live; then the sun shines; then the grass grows. Speak on."

"I never slew her. I brought you but the token of unchanged

affection, and not the stain of blood. I have not made your house desolate, nor your child motherless."

The chieftain struck his javelin in the earth. "My child?" he shrieked in a voice which made the woods ring again, a combination of ecstasy and agony and surprise — "*my child?*"

"Your child!" replied the Gray-Eagle.

"Whither gone?" said Omaint-si-ar-nah.

"You ask too much of me," answered the Gray-Eagle. "If I did not take away their lives, could I keep them from dying? A man can kill, but the GREAT SPIRIT keeps alive, and HE only. I know not where they are."

"Enough," said Omaint-si-ar-nah. "All will be well. Gray-Eagle soars aloft and stoops not low." With the end of his spear he described a circle on the ground, and, placing the end of it in the centre, he drew many radii. "To-night," he said, "we sleep as if the sleep of death. When the sun dawns, each man, yea, every woman of the tribe, will start from here, and travel toward the rising and the setting sun, and every point, until she is found whom my soul loveth."

"Stay!" said Gray-Eagle, "you will go too early in the search. Punish traitors first before you haste to seek for the betrayed. Your Faithful Friend is at the bottom of this mischief. Que-la-wah strove to win the Gentle Dove. She drove him off with fierce rebuke, and hence he vowed revenge."

Omaint-si-ar-nah grasped the hand of the Gray-Eagle, and while a fierce vindictive look flashed over him, he said, "To-morrow! yes, to-morrow!" then pressed the lock of hair unto his lips, wrapped his blanket round him, and sank upon the ground, even on the very spot where he had stood and slept.

Soon as the first beams of day appeared, the chief went forth alone to punish a man who had betrayed his trust. He found Que-la-wah gathering sticks to make his morning meal. "Base villain," he exclaimed, "thou shalt die." And with that he beat him to the earth, and left his body for the crows and vultures of the air to prey upon. Thus did the spirit of implacable revenge find place in the same heart which was just opening anew to the genial influences of affection.

Que-la-wah suffered not beyond his just deserts. The ruthless invader of the domestic sanctuary is held a savage among savages, and unworthy to enjoy the boon of life.

Omaint-si-ar-nah dispatched his warriors and chosen men, while he and Gray-Eagle set their faces due north to hunt up the nest of Gentle Dove. A secret voice assured him that she still lived. For three days they travelled to no purpose, calling loudly, wherever they went, the name of Nito-me-ma.

"A cruel husband," said the chief, sorrowfully, "who banishes his wife, puts her, indeed, afar off. Great is the interval betwixt them. Moons wax and wane. Rivers flow. Time and distance interpose their great gulfs. There is no straight line; we wander uncertain, for the ways of the ungrateful are crooked."

On the fourth day, Omaint-si-ar-nah found an arrow sticking in an oak, and beneath it were hieroglyphic symbols lately cut, for the wounded bark had not long healed over them. Here was the spot where the lurking traitor stood who had since met his doom. The chief examined the inscription carefully, then clapped his hands and uttered a slight yell. Gray-Eagle made a signal from a distance. On the margin of a brook he had discovered the tiny foot-prints of a child, and near by were pebbles and smooth stones arranged upon the sands, while a critical scrutiny of the surrounding places showed that the twigs had been slightly bent aside or broken. Following these indications for several hours, and often losing the faint trail toward sun-down, Omaint-si-ar-nah paused suddenly.

"I smell the smell of smoke," said he. "Wigwams are not far off." He put his ear close to the ground, then rose up, tightened his girdle, and called Gray-Eagle to his side. "Advance," said he, moving with rapidity, "let not the grass grow in the path." As the day declined, they came upon the certain signs of a habitation. The earth was well tracked and beaten in diverging foot-paths, the sound of voices began to be heard, and the low chaunting of an Indian song. At last the bower of Gentle Dove appeared in sight. She sat without it in the shade, engaged in painting and in decorating barken sandals, and busily intent upon her work. Morning-Glory was feeding the tame buffalo with handfuls of the wild clover. Omaint-si-ar-nah

remained unobserved for a few moments; then he commanded Gray Eagle to stand at a distance, and, silently approaching, stood before his wife. Confounded at his sudden presence, she rose up, and was deprived of speech. A sudden pallor diffused itself over her features, and she trembled like an aspen leaf in the breeze. The chief lifted her in his arms; he pressed her to his bosom; he kissed her cold brow again and again, and as he smoothed down her glossy locks with his hand, and spoke in the accents of tenderness, big tears rolled down his scarred and furrowed countenance. Nito-me-ma dropped her head upon his shoulder and wept, then beckoning to Morning-Glory, lightly and gracefully the child came leaping to her mother. Omaint-si-ar-nah burst into a loud yell of extreme delight. He caught her in his arms, adorned her neck with tinkling ornaments, and called her Dancing Fawn, and Rippling Rill, and Waving Feather, and all the endearing titles which he knew, but she said her name was Morning-Glory. She did not fear the warrior's savage aspect, and with her earliest speech she had been taught the name of father. Omaint-si-ar-nah beckoned to Gray-Eagle, who still kept aloof, and told him to approach. Then Nito-me-ma prepared a sumptuous entertainment for her guests; smoked meats, and cakes of Indian maize, and snow white milk, and honey-comb, and dainties long laid up. Pleasantly the time passed in mutual narrative, and on the morrow they prepared to hurry back to the deserted camp. Great was the joy of the whole tribe on the return of Gentle Dove and Morning-Glory. Three whole days were spent in rejoicing. Feasts were spread in profusion while the young amused themselves with dances and wrestling and ball-play, and the sports adapted to their age.

The second nuptials were never marred by bitterness or grief. Moon followed moon, and plenty blessed the tribe, which laid aside the hatchet as if a peaceful angel came into their midst. A Christian church now stands upon the spot where the poor pilgrim raised her cross within the hollow of the tree, and the sweet sound of Sunday chimes invites the worshippers of God. Omaint-si-ar-nah lost his savage nature, though he did not openly profess the faith of CHRIST; but when the evening of his days came on, and she who had been true to him till death slept with her fathers in the quiet grave, to children

grouped around in listening attitudes, the old man loved to call up memories of the past, and tell the story of his long-lost GENTLE DOVE.

NOTE. — For many of the facts contained in the above legend, the author is indebted to a poem called "BLACK HAWK," written by ELBERT H. SMITH



Theo. S. Fay

The Death of Ulric.

A FRAGMENT FROM THE LAST CANTO OF "ULRIC, OR THE VOICES."

B Y T H E O D O R E S . F A Y .

[THE following fragment is the concluding canto of the second unpublished part of a poem written in 1846 and 47. The first part appeared under the name of "*Ulric; or, the Voices*." There is a period of ten years between the two parts. EMMELINE's son, FRITZ, has grown into a youth of nineteen. In rather a strong contrast to the present state of the eastern continent, where a new crusade appears being organized, not against, but in favor of Islamism, the Ottoman government, after possessing itself of the most beautiful and celebrated countries of the ancient oriental world, conceived the ambitious design of subjugating Europe to the faith of the Prophet. Weakened and distracted by civil wars, the Christian princes might well tremble to behold Constantinople the seat of the Sultan, and the Crescent advancing to Venice, Vienna, and Bavaria. SOLYMAN II., furious at his defeat by the knights of St. JOHN, in the island of Malta, had invaded Hungary with a powerful army, and laid siege to Sigeth, the bulwark of Styria against the Turk.

ULRIC had promised to join his standard to that of the noble Count ZERRINI (according to a custom of those days) whenever the Turkish forces should again threaten Europe. He reached Sigeth with his forces just before the formidable army had approached its walls. Both ULRIC and ZERRINI believed that the European MAXIMILIAN II., who lay in the neighborhood with an army not inferior to that of the besiegers, would at least attempt its relief; and on the supposition that so noble an enterprise would be almost certainly victorious, and would open a brilliant career to the son of EMMELINE, he had taken him as one of his aides. Arrived at Sigeth, it transpired that the Emperor had resolved *not* to aid the city; and death now stared in the face of every one within the fatal walls of Sigeth. The canto opens at the moment when ZERRINI and ULRIC had adopted the desperate expedient of cutting their way out. This celebrated action of ZERRINI is a well-known historical incident. The Turks left 80,000 dead on the field. SOLYMAN died during the siege. His successor granted MAXIMILIAN a twelve years' truce. ZERRINI, as the poem relates, fell while cutting his way out of the fortress.]

HARK! hark! the thunder! not of Heaven,
But that which Hell to earth has given.

Hark! peal on peal resound!
Where the hot battle fiercely burns,
The cannon's fiery fury turns
On Sigeth's gate. Hark! madly tear
Each crash along the broken air.
Death and destruction madly glare,
And shake the affrighted ground

And 'mid their solemn anthem rise,
 Troubling the soft astonished skies,
 Deep howls of hate, and yells of pain,
 And shrieks of death that pierce the brain,
 And fiends' discordant glee,
 And clashing steel and oaths of rage,
 Vain prayers beneath the sabre's edge,

And shouts of victory.

Amid the rout Hell's master stood,
 And saw his work, that it was good.

Ha! will the wreaths, slow-rolling by,
 Of heavy smoke, for ever lie
 Upon that group, and veil its fate,
 Which issues from the castle gate?
 Now wafts the breeze the rising cloud:
 On! on! their foes around them crowd.
 Hark! ULRIC'S voice, like trumpet loud,

His lagging men to chide.

Forward his sable courser springs,
 And his dread sword, which terror wings,
 As 'gainst each flashing blade it rings,
 Drips with the crimson tide.

With him, what warrior, fiercely bright,
 Cuts his way onward through the fight?
 It is ZERRINI, and between,
 Half 'mid the battle's fury seen
 That bold boy-hero! How would start,
 O EMMELINE! thy mother's heart,

If, with unhelmed brow,
 'Mid cannon crash and gory stream,
 And whistling ball and sabre gleam,
 As in some dark delirious dream,

Thou couldst behold him now;
 Couldst mark how near each hot ball hissed
 That cheek thy lips so oft have kissed;
 And how each sabre's deadly blow
 Would deep have cleft that laughing brow,
 But for one arm whose watchful blade
 Ever like lightning round him played,
 Intent from harm to shield.

If once, amid that iron rain,
 Yon broken bridge their steeds can gain,
 They're safe — yet no! They strive in vain,
 'Tis their last battle-field.

But look! hurrah! new shouts resound!
 Their foes give way, and bite the ground,
 And like some strong uprooted oak,
 Contending with the blast,
 Slow yielding to the tempest stroke,
 Now wavering 'mid the billowy smoke,
 That torn and flaunting Crescent look!
 Stoops to the dust at last.

There, 'mid the battle's wildest storm,
 Erect, ZERRINI's glorious form
 Uptowers like a god.
 With shout, resounding wild and far
 Above the mad discordant war,
 He cheers his men, "On! on! hurrah!"
 But, now, St. STEVEN! to the ground,
 Borne, like the stag, by fierce blood-hound,
 O'erwhelmed with many a mortal wound
 He falls, our eyes no more to greet,
 Crushed 'mid wild horses' iron feet,
 A trampled, broken clod.

On! on! 'mid shout and dying groan,
 Now ULRIC and the boy are down!
 But no! they rise; o'er heaps of slain
 Forward their snorting chargers strain;
 The masses break apart again.
 Their foes, they reel; they fly!
 With their sharp swords they cut their way,
 Uninjured, through the reckless fray.
 The bridge! the bridge! they gain the day!
 "On! death or victory!"

Oh, gallant FRITZ! not yet, not yet!
 Beware that furious, hot onset,
 With flaming eyes, together four
 Against thee rush. One struggle more!

Thrice the sharp sabre to thy brow !
 Thrice ULRIC'S swift hand wards the blow —
 Wards and avenges well — for low
 They lie who struck. Each recreant dies !

The last survivor, panting, flies ;
 But o'er his Arab steed he pressed
 He turned to aim at FRITZ'S breast
 One winged ball of hate.
 Now, ULRIC ! speed ! In Sultan's flank,
 Deep, deep the spur, encrimsoned, sank,
 Alas ! too late ! too late !
 He sees his sword, so swift and keen,
 All useless now, but rides between,
 With one convulsive bound ;
 And then the flash, the smoke, the shout,
 The clear report rang sharply out,
 The deadly messenger he feels ;
 Starts sudden, in his saddle reels,
 Then sinks upon the ground !

FRITZ springs to save him ! sees, oh DEATH !
 Thy heavy hand ! Thy failing breath,
 Thy smothered groan of pain !
 To stanch, he strives, the bubbling blood,
 Outgushing in a swollen flood.
 A dreadful task, and vain.

" Oh, general ! Oh, fatal strife !
 For mine thou gavest thy precious life !
 The ball was meant for me !"
 " That flying fellow sent it home,
 His aim was good ; my hour hath come —
 My hour of victory."

And now from FRITZ'S white cheek flowed
 The hue, that all the battle stood ;
 And dropped his blinded eyes.
 " Oh, fatal, fatal day !" he said,
 As o'er that brow the death-damp spread ;

And still streamed forth the purple tide;
 "So late, aloft, I saw him ride,
 In all life's grandeur and its pride;
 Now, here he lies."

Yes, yes, in death the warrior lay,
 Each moment ebb'd his life away,
 The helm unloosed, the forehead bare,
 Upraised to HEAVEN in silent prayer.
 Then gently spoke: "Dear FRITZ, no, no,
 'T is vain, 't is vain; let — let it flow!
 Weep not for me. Death is no theme
 For weeping. It most sweet doth seem
 To yield my breath.

Oh! nothing in this world hath been
 So slandered, with thy friendly mien,
 Thy face, so hopeful, so serene,
 As thou, oh DEATH!"

"Sweet, pitying HEAVEN! my heart will break!

"My breath, it fails; poor Sultan take
 My parting gift, and for my sake
 Be gentle with him, FRITZ; and when
 Thou reachest Rudolstadt again,
 And ridest him, all joyous, on
 Through wood and vale, o'er hill and lawn,
 Each sylvan path I see!
 The mossy steep, the silent wood,
 Look! how the yellow golden flood,
 The very spot on which we stood,
 Bid her remember me."

"Oh, dearest friend! oh, gracious HEAVEN!
 His senses wander ——"

"I have striven,
 Not all in vain, and now the spell
 I break at last. Sweet boy, farewell!
 Thy hand! I die — all cold — all dark!
 My blessing to thy m ——. Hark! hark!
 They call! what bright forms round me gather!
 Ha! yes; my blessing to thy father!"

Oh DEATH! how beautiful, how still!
 As if some sculptor's wondrous skill,
 Out of the cold and lifeless stone
 That noble warrior form had hewn.
 Over the marble features stole
 A light, as rose the parting soul,
 And then, descending o'er the plain,
 Floats softly an angelic strain
 Of voices airy sweet, that seem
 A loving thought, a tender dream.
 It lingers not, that passing choir,
 But slow recedes, and rises higher,
 Fainter and fainter; now it dies,
 Uncertain, in the farthest skies.

ULRIC, farewell! Thy painful task is done,
 Thy battle with the Prince of Hell is won.
 Faith's narrow path thy child-like soul hath trod,
 Thou hast believed, obeyed, and worshipped God.

And thus a Christian spirit, free at last,
 Beyond the reach of wearying sin hath passed,
 From its hard warfare with Hell's potent might:
 Good against evil; darkness against light.
 Victorious o'er the world, its sorrows ended,
 And through Death's gates by angel forms attended.

And thus, oh reader! whatso'er thou art,
 Or high or low, or rich or poor, thy part,
 Thus, in its hour, thy spirit, too, may rise
 From earth's short sufferings to the happy skies,
 If thou but care to choose aright between
 The curse and blessing of this lower scene;
 If thou but mark, as by God's help we may,
 Hell's filthy laughter, as thou go'st astray,
 And the clear voices calling thee again,
 With many a secret tone and thrilling strair,
 Voices, perchance, now floating, faint and far,
 From some light cloud or quiet gazing star.
 While now, with trumpet tones, they burst and roll
 Up from the depths of thy eternal soul,

Oh mortal! listen to them. Learn to know
Those earnest voices, whence soe'er they flow.
Watch for them! Listen! Mark them and obey!
Follow not thou the Evil One's soft way,
For all his art can give. When, at thy side,
He stands and whispers thoughts of lust and pride,
From his vile spells, by prayer thy spirit free,
And break away, how sweet soe'er they be.
For sweet, oh God! they are, and his old throne
Too firmly set for thee to move alone.
Oh, sorcerer! full many a wondrous charm
He knows to banish doubt and hush alarm,
Thy eyes to veil, and so to sway thy thought,
Clasped in his arms, thou still believest not.
All bright things of the earth, oh! mystery!
Are sometimes lent, his instruments to be;
Nature's fair visions, music, moonlight, love;
All that they will may captivate and move,
Soft vales and mountains, summer-days and flowers,
And golden hopes that wing youth's airy hours,
Science and taste and intellect refined,
The noble heart and the aspiring mind,
The fatal trust in conscious innocence
Whatever wakes the soul, or wins the sense,
There lies the dark foe 'mid the roses curled,
But ONE alone can overcome the world.



Fres. S. Lazzari.

Edizione 18. in Venezia, presso l'Editore.

Captain Belgrave.

BY FREDERICK S. COZZENS.

"My eyes make pictures when they are shut."

IN one of those villages peculiar to our Eastern coast, whose long lines of pepper-and-salt stone-fences indicate laborious if not profitable farming, and the saline breath of the ocean has the effect of making fruit-trees more picturesque than productive, in a stone chunk of a house, whose aspect is quite as interesting to the geologist as to the architect, lives Captain Belgrave.

The Captain, as he says himself, "is American clean through, on the father's side, up to Plymouth Rock, and knows little, and cares less, of what is beyond that." To hear him talk, you would suppose Adam and Eve had landed there from the May-Flower, and the Garden of Eden was located within rifle distance of that celebrated land-mark. His genealogical table, however, stands upon unequal legs; for, on his mother's side he is part German and part Irishman. I mention this for the benefit of those who believe that certain qualities in men are hereditary. Of course it will be easy for them to assign those of Captain Belgrave to their proper source.

The house is square, and not remarkable except for its stone turret on one corner. This, rising from the ground some forty feet, embroidered with ivy, and pierced with arrow-slits, has rather a feudal look. It stands in a by-lane, apart from the congregated village. On the right side of the road is a plashy spring, somewhat redolent of mint in the summer. Opposite to this, in a clump of

oaks, surrounded with a picket-fence, is the open porch, with broad wooden benches, and within is an ample hall, looking out upon well-cultivated fields, and beyond — blue water! This is the "Oakery," as Captain Belgrave calls it. Here he lives with his brother Adolphus — bachelors both.

His title is a mystery. There is a legend in the village, that in the last war Belgrave was enrolled in the militia on some frontier. One night he was pacing as sentinel on a long wooden piazza in front of the General's quarters. It was midnight; the camp was asleep, and the moon was just sinking in a bank of clouds. Belgrave heard a footstep on the stairs at the end of the piazza. "Who goes there?" No answer. Another step. "Who goes there?" he repeated, and his heart began to fail him. No answer—but another step. He cocked his musket. Step, step, step, and then between him and the sinking moon appeared an enormous head decorated with diabolical horns. Belgrave drew a long breath and fired. The next instant the spectre was upon him; he was knocked down; the drums beat to arms; the guard turned out, and found the sentinel stretched upon the floor, with an old he-goat, full of defiance and odor, standing on him. From that time he was called "Captain."

No place, though it be a paradise, is perfect without one of the gentler sex. There is a lady at the Oakery. Miss Augusta Belgrave is a maiden of about—let me see; her age was formerly inscribed on the fly-leaf of the family Bible between the Old and New Testaments; but the page was torn out, and now it is somewhere in the Apocrypha. No matter what it may be; if you were to see her, you would say she was safe over the breakers. Two unmarried brothers, with a spinster sister, living alone: it is not unfrequent in old families. The rest of the household may be embraced in Hannah, the help, who is also "a maiden all forlorn," and Jim, the stable-boy. Jim is a unit, as well as the rest. Jim has been a stable-boy all his life, and now, at the age of sixty, is only a boy ripened. His chief pride and glory is to drive a pair of bob-tailed bay trotters that are (traditionally) fast! Adolphus, who has a turn for literature, christened the off-horse "Spectator;" but the near horse came from a bankrupt wine-broker, who named him "Chateau

Margaux." This the Captain reduced to "Shatto," and the village people corrupted to "Shatter!"

There was something bold and jaunty in the way the Captain used to drive old Shatter on a dog-trot through the village, (Spectator rarely went with his mate except to church on Sundays,) with squared elbows, and whip depending at a just angle over the dash-board. "Talk of your fast horses!" he would say. "Why, if I would only let *him* out," pointing his whip, like a marshal's baton, toward Shatter, "you would see *time*!" But he never lets him out.

The square turret rises considerably above the house-roof. Every night, at bed-time, the villagers see a light shining through its narrow loop-holes. There are loop-holes in the room below, and strong casements of ordinary size in the rooms adjoining. In the one next to it Miss Augusta sleeps, as all the village knows, for she is seen at times looking out of the window. Next to that is another room, in which Adolphus sleeps. He is often seen looking out of that window. Next, again, to that is the vestal chamber of Hannah, on the south-west corner of the house. She is sometimes seen looking out of the window on either side. Next to that again is the dormitory of Jim, the stable-boy. Jim always smells like a menagerie, and so does his room, no doubt. He never looks out of the window except upon the Fourth of July, when there is too much noise in the village to risk driving Spec and Shat. No living person but the occupants has ever been in that story of the house. No living person understands the mystery of the tower. The light appears at night through the loop-holes in the second story, then flashes upward, shines again through the slits in the lofty part of the turret, burns steadily half an hour or so, and then vanishes. Who occupies that lonely turret?

Let us take the author-privilege and ascend the stairs. First we come to Jim's room; *we pass through that* into Hannah's apartment. There is a bolt on the inside of her door; we pass on into the room of Adolphus; it, too, has a bolt on the inside. Now all the virtues guide and protect us, for we are in the sleeping-apartment of the spiuister sister! It, too, has a bolt on the inside; and here we are in the tower: the door, like the rest, is bolted. There is nothing in the room but the carpet on the floor; no stair-case, but a trap-door in the

ceiling. It is but a short flight for fancy to reach the upper story. The trap is bolted in the floor; there is a ladder standing beside it; here are chairs, a bureau, a table, with an extinguished candle, and the moonlight falls in a narrow strip across the features of Captain Belgrave, fast asleep, and beside him a Bible, and an enormous horse-pistol, loaded.

Nowhere but in the household of some old bachelor could such discipline exist as in the Oakery. At night the Captain is the first to retire; Miss Augusta follows with a pair of candlesticks and candles; then metaphysical Adolphus with his mind in painful state of fermentation; then Hannah, the help, with a small brass candlestick; then Jim, the stable-boy, who usually waits until the company is on the top-stair, when he makes a false start, breaks, pulls himself up, and gets into a square trot just in time to save being distanced at the landing. Adolphus and Jim are not trusted with candles. Miss Augusta is rigorous on that point. She permits the Captain to have one because he is careful with it; beside, he owns the house and every thing in it; the land and every thing on it; and supports the family; therefore his sister indulges him. We now understand the internal arrangement of the Oakery. It is a fort, a castle, a citadel, of which Augusta is the scarp, Jim the glacis, Hannah the counter-scarp, and Adolphus the ditch. The Captain studied the science of fortification after his return from the wars.

The Belgraves are intimate only with one family in the village, and they are new acquaintances—the Mewkers. There is Mr. Mewker, Mrs. Mewker, Mrs. Lasciver, formerly Miss Mewker, and six or seven little Mewkers. Mewker has the reputation of being a good man, but unfortunately his appearance is not prepossessing. He has large bunchy feet, with very ineffectual legs, low shoulders, a sunken chest, a hollow cavity under the waistcoat, little, weak, eyes that seem set in bladders, straggling hair, rusty whiskers, black, and yellow teeth, and long, skinny, disagreeable fingers; beside, he is knock-kneed, shuffling in gait, and always leans on one side when he walks. Uncharitable people say he leans on the side where his interests lie, but Captain Belgrave will not believe a word of it. Oh! no; Mewker is a different man from that. He is a mem-

ber of the church, and sings in the choir. He is executor of several estates, and of course takes care of the orphans and widows. He holds the church money in trust, and of course handles it solely to promote *its* interests. And then he is so deferential, so polite, so charitable. "Never," says the Captain, "did I hear him speak ill of any body, but he lets me into the worst points of my neighbors by jest teching on 'em, and then he excuses their fibles, as if he was kind o' sorry for 'em; but I keeps my eye onto 'em after the hints he give me, and he can't blind me to *them*."

Harriet Laseiver, formerly Miss Mewker, is a widow, perfectly delicious in dimples and dimity, fond of high life and low-necked dresses, music, birds, and camelias. Captain Belgrave has a great fancy for the charming widow. This is a secret, however. You and I know it, *and so does Mewker*.

It is Sunday in Little-Crampton—a summer Sunday. The old fashioned flowers are blooming in the old-fashioned gardens, and the last vibration of the old rusty bell in the century-old belfry seems dying off, and melting away in fragrance. Outside, the village is quiet, but within the church there is an incessant plying of fans and rustling of dresses. The Belgraves are landed at the porch, and Spee and Shat whirl the family carriage into the grave-yard. The Mewkers enter with due decorum. Adolphus drops his hymn-book into the pew in front, as he always does. The little flatulent organ works through the voluntary. The sleek head of the Rev. Mr. Spat is projected toward the audience out of the folds of his cambric handkerchief; and after doing as much damage to the simple and beautiful service as he can by reading it, flourishes through the regular old Spatsonian sermon; its tiresome repetitions and plagiarisms, with the same old rising and falling inflections, the same old tremulous tone toward the end, as if he were crying; the same old recuperative method by which he recovers his lost voice in the last sentence, when it was all but gone; and the same old gesture by which the audience understand that his labors (and theirs) are over for the morning. Then the congregation departs with the usual accompaniments of dresses rustling, and pew-doors slamming; and Mr. Meeker descends from the choir and sidles up the aisle, nursing

his knobs of elbows in his skinny fingers, and congratulates the Rev. Mr. Spat upon the excellent discourse he had delivered, and receives the customary *quid pro quo* in the shape of a compliment upon the excellent singing in the choir. This account adjusted, Mr. Mewker shuffles home beside the lovely widow; and Mrs. Mewker and the small fry of members follow in their wake.

"I have looked into the records in the county clerk's office," Mewker says, in a whisper, to his sister, "and the property is all right. That old Thing, (unconscious Augusta Belgrave, rolling home behind Spee and Shat, do you hear this?) that old Thing, and that fool of a book-worm (Adolphus) can be packed off after the wedding, and then we can arrange matters between us. Spat understands me in this, and intends to be hand and glove with Belgrave, so as to work upon him. He will, he *must* do it, for he knows that his remaining in this church depends upon me." Here Mr. Mewker was interrupted by one of the young Mewkers, who came running up, hat in hand. "Oh! pa, look there! see those beautiful climbing roses growing all over that old tree!" "Jacob," said Mewker, catching him by the hair, and rapping his head with his bony knuckles until the tears came, "have n't I told you not to speak of such trivial things on the Sabbath? How dare you (with a repetition of raps) think of climbing roses so soon after church? Go; (with a fresh clutch in the scalp of Mewker, Junior,) go to your mother, and when I get home I will punish you." Mr. Mewker resumed the whispered conversation. "Belgrave is ruled entirely by his sister, but between Spat and I, she can be blinded, I think. If she should suspect, now, she would interfere, of course, and Belgrave would not dare to disobey her. But if we can get him committed once in some way, he is such a coward that he would be entirely in my power. Dear," he said aloud to Mrs. M., "how did you like the sermon?" "Angelie," replies Mrs. Mewker. "That's my opinion, too," responds Mewker. "Angelie, angelie. Spat is a lovely man, my dear. What is there for dinner?"

If there were some feminine meter by which Harriet Laseiver's soul could be measured, it would indicate "good" pretty high up on the scale. Yet she had listened to this after-church discourse of her

brother not only with complacency, but with a full and unequivocal assent to all he had proposed. So she would have listened, so assented to any thing, no matter what, proposed by him; and all things considered, it was not surprising. Even as continued attrition wears the angles of the flint until it is moulded into the perfect pebble, so had her nature been moulded by her brother. He had bullied her in her childhood and in her womanhood, except when there was a purpose in view which he could better accomplish by fawning; and her natural good disposition, so indurated by these opposed modes of treatment, had become as insensible to finer emotions as her heart was callous to its own impulses. There was one element in his composition which at all times had cast a gloss upon his actions. It was his piety! God help us! that any one should allude to that but with reverence and love! Nor do I here speak of it but as a profession, an art, or specious showing forth of something that is not real, but *professed*, in order to accomplish other ends. What profited her own experience, when Harriet Lasciver was so far imposed upon as to believe her brother's professions sincere? What though all his life he had been a crooked contriver and plotter, malicious in his enmity, and false in his friendship; *and she knew it?* Yet, as she could not reconcile it with his affected sanctity, she could not believe it. That wonderful power which men seldom, and women never analyze — hypocrisy, held her entangled in its meshes, and she was his instrument to be guided as he chose. Every noble trait true woman possesses — pity, tenderness, love, and high honor — were commanded by an influence she could not resist. Her reason, nay, her feelings were dormant, but her faith slept securely upon her brother's religion!

In this instance there was another consideration — a minor one, it is true, but in justice to the widow, it must be added. She really admired the Captain; but that makes no great difference. A widow must love some body. Those delicate tendrils of affection which put forth, with the experiences of the young wife die not in the widow, but survive, and must have some support. Even if the object be unworthy or unsightly, as it happens sometimes, still will they bind, and bloom, and cling, and blossom around it, like honey-suckles around a post.

The windows at the Oakery are open, and the warm air of a Sunday summer evening pours in, as Augusta pours out the tea. The Captain burns his mouth with the first cup, turns the tea into the saucer, blows it to cool it, drinks it off hastily, takes a snap at the thin, white slice of bread on his plate, takes another snap at a radish somewhat overcharged with salt, wipes his mouth, goes to the window and calls out "Jim!" Jim appears at the stable-door with a wisp of straw and a curry-comb. "Put in the hosses!" Jim telegraphs with the curry-comb, "All right, Sir!" Augusta stares at Adolphus, and Adolphus brushes the metaphysical films from his eyes, and, for once, seems wide awake. The Captain takes his seat and a fresh snap at the bread. Augusta looks at him steadily. "Why, brother, where are you going with the horses on Sunday afternoon?" The Captain squints at the bread, and answers, "To Mewker's." "Mewker's!" repeats Augusta; "Mewker's! why, brother, you're crazy; they never receive company on Sunday. You know how strictly pious Mr. Mewker is, and he would look at you with amazement. To see you riding, too! why — I — never!"

The Captain, however, said nothing, but waited, with some impatience, until Spec and Shat turned out with the carriage from the stable. Then he took the ribbons, stopped, threw them down, went up into the tower, came back with a clean shirt on, climbed into the seat, and drove off.

"He 'll come back from there in a hurry, I guess," said Augusta to the wondering Adolphus.

But the Captain did not return until eleven that night, and then somewhat elevated with wine. "Augushta," said he, as the procession formed as usual on the stairs, "that Mucous 'sha clever feller, heesha clever feller, heesha dev'lish clever feller; heesh fond of talking on church matters, and sho 'mi. His shister, sheesha another clever feller, she 's a chump! I asked 'em to come to-morrow to tea, and shaid they would."

"Why, brother, to-morrow is Monday, washing-day!" replied the astonished spiuster.

"Tha 's a fack, Gushta, fack," answered the Captain, as he took the candle from his sister at the tower-door; "but, wash or no wash,

musht come. When I ask 'em to come, musht come. Good-night!"

The bolts are closed on the several doors, scarp and counterscarp, ditch and glacis are wrapped in slumber; but the Captain lies wide awake, looking through the slits in the tower casement at the Great Bear in the sky, and thinking rapturously of the lovely Lasciver.

Never did the old family carriage have such a polishing as on that Monday morning. Never did Jim so bestir himself with the harness as on that day under the eye of Belgrave. The Captain neglects to take his accustomed ride to the village in the morning, that Spec and Shat may be in condition for the afternoon. At last the carriage rolls up the road from the Oakery, with Jim on the box, and the Captain retires to dress for company. In due course the carriage returns with Spec and Shat somewhat blown with an over-load; for all the young Mewkers are piled up inside, on the laps of Mrs. Mewker and the lovely Lasciver. Then Augusta hurries into the kitchen to tell Hannah, the help, to cut more bread for the brats, and Adolphus is hurried out into the garden to pull more radishes, and the young Mewker tribe get into his little library, and revel in his choice books, and quarrel over them, and scatter some leaves and covers on the floor as trophies of the fight. Then the tea is brought on, and the lovely Lasciver tries in vain to soften the asperity of Augusta; and then Mewker takes her in hand, and does succeed, and in a remarkable degree, too. Meanwhile the ciphers of the party, Mrs. Mewker and Adolphus, drink and eat in silence. Then they adjourn to the porch, and Mewker sits beside Augusta, and entertains her with an account of the missions in Surinam, to which she turns an attentive ear. Then Mrs. Mewker says it is time to go, "on account of the children," at which Mewker darts a petrifying look at her, and turns with a smile to Augusta, who, in the honesty of her heart, says "she, too, thinks it is best for the young ones to go to bed early." Then Jim is summoned from the stable, and Spec and Shat; and the Mewkers take leave, and whirl along the road again toward home.

It was long before the horses returned, for Jim drove back slowly. There was not a tenderer heart in the world than the one which beat in the bosom of that small old boy of sixty. He sat perched upon

the box, calling out, "Gently, soho!" to Spec and Shat, when they advanced beyond a walk, and held a talk with himself in this wise: "I do n't want to carry that old carcase agin. He gits in and praises up the Cap'n so as *I* can hear him, and then asks me if I wo n't lay the whip on the hosses. Says I, 'Mr. Mewker, them hosses has been druv.' Says he, 'Yes, James, but you can give 'em a good rubbin' down when you get to hum, and that will fetch 'em all right.' Now, I want to know if you take a man, and lay a whip onto him, and make him travel till he 's sore, whether rubbin' down is a-goin' to make him all right? No, Sir. Then he calls me James. I do n't want no man to call me James; my name 's Jim. There was old Midgely; he called me James; did n't he coax out of me all I 'd saved up for more 'n twenty years, and then busted? There was Deacon Cotton; did n't he come in over the Captain with that pork? He called me James, too. And there was that psalm-singin' peddler that got Miss Augusty to lend him the colt; *he* called me James. Did he bring the colt back? No, Sir; at least not yit, and it 's more 'n three years ago. When a man calls me James, I take my eye and places it onto him. I hearn him when he tells Miss Mewker not to give beggars nothin'. *I* hearn him. He sez they may be impostors! Well, 'spose they be? When a feller-creatur' gits so low as to beg, have n't they got low enough? Aint they ragged, dirty, despised? Do n't they run a chance of starvin', impostors or not, if every body drives 'em off? And what great is it if they do get a-head of you, for a crumb or a cent? When I see a feller-creatur' in rags, beggin', I say human natur' has got low enough; it 's in rags! it begs! it 's 'way down, and it do n't make much difference if it 's actin' or not. Them aint impostors that will do much harm. Them aint impostors like old Midgely, and Deacon Cotton, and that psalm-singin' peddler that borrowed the colt; at least they do n't cut it so fat. But 'spose they don't happin' to be impostors, arter all? Whar 's that account to be squared? I guess I 'd rayther be the beggar than the other man when that account is squared. I guess when that account is squared, it will kind a-look as if the impostor was n't the one that asked for the stale bread, but the one that would n't give it. Seems as if I 've heard 'em tell about a similar case somewhere."

A good rubbing down, indeed, for Spec and Shat that night, and a well-filled manger, too. When Jim picked up his stable-lantern, he gave each horse a pat on the head and a parting hug, and then backed out, with his eyes still on them. "Spec!" said he at the door. Spec gave a whinny in reply. "Shat!" Shat responded also. "Good-night, old boys! Old Jim aint a-goin' to lay no whip onto you. If old Jim wants to lay a whip onto something, it wo n't be onto you, that 's been spavined and had the bots, and he 's cured 'em, and they know it, hey! No, Sir. His 'tipathy works outside into another quarter. Is my name James? Well, it aint. It 's Jim, is n't it? Yes, Sir!"

Old Jim's remarks being ended, and the stable-door locked, nothing remained for him to do but to form the glacis before the Belgrave citadel.

From that night, however, the halcyon days of Spec and Shat were at an end. The Mewkers loved to ride, but they had no horses: the only living thing standing upon four legs belonging to Mr. Mewker was an ugly, half-starved, cross-grained, suspicious-looking dog, that had the mange and a bad reputation. Of course, the Captain's horses were at their service, for rides to the beach, for pic-nics in the woods, for shopping in the village, or, perchance, to take Mr. Mewker to some distant church-meeting. And not only were the horses absent at unusual times; there seemed to be a growing fondness in the Captain for late hours. The old-style regularity of the Oakery, the time-honored habits of early hours to bed, the usual procession up the stairs, formal but cheerful, were, in some measure, broken into; not but what these were observed as formerly; not but what every member of the family waited and watched until the Captain returned, no matter how late; but that sympathetic feeling which all had felt when the hour of bed-time came, had ceased to be, and in its place was the dreary languor, the tiresome, tedious feeling that those experience who sit up and wait and wait, for an absent one, waiting and asking, "Why tarry the wheels of his chariot?" There was an increasing presentiment, a gloomy foreshadowing of evil, in Miss Augusta's mind at these doings of the Captain; and this feeling was heightened by something, trifling in itself, yet still mysterious and unaccountable.

Some body, almost every day, cut off a tolerably large piece from the beef or mutton, or whatever kind of meat there chanced to be in the cellar. And no body knew any thing about it. Hannah was fidelity itself; Jim was beyond suspicion; Adolphus never went into the cellar, scarcely out of the library, in fact. The Captain! could it be her brother? Miss Augusta watched. She saw him do it. She saw him covertly draw his jack-knife from his pocket, and purloin a piece of beautiful rump-steak, then wrap it up in paper, put it in his pocket, and walk off whistling, as if nothing had happened. "The widow is at the bottom of this!" was the thought that flashed through the mind of Augusta. She was indirectly correct. The widow was at the bottom of the theft, and I will tell you how. I have mentioned a large, mangy dog, of disreputable character, Mr. Mewker's property, and "Bose" by name. Whenever the Captain drove up the path to the house of his friend, there, beside the step of the wagon, from the time it passed the gate until it reached the porch, was this dog, with a tail short as pie-crust, that never wagged; thick, wicked eyes, and a face that did not suggest fidelity and sagacity, but treachery and rapine, dead sheep, and larceny great or small. And although the Captain was a stout, active, well-framed man, with a rosy cheek, a bright eye, and a sprightly head of hair, yet he was afraid of that dog. And therefore, the Captain, to conciliate Bose, brought him every day some choice morsel from his own kitchen; and as he did not dare to tell Augusta, the same was abstracted in the manner already described.

Here I must mention a peculiarity in Captain Belgrave's character. He never saw a dog without thinking of hydrophobia; he never bathed on the beautiful beach in the rear of his house without imagining every chip in the water, or ripple on the wave, to be the dorsal fin of some voracious shark. When he drove home at night, it was with fear and trembling, for an assassin might be lurking in the bushes; and if he passed a sick neighbor, he walked off with small-pox, measles, typhoid, and whooping-cough trundling at his heels. In a word, he was the most consummate coward in Little-Crampton. It was for this reason he had built and slept in the tower; and what with reading of pirates, buccaneers. Captain Kidd, and Black Beard, his

mind was so infected that no sleeping-place seemed secure and safe, but his own turret and trap-door, scarp, counterscarp, ditch, and glacis, through which all invaders had to pass before they encountered him with his tremendous horse-pistol.

It was not the discovery of the theft alone that had opened the eyes of Augusta in regard to her brother's motions. Although he had told her, again and again, that he merely went to Mewkers to talk over church matters, yet she knew intuitively, as every woman would, that a widow so lovely as Harriet Lasciver could not but have great attractions for such an old bachelor as her brother. In fact, she knew, if the widow, as the phrase is, "set her cap for him," the Captain was a lost man. But to whom could she apply for counsel and assistance? Adolphus? Adolphus had no more sense than a kitten. Hannah? There was something of the grand old spinster—spirit about Augusta that would not bend to the level of Hannah, the help. Jim? She would go to Jim. She would see that small boy of sixty, and ask his advice. And she did. She walked over to the stable in the evening, while her brother was making his toilet for the customary visit to the Mewkery, and, without beating around the bush at all, reached the point at once. "Jim," said she, "the Captain is getting too thick with the Mewkers, and we must put a stop to it. How is that to be done?"

Jim paused for a moment, and then held up his forefinger. "I know *one* way to stop him a-goin' there; and, if you say so, Miss Augusta, then old Jim is the boy to do it."

Augusta assented in a grand, old, towering nod. Jim, with a mere motion of his forefinger, seemed to reiterate, "If you say so, I 'll do it."

"Yes."

"Then, by Golly!" responded Jim joyfully, "arter this night he 'll never go there ag'in."

Augusta walked toward the house with a smile, and Jim proceeded to embellish Shatter.

By-and-by the Captain drove off in the wagon, and old Jim busied himself with Spectator, fitting a mouldy saddle on his back, and getting him ready for action.

There was a thin cloud, like lace, over the moon that night; just enough to make objects painfully distinct, as Captain Belgrave turned out from Mewker's gate, and took the high road toward home. He jogged along, however, quite comfortably, and had just reached the end of Mewker's fence, when he saw a figure on horseback, emerging from the little lane that ran down behind the garden to the pond at the back of the house. The apparition had a sort of red cape around its shoulders; a soldier-cap, with a tall plume, (very like the one the Captain used to wear on parade,) was upon its head; in its hand was a long, formidable-looking staff; and the horse of the spectre was enveloped in a white saddle-cloth, that hung down almost to the ground. What was remarkable, Old Shatter, as if possessed with the devil, actually drew out of the road toward the stranger, and gave a whinny, which was instantly responded to in the most frightful tones by the horse of the spectre. Almost paralyzed, the Captain suffered the apparition to approach him. What a face it had! Long masses of hair, like tow, waved around features that seemed to have neither shape nor color. Its face seemed like a face of brown paper, so formless and flat was it, with great hideous eyes and a mouth of intolerable width. As it approached, the figure seemed to have a convulsion—it rolled so in the saddle; but, recovering, it drew up beside the shaft, and, whirling its long staff, brought such a whack upon Shatter's flank, that the old horse almost jumped out of his harness. Away went the wagon and the Captain, and away went the spectre close behind; fences, trees, bushes, dust, whirled in and out of sight; bridges, sedges, trout-brooks, mills, willows, copses, plains, in moonlight and shadow, rolled on and on; but not an inch was lost or won; there, behind the wagon, was the goblin with his long plume bending, and waving, and dancing, and his staff whirling with terrible menaces. On, and on, and on, and ever and anon the goblin steed gave one of those frightful whinnies that seemed to tear the very air with its dissonance. On, and on, and on! The Captain drove with his head turned back over his shoulder, but Shat knew the road. On, and on, and on! A thought flashes like inspiration through the mind of the Captain, "The horse-pistol!" It is under the cushions. He seizes it nervously, cocks it, and—bang! goes the plume of the goblin. "By gosh!" said

a voice under the soldier-cap, "I did n't cal'late on that;" and then, "I vum ef old Shat haint run away!" Sure enough, Shatto has run away; the wagon is out of sight in a turn of the road; the next instant, it brings up against a post; off goes Shat, with shafts and dislocated fore-wheels; and old Jim soon after finds the remains of the wagon, and the senseless body of his master, in a ditch, under the moon, and a willow. To take the red blanket from his shoulders, which he had worn like a Mexican poncho by putting his head through a hole in the middle, is done in an instant; and then, with big tears rolling down his cheeks, the old boy brings water from a spring, in the crown of the soldier-cap, to bathe the face of the Captain. The report of the pistol has alarmed a neighbor; and the two, with the assistance of the hind-wheels and the body of the wagon, carry poor Belgrave through the moon-lit streets of Little-Crampton, to the Oakery.

When the Captain opened his eye, (for the other was under the tuition of a large patch of brown paper, steeped in vinegar,) he found himself safe at home, surrounded and fortified, as usual, by Augusta, Adolphus, Hannah, the help, and Jim, in picturesque attitudes. How he came there, was a mystery. Stay; he begins to take up the thread: Mewkers, fence, the figure, the race for life, and the pistol! What else? Nothing — blank — oblivion. So he falls into a tranquil state of comfort, and feels that he does not care about it. No getting up that steep ladder to-night! Never mind. It is a labor to think, so he relapses into thoughtlessness, and finally falls asleep. There was a stranger in the room behind the bed's head, a tall, astringent-looking man, Dr. Butternuts, by whom the Captain had been let blood. If Belgrave had seen him, he would have fainted. "No injuries of any consequence," says the doctor, departing and waving his brown hand. "Terribly skart, though," Augusta responds in a whisper. "Yes, he will get over that; to-morrow he will be better;" and the doctor waves himself out. Adolphus retires, and then Hannah, the help; but Augusta and Jim watch by the bedside until morning. The Captain, every now and then, among the snowy sheets and coverlet, turns up a side of face that looks like a large, purple egg-plant, at which Jim sighs heavily; but Augusta whispers sooth

ingly, "Never mind, Jim, it 's for his good; I 'm glad you skart him; you skart him a leetle too much this time, that 's all; next time you 'll be more careful, won't you, and not skear him so bad?"

That Captain Belgrave had been thrown from his wagon, and badly hurt, was known all over Little-Crampton, next morning. Some said he had been shot at by a highwayman; some, he had shot at a highwayman. The story took a hundred shapes, and finally was rolled up at the door of the Rev. Melchior Spat, who at once took his wagon, and drove off to the Mewkery. There the rumor was unfolded to Mr. Mewker, who, enjoying it immensely, made so many funny remarks thereon, that the Rev. Melchior Spat was convulsed with laughter, and then the two drove down to the Oakery to condole with the sufferer. On the way there, the Rev. Melchior was so wonderfully facetious, that Mewker, who never enjoyed any person's jokes but his own, was actually stimulated into mirth, and had it not been for happily catching a distant sight of the tower, would have so forgotten himself as to drive up to the door with a pleasant expression of countenance. As it was, they both entered grave as owls, and inquired, in faint and broken voices, how the Captain was, and whether he was able to see friends. Augusta, who received them, led them up to the room, where the Captain, with his face like the globe in the equinox, sitting propped up in bed, shook both feebly by the hands, and then the Rev. Melchior proposed prayer, to which Mewker promptly responded by dropping on his knees, and burying his face in the bottom of an easy chair. This was a signal for Adolphus to do likewise; and the Captain, not to be behind, struggling up into a sitting posture, leaned forward in the middle of the coverlet, with his toes and the end of his shirt deployed upon the pillows. Then the Rev. Melchior, in a crying voice, proceeded according to the homœopathic practice—that is, making it short and sweet as possible—touching upon the excellent qualities of the sufferer, the distress of his beloved friends, and especially of the anxiety which would be awakened in the bosom of one now absent, "whose heart was only the heart of a woman, a heart not strong and able to bear up against calamity, but weak, and fragile, and loving, and pitiful, and tender; a heart that was so weak, and loving, and pitiful, and tender, and

fragile, that it could not bear up against calamity ; no, it could not ; no, it could not ; it was weak, it was pitiful, it was loving, it was tender, it was fragile like a flower, and against calamity it could not bear up."

So great was the effect of the Rev. Melchior Spat's eloquence, that the Captain fairly cried, so as to leave a round wet spot in the middle of the coverlet, and Mr. Mewker wiped his eyes frequently with his handkerchief, as he rose from the chair. And although the voice of the Reverend Melchior had been heard distinctly, word for word, by Jim, in the far-off stable, yet it sank to the faintest whisper when he proceeded to inquire of the Captain how he felt, and what was this dreadful story. And then the Captain, in a voice still fainter, told how he was attacked by a man of immense size, mounted on a horse of proportionate dimensions, and how he had defended himself, and did battle bravely until, in the fight, "Shatto got skeared, and overset the wagon, and then the man got onto him, and pounded the life out of him, while he was entangled with reins." Then Mr. Mewker and the Rev. Mr. Spat took leave with sorrowful faces, and as they drove home again, renewed the jocularity which had been interrupted somewhat by the visit to the Oakery.

To say that Mr. Mewker neglected his friend, the Captain, during his misfortunes, would be doing a great injustice to that excellent man. Every day he was at the Oakery, to inquire after his health ; and rarely did he come without some little present, a pot of sweet-meats, a bouquet, or something of the kind, from the lovely Lasciver. How good it was of him to buy jelly at two shillings a pound at the store, and bring it to the Captain, saying, "This little offering is from Harriet, who thought some delicacy of the kind would be good for you." Was it not disinterested ? Hiding his own modest virtues in a pot of jelly, and presenting it in the name of another ! The truth is, Mewker's superior tactics were too profound for Augusta to contend against ; she felt, as it were, the sand sliding from under her feet. Nor was Mewker without a powerful auxiliary in the Reverend Melchior Spat, who, by his prerogative, had free access to the house at all times, and made the most of it, too. Skillfully turning to common topics when Augusta was present, and as skillfully returning to

the old subject when she retired, he animated the Captain with such desire for the lovely widow, that, had it not been for his black eye, he would assuredly have gone off and proposed on the spot. This feeling, however, subsided when the Rev. Melchior was gone; the Captain did not think of marrying; he was a true old bachelor, contented with his lot, and not disposed to change it even for a better; beside, he was timid.

At last our hero was able once more to go about, and Jim drove him down slowly to the Mewkery. Such a noise as Bose made when he saw the carriage approaching! But there was no present from the hand of his friend this time; so Bose contented himself with growling and snapping angrily at his own tail, which was not longer than half a cucumber. What a blush spread over the face of the Captain when, he saw the widow, all dimples and dimity, advancing to meet him in the familiar back-parlor! How the sweet roses breathed through the shaded blinds as he breathed out his thanks to the widow for many precious favors during his confinement. They were alone; the Captain sat beside her on the sofa; one of her round, plump, white, dimpled hands was not far from him, resting upon the black hair-cloth of the sofa bottom. He looked right and left; there was no one near; so he took the hand respectfully, and raised it to his lips, intending to replace it, of course. To his dismay, she uttered a tender "O!" and leaned her head upon his shoulder. What to do, he did not know; but he put his arm around her bewitching waist, to support her. Her eyes were closed, and the long, radiant lashes heightened, by contrast, the delicious color that bloomed in her cheeks. The Captain looked right and left again; no one was near; if he could venture to kiss her! He had never kissed a pretty woman in all his life! The desire to do so increased; it seemed to grow upon him, in fact; drawn toward her by an influence he could not resist, he leaned over and touched those beautiful lips, and then—in walked Mr. Mewker.

Had Mewker not been a genius, he might have compromised every thing by still playing the humble, deferential, conscientious part; but hypocrisy on a low key was not his cue now; he knew his man too well for that, and besides, familiar as this branch of art had

been, there was another still more natural to him; he was wonderful in the sycophant, but matchless in the bully! Those little, weak, bladdery eyes seemed almost to distil venom, as wrapping his knobby arms in a knot, he strode up to the astonished Belgrave, and asked him "how he dared invade the privacy of his house, the home of his wife and children, and the sanctuary of his sister? How he dared trespass upon the hospitality that had been extended toward, nay, that had been lavished upon him? Was not the respectability of the Mewker family, a family related to the wealthy Balgangles of Little-Crampton, and connected by marriage with the Shellbarques of Boston, a sufficient protection against his nefarious designs? And did he undertake, under the mask of friendship," and Mewker drew up his forehead into a complication of lines like an indignant web, "to come, as a hypocrite, a member of the church (O Mewker!) with the covert intention of destroying the peace and happiness of his only sister?"

Belgrave was a man who never swore; but on this occasion he uttered an exclamation: "My grief!" said he, "I never had no such idee."

"What, then, are your intentions?" said Mewker, fiercely.

"T' make it all straight," replied the Captain.

"How?"

Belgrave paused, and Mewker shuffled rapidly to and fro, muttering to himself. At last he broke out again:

"How, I say?"

"On that p'int I 'm codjitat'in'."

"Do — you — mean —" said Mewker, with a remarkable smile, placing his hand calmly on the Captain's shoulder, "to — trifle — with — me?"

"No," replied poor Belgrave, surrendering up, as it were, what was left of him; "I 'm ready to be married, if that will make it all straight, provided," he added with natural courtesy, turning to the lovely widow, "provided this lady does not think me unworthy of her."

Mewker drew forth a tolerably clean handkerchief, and applied it to his eyes: a white handkerchief held to the eyes of a figure in

threadbare black is very effective. The lovely Lasciver remained entirely passive; such is discipline.

Here, at last, was an opportunity to beat a retreat. The Captain rose, and shaking Mewker's unemployed hand, which, he said afterward, "felt like a bunch of radishes," left the room without so much as a word to the future Mrs. Belgrave. So soon as the door closed upon him, Mr. Mewker raised his eyes from the handkerchief, and smiled sweetly upon his sister. The thing is accomplished.

As some old bear, who had enjoyed freedom from cubhood, feels, at the bottom of a pit dug by the skillful hunter, so feels Captain Belgrave, as he rides home sorrowfully. His citadel, after all, is not a protection. Into its penetralia a subtle spirit has at last found entrance. The air grows closer and heavier around him, the shadows broader, the bridges less secure, the trout-brooks blacker and deeper. How shall he break the matter to Augusta? "No hurry, though; the *day* has n't been app'inted yit;" and at this suggestion the clouds begin to break and lighten. Then he sees Mewker, threadbare and vindictive; his sky again is overcast, but filaments of light stream through as he conjures up the image of the lovely widow, the dimpled hand, the closed eyes, the long radiate lashes, cheeks, lips, and the temptation which had so unexpected a conclusion. Home at last; and, with some complaint of fatigue, the Captain retires to his high tower to ruminate over the past and the future.

The future! yes, the future! A long perspective stretched before his eyes; and, at the end of the vista, was a bride in white, and a wedding. It would take some months to gradually break the subject to his sister. Then temperately and moderately, the courtship would go on, year by year, waxing by degrees to the end.

Mr. Mewker altered the focus of Belgrave's optics next morning, by a short note, in which he himself fixed the wedding-day at two weeks from the Captain's declarations of intentions. This intelligence confined the Captain two days in the tower, "codjitating," during which time every body in Little-Crampton was informed that Widow Lasciver and he were engaged to be married. The news came from the best authority—the Rev. Melchior Spat. On the evening of the second day, a pair of lead-colored stockings, a fustian petticoat, a drab short-

gown, and a bright bunch of keys, descended the steep step-ladder from the trap in the tower, and walked into the room adjoining. Then two hands commenced wringing themselves, by which we may understand that Augusta was in great tribulation. The rumor, rife in Little-Crampton, had reached her ears, and her brother had confirmed its truth. The very means employed to keep him out of danger had only assisted the other party to carry him off. This should be a warning to those who interfere with affairs of the heart. But what was her own future? Certainly her reign was at an end; a new queen-bee was to take possession of the hive; and then—what then? kings and kaisers, even, are not free from the exquisite anguish which, in that hour, oppressed the heart of Augusta Belgrave. It was but a step; but what a step? from mistress to menial, from ruler to subordinate. She knelt down heavily by the bedside, and there prayed; but—oh! the goodness of woman's heart!—it was a prayer, earnest, sincere, truthful, and humble; not for herself, but for her brothers. Then her heart was lightened and strengthened; and as she rose, she smiled with a bitter sweetness, that, considering every thing, was beautiful.

Great preparations now in Little-Crampton for the wedding. Invitations were out, and needles, seissors, flowers, laces, ribbons, and mantua-makers at a premium. The Captain took heart of grace, and called upon his lovely bride, but always managed to get past *that lane* before night-fall. Hood & Wessup, the fashionable tailors of Little-Crampton, were suborned to lay themselves out night and day upon his wedding-suit. He had set his heart upon having Adolphus dressed precisely like himself on the occasion. Two brothers dressed alike, groom and groomsman, look remarkably well at a wedding. But to his surprise, Adolphus refused to be dressed, and would not go to the wedding—“*positively*.” Neither would Augusta. Brother and sister set to work packing up, and when the expected night arrived there was all their little stock in two, blue, wooden trunks, locked, and corded, and ready for moving, in the hall of the Oakery.

It was a gloomy night outside and in, for the rain had been falling all day, and a cold rain-storm in summer is dreary enough. But

cheerful bars of light streamed across the darkness from the tower windows, lighting up a green strip on a tree here and there, a picket or two in the fence, and banding with an illuminated ribbon the side and roof of the dripping barn. The Captain was making his toilet. White ruffled shirt, with a black mourning pin containing a lock of his mother's hair; white marseilles waistcoat, set off with an inner vest of blue satin, (suggested by Hood & Wessup;) trousers of bright mustard color, fitting as tight as if his legs had been melted and poured into them; blue coat, cut brass buttons, end of handkercher' sticking out of the pocket behind; black silk stockings and pumps; red cheek-silk neck-cloth, and flying-jib collars. Down he came, and there sat brother and sister on their corded trunks in the hall, portentous as the Egyptian statues that overlook the Nile from their high stone chairs. Not a word was said; but the Captain opened the door and looked out. "Why, it rains like fury. Jim!"

Jim, who was unseen in the darkness, and yet within three feet of the door, answered cheerily, "Aye, aye, Sir!"

"All ready, Jim?"

"All ready, Capt'in."

"Wait till I get my cloak;" and as the Captain wrapped himself up, his sister silently and carefully assisted him; not on account of his plumage, but to keep him from catching cold.

Off goes Shatter, Jim, and the Captain; off through the whistling rain and the darkness. The mud whirled up from the wheels and covered the cloak of the bridegroom, so he told Jim "to drive kee-ful, as he wanted to keep nice." It was a long and dreary road, but at last they saw the bright lights from Mewker's windows, and with a palpitating heart the Captain alighted at the porch.

Old Bose, who had been scouring the grounds and barking at every guest, started up with a fearful growl, but the Captain threw off his travel-stained cloak, and exhibited himself to the old dog in all his glory. The instant Bose recognized his friend and benefactor he leaped upon him with such a multitude of caresses that the white marseilles vest and mustard-colored trousers were covered with proofs of his fidelity and attachment, "Hey, there! hey! down, Bose!" said Mewker at the door: "Why, my dear brother!"

The Captain, with great gravity, was snapping with his thumb and finger the superfluous mud with which Bose had embellished his trowsers.

"Come in here," said Mewker, chuckling and scratching his chin. "I'll get you a brush. No hurry. Time enough before the ceremony."

The Captain walked after him through the hall, and caught a glimpse of the parlors, radiant with wax-lights, and crowded with such a display of company as was rarely seen in Little-Crampton.

"Come in here," said Mewker, still chuckling, as he opened the door. "This is your room;" and he winked, and gave the bridegroom such a nudge with his knobby elbow as almost tumbled him over the bed. "Your room — understand? *The bridal-chamber!* Wait here, now; wait here till I get a brush."

The Captain, left alone, surveyed the apartment. The pillow-cases were heavy with lace. Little tasteful vases filled with flowers, made the air drunk with fragrance; a white, worked pin-cushion was on the bureau, before an oval glass, with his own name wrought thereon in pin's heads. The astral lamp on the mantel shed a subdued and chastened light over the whole. Long windows reached to the floor, and opened on the piazza; light Venitian blinds were outside the sashes, without other fastenings than a latch. The Captain tried the windows, and they opened with a touch of his thumb and fore-finger. He had not slept in so insecure a place for more than twenty years. Then he thought of the phantom horseman, and the deep pond behind the house. He shivered a little, either from cold or timidity. The window was partially raised, so he throws it up softly, touches the latch; the blinds are open; he walks out on the piazza, and then covertly steals around to the front of the house, where he finds Shatter and the wagon, with old Jim peering through the blinds to see the wedding come off.

"Jim," he says, in a hoarse whisper, "take me hum. I aint a-goin' to sleep in such a room as that, no how."

The old boy quietly unbuckled the hitching-strap, and when Mewker got back with the brush, Shatter was flying through the mud toward the Oakery, at a three-minute gait. Two or three quick

knocks at his own door, and it is opened by Augusta, who, with her brother, had kept watch and ward on their corded trunks. The Captain took the candle from the table, without saying a word, ascended the stairs, passed through scarp, counterescarp, glacis, and ditch, mounted his ladder, drew it up after him bolted the trap in the floor, and cocked his pistol.

"Now," said he, "let 'em come on! They 'aint got me married this time any how!"

The Wedding-Trip of Earl Alvar Ravn.

BY CHARLES G. LELAND.

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"We shall drink beer in heaven
From the skulls of our enemies."

REGNER LODBROG.

THE lightning grew pale,
And the thunder was dumb,
As if the old devil
In person had come,
When in vengeance and fury
The Death-raven black,
The Vikingir ALVAR
Came sweeping the track.
"Great ODIN, thou storm-god!
Crack on with our ship!
We are off on a batter,
Hurrah! let her rip!"
So the wild pirate shouted
In madness and scorn,
While down went the liquor
And round went the horn.
So all hands, as you see, kept
a good head of steam on!

By the sea, by the mountain,
On Norway's strand,

BRENNILDA, the peerless,
 Sat high on the sand ;
 When, smack! o'er the water
 In time double quick,
 Great ALVAR came down,
 Like a thousand of brick.
 Splash! into the ocean
 The Vikingir sprung,
 And pick-back the princess
 O'er shoulders he flung:
 Like an arrow he darted
 The wild billows through,
 And into the "Dragon,"
 BRENNILDA he threw,
 While all hands gave a
 yell, and took drinks on the strength of it!

By the Gods of VALHALLA!
 I 'm done for!" she cried.
 "By THOR and by thunder!
 You *are*!" he replied.
 No more spake the maiden,
 No more spake her lord,
 But he stamped on the short deck
 And brandished his sword.
 "There 's a sail to the leeward!
 A *sail* in our path!
 Do you hear! blood and brimstone!
 Lok! blazes! and wrath!
 The bier-sucker madness
 Is boiling me through!"
 Then he took a "long drink,"
 And right into it flew,
 While the Ravens all
 round took a horn and went at it.

Oh! then on the helmets
 The death-biters rang,
 While ALVAR, the Raven,
 Swore, murdered, and sang:

“The deck is blood-painted—
A wound, all the bay—
While round rage the sea-wolves
And fight for their prey.
BRENHILDA! land-maiden!
Look up, and you ’ll find
How the Raven can ‘go it,’
When once he ’s inclined.
See these skulls! how I split ’em!
These throats how I slice;
And all for thy sake, love!
Thou pearl beyond price!”
So the fight being over
they all went and liquored

“The VALKYRIES scream
For the souls of the dead,
While BALDER, the Sun-God,
Shines down on our head!”
So, like good, pious fellows,
They knelt on the deck,
And thanked the great gods
That their foe was a wreck.
For on points of religion
Great ALVAR was “strict,”
And always “held prayers”
When a ship had been licked.
On a prisoner they found,
By unanimous vote,
They first carved the eagle,
And then cut his throat;
Then, church being over,
adjourned for refreshment.

And over the ocean
And over the foam,
Like a shot from a shovel
The VIKINGERS come.
Loud roared the wild tempest,
Loud roared the mad sea,

But louder great ALVAR
 Sang forth in his glee:
 "Grim spectres sweep o'er us
 In lightning or gloom,
 I see their eyes gleaming
 Like fire round a tomb:
 The Runes of the valiant
 Dead heroes obey,
 Let's pitch into Naples
 And plunder and prey!"
 So they gave him three cheers,
 and then emptied a barrel.

"Set fire to the churches!
 Set fire to the town!
 Grab, murder, and plunder,
 Drag out and knock down!
 Go it strong, ye brave Northmen,
 Crush, tumble, and slash!"
 Roared the JARL, as with each hand
 He held a mustache,
 And glared on the town,
 Like a wild devil grim:
 An AESIR in fury,
 A JOTEN in limb.
 Now the blue shields are crimson,
 The spires are in flame,
 But on pitch the Ravens,
 All grit and all game:
 Only stopping to bolt
 down the wine on the altar.

Like fiends winged for murder
 The arrows flew forth,
 While red swords were ringing
 The knell from the North,
 And maces, deep mashing,
 Laid saints in the mud;
 While the black crow and eagle
 Went wading in blood.

But where flames were loud roaring
 With Death by his side,
 Rose the giant Jarl Alvar,
 In glory and pride.
 "We have thrashed them to flinders
 And knocked 'em from time!
 BRENHILDA, thou white one
 Say—is n't it prime?"
 While the Northmen
 all round took a drink from their helmets.

"The meu are all murdered,
 The town all aflame;
 And we 've bagged all the pewter;
 Let 's slope whence we came!
 And under a full head
 Of glory we go:
 No *scald* now, thank BRAGA!
 Can chalk us as 'slow.'
 To our Death Dragon hasten:
 How stately and light
 She rides the bright Belt
 Of the Daughter of Night!
 And be glad! for our voyage
 Full plainly hath shown
 That the gods, when we 're pious,
 Look after their own."
 So they took one good
 horn, and went off in the Dragon.

Disco.

BY REV. GEORGE W. BETHUNE, D.D.

It is not long since that Hamilton County, with the whole region lying between the fertile slopes of the Mohawk and Lake Champlain, was known but as a vast, mountainous, cold tract, presenting the extreme contrast of a primeval forest, traversed only by the hunter of the deer, the bear, and the moose. Here and there an agricultural settler along its borders snatched a scanty harvest from the brief summer, and on the eastern side the lumberman pursued his wintry toil; but, once past the log-cabin of the one or the shanty of the other, it was literally a howling wilderness, where the yell of the wolf, the scream of the panther, and the laughter of the owl mingled with the roar of floods and the moanings of the winds through the tall hemlocks. Now the marvellous beauty of its scenery, more wildly grand than any other in North-America, diversified by many lakes of crystal purity and their foaming outlets, have been so often eloquently described by adventurous *littérateurs* in search of the picturesque, trout, and copy money, that a tour through Racquette and the Saranac is getting to be well-nigh as readily undertaken as a trip to the Upper Nile. Even ladies have ventured a day or two within the shadows, and before long the solitary Indian, who lingers in the hunting-grounds of his fathers, or the moccasined woodsman, paddling his "birch," will be startled by flotillas gay with fashionable drapery, and listen, in wondering delight, to the songs of Verdi and Auber among the echoes of Blue Mountain. Lines of rival railways have already been traced through the gorges and along the streams; speculation has been busy with the timber-lots, and soon the glory of the forest, unbroken

since time began until now, will be floating down the St. Lawrence and the Hudson, or whirled at the tail of the locomotive to the sea-side. The most zealous utilitarian might sadden over the coming change, were it not that a century must go by before the industry of man, though that man be a Yankee, can strip the rocky heights of their ever-green luxuriance.

Following from the Mohawk side, and after crossing the hill which bounds that valley, the bank of the noble Sacandaga (*beau-ideal* of a trout river to an angler who is content to wade deeply for a free cast under the elms on pool or rapid) to the neat little inn of Francisco, and then crossing a spur of the mountain-range by a road rough as the bed of a torrent, the traveller will find himself gazing on the placid waters and rich shores of Lake Pleasant, named by no flattering tongue, for a more lovely scene has seldom greeted the eye of poet or artist; and, yet farther on, connected with it by a short strait, Round Lake sparkles like a bowl of silver wreathed with verdant garland. Here several dwellings, with one or two flourishing farms, are clustered about the county buildings, and a well-kept hotel opens its doors in welcome to a table spread with luxuries unknown among the dwellers on the plain. At the time when the incidents happened of which I am about to write, the explorer, if not accustomed to wood-craft, or bent upon adventure, tempted the difficulties of the way no farther; nor was he indisposed to linger, where, with comfort at night and plenty by day, he could win rich trophies for both rod and gun, or enjoy the beauty around him varying with dawn and evening, sunlight and cloud. But perseverance for two or three hours would bring him to another lake, the Piseco, far more lovely, at least in the judgment of one rendered perhaps partial by memories of happy days of many an early summer spent in contemplating its virgin charms, traversing its pure bosom and enjoying the society of a half-dozen kindred spirits, far from the dust of cities, the turmoil of trade, and the frivolities of artificial life.

In this country, especially, the extreme heats that alternate with our cold winters, and, still more, the suicidal intensity with which the American follows his calling, render some relief necessary to mind, body, and heart; nor can any of us who live in towns pass from the

exhaustions of one season to those of the next without some interval of change, and not suffer loss of physical vigor, intellectual force, and moral health. HE who, in HIS wise goodness, has made us so "fearfully and wonderfully," never intended our material or spiritual structure for such constant excess. The birth-place of man was amidst trees, and herbage, and flowing waters. There are the works of God, and there, as to our early home, should we at times turn to freshen our being, and listen to the voice of HIM who talked in Paradise with HIS children. It is not relaxation that we need. Our straining of nerve and thought, to say nothing of worse habits incident to our perverted modes of life, has already too much relaxed our faculties by recoil from the tension. What our nature demands is invigoration, a bracing of the frame, a quickening of the mind, an uplifting of the heart, an inhalation of fresh life from its original sources, that will enable us to grapple more strenuously with care, and duty, and temptation. This can not be gained in the crowded saloons of watering-places, or at the lordly country-seat, to which have been transferred the appliances of courtly gratification, or by rushing over the rapid rail, or on packed steamers, to haunts of hackneyed resorts, merely to say that we have made the fashionable tour. These give us no opportunity to think, no motive to repent and resolve anew. We are still fettered by conventionalities. The wearisome monotony of whirling excitements still sickens our aching brain. We must break away from the crowd. We must reach a spot where distance will give soberness to our view of our usual occupations, scenes where we can gather ideas, sentiments, and emotions, not from worldly dictation or even the page covered with other men's thoughts; where we can hold intercourse with our fellow-men who spend their days more simply; but, above all, where we can be alone with God among the works of HIS hands, and hear, answering to our own, the pulses of the INFINITE HEART which fills the universe with truth and love.

The student, long shut up within his library, and the servant of his race in religious or philanthropic offices, need such a change quite as much as men of business or pleasure. Books, precious as they are for enlargement of knowledge and instruction from the past, may be abused beyond their proper function. Classical, scholastic, and (in its

general sense) sectarian forms, constrict and distort both the judgment and the feeling. What we proudly term analysis and system are too often but an arbitrary classification, under whose heads we, Procrustes-like, compress or stretch out truths which were never meant to take such exact or fixed shapes, but should be allowed confluence and commixture, losing, like the hues of nature, all rigidity of outline in harmony and kindred. What a world of labor have metaphysicians wasted, by forgetting that they are not mathematicians, and endeavoring to hew the "lively stones" into such shape as may be fixed in a building of their architecture! How near the materialist has the self-styled idealist come by such affectations! Too much learning, (the scoffer was right,) or, rather, learning too much by itself, will make a wise man mad. We may hide our souls from our own view by our parchments, and look out upon the world of humanity through obstinate hypotheses as false as gnarled window-panes. Critics have done laughing at Wordsworth's early puerilities, but every close student feels the force of the Laker's exhortation:

"Up! up! my friend, and clear your looks!
 Why all this toil and trouble?
 Up! up! my friend, and quit your books,
 Or surely you 'll grow double!"

Double indeed! deformed in mind as well as body.

Nor will it answer to attempt such recuperation by force of will alone. Accustomed to earnest occupation, we can not change the habit which has become a law to us. Though we leave office, counting-room, or library behind us, our calling will pursue us, and force our thoughts into their ordinary ruts. The man of business will be calculating his risks; the studious man working out his theories.

"Post equitem sedet atra cura."

We can not shake the tormentor from the crupper, but must dismount from our hobby. We can rid ourselves of one pursuit only by adopting another—another lighter, less imperious; amusing, but not engrossing; releasing the mind, but not binding it again. We must have play instead of work; yet play that will be occupation.

Hence the value which those sturdy, sober, untranscendental, un-mediæval thinkers, the Scotch writers, have set upon field-sports and exercises which carry them out among the heather, over the mountain, and along the stream. Christopher North, (green be the turf above him!) "under canvas," was worth more as a philosopher, aye, as a philosopher, than any cobweb-spinning German, or backward-looking Oxonian that ever ignored common humanity and its every-day experience. Dyspepsia never soured his moral sentiments, and, content with the cheerful sun, he left twilight to owls and bats.

Views like these led the little band of friends already spoken of to the Piseco, on whose romantic bank they had built a simple lodge, and whose waters abounded with several varieties of that aquatic family, whose charms inspired Davy, not less admirable as a moralist than an illustrator of natural science, to write his *Salmonia*. Some of them were shrewd and successful in business; some of them more given to books; one of them a preacher of Good News, who loved his work, called Chaplain, not without warrant, for his office was no sinecure; and all of them "honest, civil, and temperate," as all anglers should be, and as (according to Izaak Walton's infallible authority) all true anglers are. The lake is about seven miles long, and nearly a mile and a half wide. Several bays are curved out of the shore, the deepest, at the lower end, called from an Indian, the stories told of whose life might make the whole tradition apocryphal, had he not left his name, Girondicut (the spelling is uncertain) to the most exquisite part of the water. Some buildings, most of them abandoned to decay, show like a peaceful hamlet at the upper end, but are hidden by a wooded promontory from the lodge, before whose humble porch a cleared field, flourishing with corn and grass, slopes gently toward the lake. Everywhere else Nature is in her wildest grace or most sublime magnificence.

Up in the morning with the thrush, (the lark Piseco knows not, but the thrush is as early,) each in his well-trimmed boat, rowed by a sinewy woodsman, with a rod out over each side, the friends parted to troll in various directions, never so intent on their game as not to enjoy the shadows deep in the clear waters, or watch the mists, as

rolling away they revealed the mountains piled in grand clusters, or stretching farther and farther, ridge over ridge, until their undulating lines were lost in the blue sky. Nay, if truth be told, many a finny prowler escaped the fate due to his murderous appetite, because the thoughts of the angler were wandering in delicious day-dreams, or aspiring gratefully to God, who has made our way to heaven lie through a world so beautiful. The sultry noon found them under the shadow of spreading birch trees, near a spring of icy coldness, where, after a rude but welcome meal, they were wont to recline on a bank carpeted by blossoming strawberry-vines, with the low dash of the rippling wave in their ear. Then it was that stories of the morning sport, innocuous jests, and, not seldom, grave yet pleasant discourse, sped the moments to the cooler hours when the boats were manned again, and they parted until the shadows fell: then another chat over the fragrant "cup that cheers, but not inebriates," and to sleep soundly and sweetly till the sun roused them to renewed gratifications. News of political strife, pressures in the money-market, or foreign wars, never penetrated those pure, peaceful solitudes. The nearest post-office was many miles away across the mountains, and tidings only of the beloved ones at home were allowed to come.

Those days are gone by, and the cheer of those friends will never be heard over those waters again. One, the most revered of all, sleeps in a holy grave, and his memory fades not in the hearts of his comrades; in other haunts of wild nature they greet each other with unabated affection; but for them Piseco is a word of memory, not of hope.

The Sabbath there had peculiar charms. No church-going bell rang through the woods, no decorated temple lifted its spire; but the hush of divine rest was upon all around, a sense of the HOLY ONE rested on the spirit, the birds sang more sweetly, the dews of the morning shimmered more brightly, and the sounds of the forest were like the voice of psalms. As the day went on toward noon, the inhabitants, whose dwellings were scattered for miles around, some down the rocky paths, others in boats on the lake, singly or in companies, men, women, and little ones, might be seen

drawing near to the lodge, where, when all assembled, they formed a respectful and willing congregation of perhaps fifty worshippers, and listened to the words of the preacher, who sought to lead them by the Gospel of the Cross through nature up to the God of grace. Such opportunities were rare for them; never, indeed, was a sermon heard there except on these occasions. The devout (for God the Saviour had a "few names" among them) "received the word with gladness;" all were attentive, and their visitors found, when joining with them in the primitive service, a religious power seldom felt in more ceremonious homage.

On one of those sacred days there came among the rest two young, graceful women, whose air and dress marked them as of a superior cultivation. Their modest voices enriched the trembling psalmody, and their countenances showed strong sympathy with the preacher's utterances. At the close of the worship, they made, through one of their neighbors, a request that the minister would pay a visit to their mother, who had been a long time ill, and was near death. A promise was readily given that he would do so the same day; but their home lay four miles distant, and a sudden storm forbade the attempt. The Monday morning shone brightly, though a heavy cloud at the west suggested precautions against a thunder-shower. The friends parted from the landing, each bent upon his purpose; but the chaplain's prow was turned on his mission of comfort to the sick. Had any prim amateurs of ecclesiastical conventionalities seen him with his broad-brimmed hat, necessary for shelter from the sun, a green veil thrown around it as defense from the mosquitoes near the shores, his heavy water-boots, and his whole garb chosen for aquatic exigences, (for, like Peter, he had girt his fisher's coat about him,) they would hardly have recognized his errand. But the associations of the scene with the MAN OF NAZARETH and the Apostles by the Sea of Galilee, were in his soul, carrying him back to the primitive Christianity, and lifting him above the forms with which men have overlaid its simplicity. The boat flew over the placid waters in which lay mirrored the whole amphitheatre of the mountain-shores, green as an emerald. The wooded point hid the lodge on the one side, a swelling island the hamlet on the other. No trace of man was visible. The carol of

birds came off from the land; now and then the exulting merriment of a loon rang out of the distance, and soon a soft, southern breeze, redolent of the spicy hemlock and cedar, rippled the surface. The Sabbath had transcended its ordinary hours, and shed its sweet blessing on the following day. His rods lay idly over the stern as the chaplain thought of the duty before him, and asked counsel of the MASTER, who "HIMSELF bare our sicknesses and carried our sorrows." He remembered the disciples who said, "LORD, he whom thou lovest is sick;" and the gracious answer, "This sickness is not unto death, but for the glory of God, that the SON OF MAN might be glorified thereby."

It is not imagination merely that gives such power to the living oracles, when they come to us where the testimony of nature unites with the inspiration. It is the blessing of JESUS, who sought the wilderness, the shore, and the mountain-side to gain strength from communion with his FATHER. It was in such solitudes that our EXAMPLE and FORERUNNER found courage for his trial and suffering. Religion is eminently social, but its seat is the heart of the individual believer, and, whatever be the advantage of Christian fellowship, the flame must be fed in private, personal converse with the FATHER of our spirits. He who has not been alone with God, can seldom find him in the crowded church.

A brief hour, briefer for these meditations, brought the keel of the boat to a gravelly nook, where the mouth of the inlet formed a little harbor. There, awaiting the chaplain's arrival, stood a tall, upright man, past the prime of life, who, with a style of courtesy evidently foreign, bared his gray head, and greeted his visitor by name as a friend.

"You have kindly come, sir, to see my poor wife; I thank you for it. She is now expecting you, for we heard the sound of your oars as you turned the island."

A rough stone house, built by a speculator of former days, stood on a knoll a little way from the stream, and the garden around it was trimmed with some taste. As they entered, the owner said:

"Welcome to the mountain dwelling of an old soldier! He (pointing to an engraved portrait of Blücher, wreathed with laurel

leaves,) was my general, whose praise I once received as I lay wounded on the field of battle. I am a Prussian, Sir, and came to this country when my father-land had no farther use for my sword. I have not been successful in my peaceful life, and misfortune after misfortune drove me here, hoping to gather about us a few of my countrymen, and make a German home; but in that I was disappointed. The severe winters chilled their resolution, and now we are by ourselves. The few neighbors about us are not of our class, but they are kind and honest; and the world has nothing to tempt me back to it. I have one brave son at sea. My two daughters you saw yesterday. We had another, but she sleeps yonder."

He turned abruptly from the room. The chaplain, left to himself, observed about the apartment various articles of refinement and faded luxury, telling the story of more prosperous days. His subsequent acquaintance with the family confirmed his first impressions. Though not of high rank, they were educated, of gentle manners, and, though for years remote from cultivated society, preserved the amenities which now distinguished them. Only the father seemed to have suffered for want of occupation, and, not unlikely, from habits formed in camp, but now doubly dangerous in seclusion.

At a signal from another room, one of the daughters led the chaplain to the bedside of the sufferer. The father sat with his face averted, near an open window, through which came the laughing prattle of a child, and a half-idiot serving-woman looked in wonderingly across the threshold of an outer kitchen. The daughters, having raised their mother's head on a higher pillow, and affectionately smoothed her thin gray hair under the snow-white cap, withdrew to the other side of the bed. The chaplain placed his broad hat, with its green veil, on the little table, and sat silent for a while, not knowing how to begin, since, as yet, nothing had given him a clue to the woman's state of mind. She lay still and stone-like; her eyes were dry, with little "speculation" in them; her lips moved, but uttered no sound; and her hand, feebly stretched out, was cold and stiff. Her whole frame was worn to extreme thinness, and the color of her skin told that the seat of her disease was the liver.

At length the chaplain, seeing that her soul was near its dread passage into the eternal future, said :

"I am sorry, my friend, to find you so very ill. You are soon to die."

"Yes."

"It is a fearful thing to die ; are you not afraid ?"

"No."

"But to go into the presence of God, our Judge, is a most solemn change."

"Yes."

"And are you not afraid ?"

"No."

The preacher was confounded. The short answers, almost cold, without emotion, the glazed eye, the rigid countenance, caused him to doubt whether he had to contend with ignorance or insensibility. Anxious to rouse some feeling, if possible, to startle into some attention, as a physician applies the probe, he pushed severe declarations of certain judgment and the danger of impenitence, reminded her that CHRIST, the Saviour of the believing, will be the Avenger of sin, and that "there is no work or device in the grave," but "as the tree falls, so it must lie." The tearless eye unwinkingly gazed on him, and no shrinking followed his keen surgery.

"Madam, you are going before God, and do you not fear ?"

A faint smile stole struggling through her thin features, and a light, like a star twinkling under a deep shadow, was seen far within her eye, and pointing with her finger upward, she said, in a firm, low tone :

"Though HE slay me, yet will I trust in HIM."

The chaplain bowed his head on the pillow and wept thanks. Here was no ignorant or callous soul, but a child of God, whose perfect love had cast out fear.

"Yes, Christian soul, you are not afraid of evil tidings ; your heart is fixed, trusting in HIM who went this way before you. Fear no evil ; HIS rod and HIS staff, they will comfort you."

"Amen ! blessed be HIS name," replied the dying believer. "It is true. I know in whom I have believed, and that HE is able to

keep what I have committed to HIM. Because HE hath been my Help, therefore under His wings do I rejoice."

It seemed now as if the fountain of her speech was unsealed, and though no moisture was in her eyes, and the few drops which started out on her forehead were cold and clammy, and the worn lineaments had lost the power to smile, and she lay still as marble, yet, with a voice clear and unfaltering, she went on to testify her faith in CHRIST, and of the peace that filled her soul. A strength denied to her body came from within.

"Oh! sir, I thank you for coming; I thank God for sending you to me, like the angel to Hagar in the wilderness. I prayed for it. It is four long years since I heard the voice of a Christian minister, and all that time I prayed for one to hold the water of life to my lips once more. Now I know that HE has heard me; blessed be His name!"

The preacher interrupted her to say that she had not been left alone by her God, who needed not man's lips to comfort his people.

"Alone! no, never alone! I have seen HIM in His mighty works. I have heard HIM in the storms of winter and in the summer winds. I had my Bible, His own holy word. His SPIRIT has been with me. But I thank HIM for the voice of His commissioned servant, whose duty is to comfort His people."

The reader of this imperfect sketch can have little idea of the eloquence, almost supernatural, pervaded by Scriptural language and imagery, with which she spoke. It was the soul triumphing over the fainting flesh; truth in its own energy, unaided by human expression; a voice of the dead, not sepulchral, but of one near the gate of heaven.

The chaplain knelt beside the bed and all the rest knelt with him; but there was more of thanks than petition in his prayer. The clouds that hung about the borders of eternity were so bright with the glory beyond, that sorrow and pain were forgotten as he gave utterance to the dying woman's memories and hopes, the memories of grace and the hopes of immortality that met together in her faithful heart. Nor need I add that his own gratitude was strong to the GOOD SHEPHERD, who had sent him to find this sheep among the mountains.

not lost nor forgotten, but longing for a token of her SAVIOUR'S care.

When he rose from his knees, she thanked him again, but with more visible emotion than before, said :

"Sir, I doubt not GOD directed you here ; and there is one favor more I have asked of HIM and now ask through you. Three years ago my eldest daughter died in my arms, assured of rest, but leaving behind her a babe not two weeks old. 'Mother,' she said, just as she was dying, 'I leave my child with you to bring her to me in heaven. You will do it for CHRIST'S sake, and mine, and hers, mother. And, mother, HE has told us to give little children to HIM in baptism. Dear mother, promise that my child shall be baptized.' I promised, and her spirit departed. Ever since, I have been praying and waiting for some minister to find his way to us, but in vain. More than once I heard of some who had come as far as Lake Pleasant, but none reached Piseco, and I almost feared that I should die and not be able to tell my child in heaven that the blessed water had been on her baby's face. Yet, even in this, God has been good to me. You will baptize my little one ?"

How gladly the chaplain assented, may be readily imagined. The child was called in from her play on the grass-plat ; her rosy, wondering face was gently washed, and her light brown hair parted on her forehead, and she stood, with her bare white feet, on a low bench by her grandmother's pillow. The grandfather filled an antique silver bowl with water, freshly dipped from a spring near the door. An old brass-clasped folio of Luther's Bible was laid open at the family record beside the water, the chaplain's broad hat on the other side. He thought not, and none thought of his coarse gray coat or his heavy boots. He was full of his sacred office, and the presence of the INVISIBLE was upon him. The feeble woman, strengthened by love and faith, raised herself higher on the bed and put her wasted arm over the plump shoulders of the fair, blue-eyed child. The old man and his daughters, and the dull-witted servant at the kitchen-door, reverently standing, sobbed aloud ; and, amidst the tears of all except her whose source of tears was dried up for ever, the chaplain recited the touching prayer of the Reformed Churches before the baptism of

infants, and with the name of the departed mother breathed over her orphan, in the name of the FATHER, and of the SON, and of the HOLY GHOST, she was dedicated to God by water sprinkled three times on her sweet grave face. The grandfather handed a pen to the chaplain, but it was lightly pressed to trace the inscription, for the page was wet with the big drops that fell from the old man's eyes.

Many moments elapsed before the thanksgiving could be uttered, and then the happy saint joyfully exclaimed :

"Bless you, Sir ! I bless God that he has granted me this grace before I die. Now I am ready to go to my child in heaven."

"My dear madam," answered the preacher, "it is, indeed, a blessed ordinance ; but the child of prayers for two generations would not have missed the promise because of an impossibility on your part."

"No, no ! the spirit is better than the form. She had the promise. *I knew that she was in the covenant, but I wanted her in the fold.*"

The chaplain entered his boat. Never did lake, and mountain, and green shore look so beautiful, for they seemed all bathed with holy light ; and that noon, when, with his friends reclining on the sward, he told the story of the baptism in the wilderness, their moistened eyes expressed their sympathy with his joy.

Heaven opened for the grandmother a few days afterward. The next year her SAVIOUR took up her child's child in his arms, and the three were together among the angels. The grandfather lived but a short time. One of the daughters having married a farmer, moved, with her sister, down into the open country, where she also died in her young beauty. Of the two other members of the family, I have heard nothing since.

The old stone house still stands near the rushing inlet, but the storms beat through its broken windows. Rank weeds have over-run the garden, and brambles hide the spring near the kitchen door. Yet the path from the landing-place can be followed ; and should any of my readers ever visit Piseco, now more accessible, but charming as ever, they can easily recognize the scene of my story. It is ever fresh and hallowed in my memory ; for there I learned, by precious experience, that the good God never forgets those who trust in HIM, and that, go where we will, we may carry HIS blessing with us to some heart thirsting for HIS word.



Frederic H. Hall

To Louis Gaylord Clark, Esquire

BY FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

I'VE greeted many a bonny bride
On many a bridal day,
In homes serene and summer-skied,
Where Love's spring-buds, with joy and pride
Had blossomed into May;
But ne'er on lovelier bride than thine
Looked these delighted eyes of mine,
And ne'er, in happier bridal bower
Than hers, smiled rose and orange flower
Through green leaves glad and gay,
When bridesmaids, grouped around her room,
In youth's, in truth's, in beauty's bloom,
Entwined, with merry fingers fair,
Their garlands in her sunny hair;
Or bosomed them, with graceful art,
Above the beatings of her heart.

I well remember, as I stood
Among that pleasant multitude,
A stranger, mateless and forlorn,
Pledged bachelor, and hermit sworn,
That, when the holy voice had given,
In consecrated words of power,
The sanction of approving Heaven
To marriage-ring, and roof, and dower.
When she, a Wife, in matron pride,
Stood, life-devoted, at thy side:

When happy lips had pressed her cheek,
 And happiest lips her "bonny mou',"
 And she had smiled, with blushes meek,
 On my congratulatory bow,
 A sunbeam, balmy with delight,
 Entranced, subdued me, till I quite
 Forgot my anti-nuptial vow,
 And almost asked, with serious brow
 And voice of true and earnest tone,
 The bridesmaid with the prettiest face
 To take me, heart and hand, and grace
 A wedding of my own.

Time's years, it suits me not to say
 How many, since that joyous day,
 Have watched, and cheered thee on thy way
 O'er Duty's chosen path severe,
 And seen thee, heart and thought full grown,
 Tread manhood's thorns and tempters down.
 And win, like Pythian charioteer,
 The wreaths and race-cups of renown —
 Seen thee, thy name and deeds, enshrined
 Within the peerage-book of mind —
 And seen my morning prophecy
 Truth-blazoned on a noon-day sky,
 That he, whose worth could win a wife
 Lovely as thine, at Life's beginning,
 Would always wield the power, through life,
 Of winning all things worth the winning.

Hark! there are songs on Summer's breeze,
 And dance and song in Summer's trees,
 And choruses of birds and bees
 In Air, their world of happy rings;
 What far-off minstrelsy, whose tone
 And words are sweeter than their own,
 Has waked these cordial welcomings?
 'Tis nearer now, and now more near,
 And now rings out like clarion clear.
 They come — the merry bells of Fame!
 They come — to glad me with thy name,

And, borne upon their music's sea,
 From wave to wave, melodiously,
 Glad tidings bring of thine and thee.
 They tell me that, Life's tasks well done,
 Ere shadows mark thy westering sun,
 Thy Bark has reached a quiet shore,
 And rests, with slumbering sail and oar,
 Fast anchored near a Cottage door,

Thy home of pleasantness and peace,
 Of Love, with eyes of Heaven's blue,
 And Health, with cheek of rose's hue,
 And Riches, with "the Golden Fleece:"

Where she, the Bride, a Mother now,
 Encircled round with sons and daughters,
 Waits my congratulatory bow

To greet her Cottage woods and waters;
 And thou art proving, as in youth,
 By daily kindnesses, the truth
 And wisdom of the Scottish rhyme —
 "To make a happy fireside clime
 For children and for wife,
 Is the true pathos and sublime,"
 And green and gold of Life.

From long-neglected garden-bowers
 Come these, my songs' memorial flowers,
 With greetings from my heart, they come
 To seek the shelter of thy home;
 Though faint their hues, and brief their bloom,
 And all unmeet for gorgeous room
 Of "honor, love, obedience,
 "And troops of friends," like thine,
 I hope thou wilt not banish thence
 These few and fading flowers of mine,
 But let their theme be their defense,
 The love, the joy, the frankincense,
 And fragrance o' LANG SYNE.

Reminiscences of Christopher Colles.

BY JOHN W. FRANCIS.

How precious a boon is memory; how prolific of disquisition in the writings of the psychologist; how rich in associations when treated by the poet; how full of pleasures and of pains in him who has cherished this function of the mind by a proper observance of the laws of organic health, without which soundness of intellect is impaired, and our mental impressions resolved in a state of cloudiness, or lost in oblivion. As this great quality of the mind furnishes our most accurate knowledge; as by it we retain our power of recalling the various and numerous incidents of by-gone days, it summons our associations, as the occasion may demand, and yields gratification or suffering, according as life has been appropriated in furtherance of the proper destiny of our race. As retrospective reflections possess within themselves a permanence of impression denied to prospective views, and as time seems gradually to absorb the intensity of painful associations, the poet Rogers inculcates the belief, that as we advance in existence, past associations become less and less blended with sorrows, and unmixed gratification crowns the issue. It were well, indeed, could we be entirely confident of the truth of this theory of the mind. We must, however, leave it to the school-men to descant on, and to old heads to enjoy the fruition.

He who has passed a period of some three-score years and upward, some faithful Knickerbocker, for instance, native born, and ever a resident among us, whose tenacious memory enables him to meditate upon the thirty thousand inhabitants at the time of his birth with the almost oppressive population of some seven hundred thousand which the city at present contains; who contrasts the cheap and

humble dwellings of that earlier date with the costly and magnificent edifices which now beautify the metropolis; who studies the sluggish state of the mechanic arts at the dawn of the Republic, and the mighty demonstrations of skill which our Fulton, and our Stevens, our Douglass, our Hoe, our Morse, have produced; who remembers the few and humble water-craft conveyances of days past, and now beholds the majestic leviathans of the ocean which crowd our harbors; who contemplates the partial and trifling commercial transactions of the Confederacy with the countless millions of commercial business which engross the people of the present day in our Union; who estimates the offspring of the press, and the achievements of the telegraph; he who has been the spectator of all this may be justly said to have lived the period of many generations, and to have stored within his reminiscences the progress of an era the most remarkable in the history of his species.

If he awakens his attention to a consideration of the progress of intellectual and ethical pursuits, if he advert to the prolific demonstrations which surround him for the advancement of knowledge, literary and scientific, moral and religious, the indomitable spirit of the times strikes him with more than logical conviction. The beneficence and humanity of his countrymen may be pointed out by contemplating her noble free schools, her vast hospitals and asylums for the alleviation of physical distress and mental infirmities; with the reflection that all these are the triumphs of a self-governed people, accomplished within the limited memory of an ordinary life. Should reading enlarge the scope of his knowledge, let him study the times of the old Dutch governors, when the Ogdens erected the first church in the fort of New-Amsterdam, in 1642, and then survey the vast panoramic view around him of the two hundred and fifty and more edifices now consecrated to the solemnities of religious devotion. It imparts gratification to know that the old Bible which was used in that primary church of Van Twiller is still preserved by a descendant of the builder, a precious relic of the property of the older period, and of the devotional impulse of those early progenitors.*

* The Bible, that is, the Holy Scriptures contained in the Old and New Testaments. Quarto. Printed at London, by Robert Barker, Printer to the King, 1613, followed by Sternhold & Hookins' Psalms. This volume is now in the possession of Dr. Ogden, of New-York.

To crown the whole, time in its course has recognized the supremacy of political and religious toleration, and established constitutional freedom on the basis of equal rights and even and exact justice to all men. That New-York has given her full measure of toil, expenditure, and talent in furtherance of these vast results, by her patriots and statesmen, is proclaimed in grateful accents by the myriad voice of the nation at large.

But however gratifying to national feeling our cogitations on themes of this nature might prove, they fall not within the scope of our present intentions. A special and much more definite object on this occasion is a reference to individuality. While we ponder at our leisure on those great issues already hinted at, we feel that specific justice has not been awarded to individual merit; and that in our general glorification of acts and principles, we have proved laggard in our encomiums on the authors and the actors of the very deeds which invoke our panegyric. The most amiable tendency of the human heart is the intrinsic appreciation of the noble spirits of a land, whose services have conferred benefits of wide and lasting duration; wisdom no less than gratitude cherishes their memories, and the example of their life is the most powerful stimulus to future efforts on the part of their successors. A people who cherish this reverence must naturally possess that delicious frame of mind whose most effective powers are manifested in the results of a philanthropic spirit, and whose joys are most in harmony with the diviner essence of our nature.

Duly to estimate the career of duty, which has marked the lives of the men who thus by individual or confederated toil reared up the nation to a commanding and an exemplary attitude, it becomes obligatory on us to scrutinize in distinctive cases the circumstances which checked or advanced their praiseworthy impulses for the public weal. It is only by such investigations and inquiries that we become proper umpires of their merits, can truthfully award the just meed of praise, or hold in reverence their claims to regard. As at the juridical tribunal circumstantial evidence is demanded, in order to arrive at a proper conclusion and pronounce an honest verdict in the premises, so in the various occupations and transactions of men, we associate the

immediate and contingent relationship of affairs in order to arrive at just conclusions.

A striking example to illustrate this opinion of life and its attendant struggles is to be found in the auto-biography of Franklin. His honest chronicle of all his thoughts and doings enables us to recognize his extraordinary intellect, and his mighty services for the age in which he flourished and for all posterity, with a truthfulness we could never otherwise have obtained; and his renown is only rendered more enduring when we contemplate the extremes of his existence—the destitute journeyman printer, and the noble statesman and philosopher: the self-taught sage is vested with still brighter renown when we find him at one time at the compositor's case, and, after successive changes, in the parliamentary arena, convicting the haughty Wedderburn of ignorance and insolence, to the admiration of a whole senate, and the approval of a Burke and a Priestley. He betrayed the lofty aspiration of his nature, when, even a stripling in years, he was solicitous of being introduced to Sir Isaac Newton, the philosopher whose glories his own were destined afterward to outshine. The cognomen of the penniless youth became a national name—the appellation of the land of his birth—and American citizen, and a countryman of Franklin, were synonymous terms.

Like remarks, and of a like tendency might be made in the case of Fulton. The extraordinary trials of his early life, the provocations he endured for years in his investigations and experimental essays, ere he accomplished navigation by steam, endear the man to us in a ten-fold view. I had the honor of a personal acquaintance with him. His liberal nature, his frank utterance, his chivalric bearing, all pronounced him one of Nature's noblest gifts. Neither the jeers of the vulgar nor the scoffs of the sciolist ever disturbed his equanimity or lessened the confidence he cherished in the ultimate results of his bold project. After his successful toils on the Hudson, it was affirmed it would be impossible to navigate in the East River, or cross the ferry to Brooklyn, because of the force of the currents. The folly of the declaration was soon demonstrated, and his floating dock, the subject of laughter by the unwise, completed the work he had long cogitated. When, soon after it was ascertained that this last

labor of his had been adopted at Liverpool, and elsewhere abroad, the skeptics disappeared. European approval had been secured, and his sagacity and talent proclaimed even in the plaudits of his own countrymen. But this was at a time when an American printed book sold best with the imprint of—London: John Jones, Piccadilly.

If we view the early life of Fulton, and hold in memory his achievements—at first the humble watch-maker, and finally the man who, by his individual prowess, changed the relationships of remotest people, and brought the old and the new worlds as neighbors together; who, with pecuniary resources as nothing, save in the liberality of Chancellor Livingston, has established the comity of nations, and effected an annual profit to his country of more than one hundred millions of dollars, our estimate of his brilliant career becomes higher and higher by a proper study of his biography. Colden has given his interesting story, and Tuckerman, in his *American Portraits*, has drawn him to the life.

Another instance may be cited of profitable influence, in the case of De Witt Clinton. We need not advert to the early portions of his career. He was always a student, and it is sufficiently known to all that he identified himself with the great interests of public education and humanity. He was a naturalist of no mean pretensions, and mineralogy, geology, and botany were the pursuits of his pastime. To judge of his merits in the organization of the canal policy of the State of New-York, it behooves the inquirer after truth to become acquainted with the financial career and condition of the State, the history of its political leaders and factions, the force of public opinion, the persecuting vindictiveness of party strife, and the poison of a hireling press. No measure of such magnitude as the Erie and Hudson Canal was ever accomplished under such disheartening embarrassments. In the great city most to be benefited by its completion the opposition to it was strongest; and many of those who cherished feelings favorable to the undertaking were luke-warm in the project: the river counties were to be ruined by it, and a general bankruptcy of the State was to follow. It was affirmed that it was premature to be involved in such a mighty if not preposterous work. Clinton had early written to Jefferson on the subject, and pointed out the practica

bility and advantages of the design. Mr. Jefferson writes in answer that he thinks the time for such a vast work too early by a century. Upon its completion, Clinton informs him that all doubts of the practicability of the measure must now cease. Jefferson, in reply, congratulates him, and adds, in substance, "My opinion only shows that I have lived one hundred years too soon." The indomitable mind of Clinton rose superior to all obstacles. Under the guidance of his counsels, and his inflexible perseverance, the mighty undertaking was brought to a successful issue. His eulogist, Charles King, thus eloquently speaks of him: "In the great work of internal improvement he persevered through good report and through evil report with a steadiness of purpose that no obstacle could divert; and when all the elements were in commotion against him, and even his chosen associates were appalled, he alone, like Columbus on the wide waste of waters, in his frail bark, with a disheartened and unbelieving crew, remained firm, self-possessed, and unshaken."

The distinctive merits of individuals, such, for example, as those we have now mentioned, whose renown must endure for ages, are only to be fittingly awarded by thoroughly understanding the circumstances inherent in their very position of life, their *habitat*, so to speak, in the language of botany, when discoursing on the properties of plants. This rule observed, how preëminently do they increase in our estimate of their virtues, emphatic as their works proclaim their noble powers! Were the writers of American biography more attentive to considerations of this kind; were we furnished with more of what is termed *ana*, in the sketches and accounts of our illustrious men; were the novelty of situation, the condition of a new people, and that pioneer effort, so arduous, yet so inseparable from our country, dwelt upon, we would love with a greater devotion the character of the men who wrought for us such blessings, while our patriotism for the land of our birth, and the heritage bequeathed us, would be cherished with a loftier estimate of their intellectual worth.

A glance at the advanced state of education at the present time, compared with that of a former period, when instruction in the new republic was sparsely provided, when competent teachers were rarely found and school discipline depended upon the arbitrary decision of a

vain-glorious and ignorant pedagogue, would lessen our surprise that so few well-armed scholars have been reared among us. But even this state of education has not wholly suppressed the reputation we may claim for distinguished examples of scholarship. In these days, of more critical acumen, the science of mind seems better comprehended, and studies apter for diversities of intellect, are selected with better judgment and urged with greater fidelity. I tax memory for a case in point under the older *régime*. I was a youngster at the same school in New-York with Washington Irving. Every thing, I believe, was professed to be taught by the Principal. I remember how rigid was his law in enforcing public speaking; every scholar was assuredly to be made a Cicero. The selections assigned to each speaker were, according to the master's deeper knowledge of the temperament and physical qualities of the scholar. "Pity the sorrows of a poor old man!" was given me. To young Irving, who had the advantage of more years, capacity, and strength, was assigned the heroic speech, "My voice is still for war." That my own exhibition was a sorry affair may be readily admitted; but what are we to think of the sedate, the peaceful and benignant Irving, whose bellicose propensities have never yet been developed, and whose organ of combativeness no phrenologist has yet discovered, selected to appear before a large assemblage to display the heroic impulses of a son of Mars! Time, however, has proved the futility of the instruction and the folly of the instructor; and Mr. Irving, while he smiles in secret at the discipline of his school-boy days, may rest satisfied that he wears a chaplet of greater lustre and more lasting glory than ever adorned the warrior's brow.

Life, physical and mental, is the result of association; we are portions of all around us. The harmony of the physiological organization preserves the one; the intellectual stores received by perception sustain the other. By association, the cerebral faculties become more capacious and of wider grasp, and judgment enlarges her sphere and acts with greater wisdom and justice. I would that truths founded on such a basis were more generally recognized, and that opinions and decisions were made on such organic principles. Association, not segregation, is the ladder we ascend, the

better to have a true view of what we take cognizance of. The rule applies equally to things, to acts, and to individuals. I know my man, I make a right estimate, when I comprehend not merely what he accomplished, but the circumstances in which he moved and acted, the obstacles overcome, the incidents which favored his designs. Every body knows that there never flourished, within our precincts, a more beautiful wood than that which ornamented Hoboken and Weehawken. It has been famous in prose and in song; but when we are told that within that forest, in its best estate, Kalm, the botanist of Abo, enriched the species plantarum of Linnæus; that here the enthusiastic Masson discovered new plants of interesting character and properties; that Volney here at times luxuriated while in philosophical contemplation; that here, amidst these beautiful and majestic trees, Michaux the younger composed some portions of his American Flora; that Pursh added to his great botanical treasures from these woods, as did also the unfortunate Douglass; that in these walks Irving and Paulding and Verplanck, in their earlier days, cherished those sympathies with nature which give vitality to their descriptive powers; that here the ornithologist, Wilson, and his successor, Audubon, passed many of the choicest hours of their pilgrimage of life; that here Cooke, the tragedian, after undue excitement, found alleviation of sorrow, and Matthews, the comedian, a solace for grievous melancholy; that the soil of Hoboken yielded to Bruce the magnesian lime-stone, a product most precious in a mineralogical cabinet; that here the elder Stevens made experiments, the first in either hemisphere, in demonstration of the practicability of railroad communication; and more, when we find that our congenial Halleck has enlisted his poetic gifts in laudation of this captivating spot, our gratification swells, every tree seems clothed with richer verdure, and becomes sacred to our feelings. I walk through these shady groves with emotions enhanced an hundred-fold by such associations, and consider how many rich minds have surveyed them, and what treasures they have yielded to the philosophical and rational pursuits of the disciples of knowledge.

But, passing from these general reflections on the prolific subject of the acquisition of knowledge under extreme difficulties, and the

accomplishment of great deeds under adverse circumstances, I hasten to notice, though briefly, an individual who long bore a conspicuous part in the affairs of our active population, and whose life and trials may be set forth as an instructive instance of personal warfare against conflicting elements. I allude to

CHRISTOPHER COLLES.

There must still be among us some few old Knickerbockers, whose recollections of some thirty-five years ago may bring him before them. The young men of the present day may have heard their fathers talk of the little weather-beaten old man, small in stature, and attenuated in frame, of weight some one hundred and ten pounds avoirdupois, who existed by his telegraph on the Government-House at the Bowling-Green, and his telescope in the Park.

Colles was by birth an Irishman, and, losing his parents when quite young, accident placed him under the care of the renowned Richard Pococke, the oriental traveller, and afterward Bishop of Ossory. The pursuits of Pococke led the mind of his adopted student to physical investigation, and, it would appear, that to considerable attainments in languages he added a fair acquaintance with mathematics, mineralogy, climate, antiquities, and geographical science. Shortly after the death of his patron, in 1765, inspired with the travelling propensities of his instructor, he set out a wanderer from his native land, and we find him about the year 1772 engaged here in delivering a series of lectures on the subject of lock navigation. He was the first person who suggested canals, and improvements on the Ontario route. In November, 1784, according to the records of the Assembly, he presented a memorial on the subject, and, in April following, a favorable report was had thereon. Colles visited the country, and took an actual survey of the principal obstructions upon the Mohawk river as far as Wood Creek. He published the results of his tour in a pamphlet from the press of S. Loudon, 1785. "The amazing extent of the five great lakes," says Colles, "to which the proposed navigation will communicate, will be found to have five times as much coast as all England; and the countries watered by the numerous rivers which

fall into these lakes, full seven or eight times as great as that valuable island."

In an article on the "Water Chronology of the City of New-York," published in that valuable repository, the Corporation Manual of Mr. Valentine for 1854, the services of Mr. Colles are duly noticed by the writer, Theodore R. De Forest. Colles, in 1774, proposed the construction of a reservoir and other works, between Pearl and White streets, in this city, and to answer that end, the expense was to be defrayed by issuing redeemable paper money. The war of the revolution arrested the undertaking, yet in 1778 the people petitioned that Colles' plan might be carried out. In 1797, we find his name among the applicants for a contract to convey water through the city by means of pipes. This was about the time that Dr. Brown associated himself with the Manhattan Company, in order to procure for the city a proper supply of pure and wholesome water. Dr. Brown recommended to the Common Council the Bronx river for that purpose; and this, it is affirmed, is the first indication on record that a supply from without the city was to be looked for. I believe that Colles made the original suggestion to Brown.

Through the kindness of a Knickerbocker friend, G. B. Rapelye, I have before me an elaborate pamphlet written by Colles, and published in New-York in 1808, on the interests of the United States of America, extending to all conditions of men, by means of inland navigable communications. He calls his plan, the Timber Canal, readier and more feasible to make, and far cheaper. These several tracts show the devotion and abilities of Colles, at a time when, in our country, few indeed were qualified to enter as competitors in his design.

These several projects of public improvement gave to Colles occupation congenial to his habits of study, though they resulted in but trifling pecuniary returns. His modesty and unassuming character were little calculated to force him within the channels of profitable occupation; yet he filled up what leisure he had with mathematics, hydraulics, and kindred studies. He was among the first, if not the very first individual who commenced itinerant public instruction. He practised land-surveying, and taught it in lectures in different parts of this State and elsewhere. He lectured on elec-

tricity, though I do not know that, like Franklin, he made his own electrical machine, in this city.* Mineralogy and manures, mesmerism and mathematics were also topics of his public discourses. The expositions of the orrery of Rittenhouse doubtless often aided to enlarge his audiences in those days. My old friend, President King, might have said more of him in his Memoir on the Croton Aqueduct.

As there were periods when he could not study, and hours when he could not lecture, the propensities of his old master roused him to new efforts as a traveller. He wandered through divers parts of Pennsylvania and this State, until he, by personal examinations and calculations, prepared a Book of Roads for New-York, which he published in 1789. I never heard from his lips any lamentations on his travels, or his gastric sufferings, such as old Mrs. Knight has recorded in her Tour through the Wilderness from Hartford to New-York, made some time before. Colles was a genuine philosopher; he had studied the Salernian precepts, and could practically declare that a bit in the morning was better than nothing all day.

Upon his final settlement in New-York, he at first lived by making band-boxes: whether his mathematics gave them more symmetry and grace, there is no one left to tell us. His support from this source was precarious, and other appliances were at work, in the manufacture of Prussian blue and other pigments. George Baron commenced the *Mathematical Correspondent*, the first publication of that sort in the Union, and similar in its intentions to the work of Dr. Hutton. Baron was an English radical; and Colles, with a spice of democracy in him, must have found politics and mathematics and the social habits of Baron an occasional relief from his weightier cares. The almanac-makers at fault, Colles supplied their deficiencies in astronomical calculations; and he added to these avocations the collecting and arranging of opossum and beaver-skins, Indian vases and tomahawks, and other objects of curiosity with which he became familiar during his extensive western tours through the Mohawk country, and his interviews with the chiefs of Oneida Castle. He found a congenial friend in Gardiner Baker, who was then engaged in

* Colden Correspondence, when I examined it in 1810.

fitting up a cabinet of native curiosities for the Tammany Society, recently organized for the promotion of natural science and American antiquities, the Grand Sachem of which was William Pitt Smith, M.D., the author of the *Letters of Amyntor*.

A windfall seems to occur once in the life of every individual, and so it happened to Colles. The Constitution of the United States being adopted, and the duties on spirits established by Congress, both the hydrostatics and chemistry of Colles were called into requisition, and he was appointed to test the specific gravity of imported liquors. From the scarcity of the article, he turned his artistic skill to the making of proof-glasses—another source of profit to him. But this period of advantageous business had its end; and, in his study of new things, he projected his telegraph, which enabled him to meet his most pressing wants, in his again straitened condition. The American Academy of Fine Arts was now instituted, with Edward Livingston as its president; and, enriched with the Napoleon presents and Chancellor Livingston's rich gifts, needed a superintendent to watch over the beautiful sculptures which it possessed. John Pintard, his ever-constant friend, secured the trust for Colles, and we now find our ubiquitous philosopher in good quarters and in wholesome employment. The fondest mother never regarded with greater care her first-born than Colles watched over the *Venus of the Bath*. He had leisure now to drive another business, and perhaps the luckiest of his scientific hits was the application he made of his telescope and microscope. The casual pittance of a six-penny piece for a look at *Venus*, or the circulation, through the web of a frog's foot, with his exegetical remarks, proved adequate to his now fullest desires. What a contrast of condition in life was Colles in New-York, with his old master, the affluent Dolland, of London, with whom he had worked at achromatic lenses! It was not always a clear atmosphere for Colles' apparatus, but a brilliant night or a cloudless day added to his receipts; and the fuller contents of his basket, and the larger size of his head of cabbage, as he returned from market, were diagnostic of the results of the preceding twenty-four hours.

While Colles was thus striving for the means of his daily existence, he was aided by a residence in the Government-House, whither

the Academy of Arts had been removed. Nor was he wholly overlooked by prominent characters. His acquisitions were known by many to be extensive if not profound; his industry through a long life knew no idle hour; his talents were admitted to be above the ordinary standard; his plans were sometimes pronounced visionary, but his conversation was instructive, and his genius in mechanics sufficiently original to command approbation. His nature was benevolent: his morals void of offence toward God and man. He was the advocate of an enlarged toleration in political as well as in religious opinion; and cordially as well as practically adopted the sentiment of Jeremy Taylor, "The way to judge of religion is by doing our duty; and theology is rather a divine life than a divine knowledge." It was his constant aim to be useful. If his occupation was not always elevated, he was too frequently the victim of controlling circumstances. He knew Poor Richard by heart, yet he overlooked his aphorism, "Three removes are as bad as a fire," and was wont to substitute, in justification of his numerous transitions in life, the maxim, "A nimble sixpence is better than a sluggish shilling." Many paid deference to him amid all his disappointments. De Witt Clinton included him among the prominent promoters of internal improvement, and with philosophical liberality, uttered this noble sentiment in reference to Colles as well as others: "For the good which has been done by individuals or communities in relation to the work, let each have a due share of credit." Dr. Mitchill often visited him and lauded his services in the advancement of public works. Jarvis, the painter, pronounced him a genius, and painted his portrait with great fidelity. "My pencil," said Jarvis, "will render you hereafter better known: you have done too much good to be forgotten." The picture is, or ought to be, in the Historical Society. Dr. Hosack commemorated him, in his *Life of Clinton*, as an early pioneer in behalf of the canal policy of New-York, and caused an engraving of his portrait to occupy a niche on the column of his canal worthies. Senator Seward has not overlooked him in his elaborate introduction to the *Natural History of New-York*. Trumbull, the historical painter, often cheered him onward, and bid him hope, for on that article he himself had long lived. Nor was that genuine Knickerbocker, G. C. Verplanck, indifferent to

his condition, nor backward in suggestions. In the great celebration which took place in this city in November, 1825, when the waters of Erie united with the Atlantic, the effigy of Colles was borne with appropriate dignity among the emblems of that vast procession. But to John Pintard was Colles most indebted, many years, for numerous acts of beneficence and for his bounty in greatest need. As through his whole life of four-score years he had always more ideas in his brain than pennies in his pocket, he must have proved something more than an occasional customer.

As Colles was an instructive representative of much of that peculiarity in the condition and affairs of New-York at the time in which he may be said to have flourished, I shall trespass a moment, by a brief exhibit of the circumstances which marked the period in which he was upon the whole a prominent character. Every body seemed to know him; no one spoke disparagingly of him. His enthusiasm, his restlessness were familiar to the citizens at large. He, in short, was a part of our domestic history, and an extra word or two may be tolerated the better to give him his fair proportions. Had I encountered Colles in any land, I would have been willing to have naturalized him to our soil and institutions. He had virtues, the exercise of which must prove profitable to any people. The biographer of Chaucer has seen fit, inasmuch as his hero was born in London, to give us a history and description of that city at the time of Chaucer's birth, as a suitable introduction to his work. I shall attempt no such task, nor shall I endeavor to make Colles a hero, much as I desire to swell his dimensions. I shall circumscribe him to a chap-book; he might be distended to a quarto. Yet the ardent and untiring man was so connected with divers affairs, even after he had domesticated himself among us, that the every movement in which he took a part must have had a salutary influence on the masses of those days. He was a lover of nature, and our village city of that time gave him a fair opportunity of recreation among the lordly plane, and elm, and catalpa trees of Wall-street, Broadway, Pearl-street, and the Bowery. The beautiful groves about Richmond Hill and Lispenard Meadows, and old Vauxhall, mitigated the dullness incident to his continuous toil. A trip to the scattered residences of Brooklyn awakened

rural associations; a sail to Communipaw gave him the opportunity of studying marls and the bivalves. That divine principle of celestial origin, religious toleration, seems to have had a strong hold on the people of that day; and the persecuted Priestley, shortly after he reached our shores, held forth in the old Presbyterian Church in Wall-street, doubtless favored in a measure by the friendship of old Dr. Rodgers, a convert to Whitefield, and a pupil of Witherspoon. This fact I received from John Pintard. Livingston and Rodgers, Moore and Provoost supplied the best Christian dietetics his panting desires needed; while in the persons of Bayley and Kissam, and Hosack and Post he felt secure from the misery of dislocations and fractures, and that alarming pest, the yellow fever. He saw the bar occupied with such advocates as Hamilton and Burr, Hoffmann and Colden, and he dreaded neither the assaults of the lawless, nor the chicanery of contractors. The old *Tontine* gave him more daily news than he had time to digest, and the *Argus* and *Minerva*, *Freneau's Time-Piece* and *Sword's New-York Magazine* inspired him with increased zeal for liberty and a fondness for belles-letters. The City Library had, even at that early day, the same tenacity of purpose which marks its career at the present hour. There were literary warehouses in abundance. Judah had decorated his with the portrait of Paine, and here Colles might study Common Sense and the Rights of Man, or he might stroll to the store of Duyckinck, the patron of books of piety, works on education, and Noah Webster; or join tête-a-tête with old Hugh Gaine or James Rivington and Philip Freneau; now all in harmony, notwithstanding the withering satire against those accommodating old Tories by the great bard of the revolutionary crisis.

The infantile intellect of those days was enlarged with Humpty-Dumpty and Hi-diddle-diddle.* Shop-windows were stored with

* We have books without end concerning the origin of nations and races, while these mental instructors of a people have been favored with scarcely a pamphlet in vindication of their claims to our consideration. I have inserted below the two best Latin versions descriptive of their trials and mishaps. They have been too long the schoolmasters of early thought to be longer overlooked. Why do not our scholars ferret out their birth-place, whether High Dutch or Low Dutch, with more satisfaction, instead of referring us to the drama of the sixteenth century and the Bodleian Library? Would the task prove unworthy of the learning of the distinguished teacher of German, Professor SCHMIDT, of Columbia College? He might as well inquire a pasture from the cares of his

portraits of Paul Jones and Truxton, and the musical sentiment broke forth in ejaculations of Tally Ho! and old Towler in one part of the town, and, in softer accents, with Rousseau's Dream in another. Here and there, too, might be found a coterie gratified with the crescendo and diminuendo of Signor Trazetta; nearly thirty years elapsed from this period ere the arrival of the Garcia troupe, through the efforts of our lamented Almaviva, *Dominick Lynch*, the nonpareil of society, when the Italian opera, with its unrivalled claims, burst forth from the enchanting voice of that marvellous company. The years 1795-1800 were unquestionably the period in which the treasures of the German mind were first developed in this city by our exotic and indigenous writers. That learned orientalist, Dr. Kunze, now commenced the translations into English of the German Hymns, and Strebeck and Milledolar gave us the Catechism of the Lutherans. The Rev. Mr. Will, Charles Smith, and William Dunlap now supplied novelties from the German dramatic school, and Kotzebue and Schiller were found on that stage where Shakespeare had made his first appearance in the new world in 1752. Colles had other mental resources, as the gayeties and gravities of life were dominant with him. The city was the home of many noble spirits of the Revolution: General Stevens, of the Boston Tea-Party, was here, full of anecdote. Fish, of Yorktown celebrity, and Gates of Saratoga, always accessible.

There existed in New-York, about these times, a war of opinion which seized even the medical faculty. The Bastile had been taken.

collegiate life. Notwithstanding Porson's labors, "What's *Heecuba* to me or I to *Heecuba*?" is the exclamation of many a youth whose formative development sprung from *Huumpus Dumplus*.

HUMTIUS in muro regulevit Dumtius alto;
 Humtius e muro Dumtius hen cecidit!
 Sed non regis equi, reginæ exercitus omnia,
 Humti, te, Dumti, restituere loco!

Heri didulum! atque iterum didulum! fellsque fidesque,
 Vacca super lunæ cornua prostruit:
 Nescio qua calulus risit dulcedine ludî;
 Abstulit et turpi laux cochleare fuga.

A like obscurity hangs over JACKY HORNER. After all that has been said, we know not more accurately of his nativity than we do of the site of that ancient city, old Troy.

French speculations looked captivating, and Genet's movements won admiration, even with grave men. In common with others, our school-masters partook of the prevailing mania: the tricolored cockade was worn by numerous school-boys, as well as by their seniors. The yellow fever was wasting the population; but the patriotic fervor, either for French or English politics, glowed with ardor. With other boys I united in the enthusiasm. The Carminole was heard everywhere. I give a verse of a popular song echoed throughout the streets of our city, and heard at the Belvidere at that period:

"AMERICA, that lovely nation,
Once was bound, but now is free;
She broke her chain, for to maintain
The rights and cause of liberty."

Strains like this of the Columbian bards in those days of party virulence emancipated the feelings of many a throbbing breast, even as now the songs, of pregnant simplicity and affluent tenderness, by Morris, afford delight to a community pervaded by a calmer spirit, and controlled by a loftier refinement. Moreover, we are to remember that in that early age of the Republic an author, and above all a poet, was not an every-day article. True, old Dr. Smith, once a chemical professor in King's College, surcharged with learning and love, who found Delias and Daphnes everywhere, might be seen in the public ways, with his madrigals for the beautiful women of his select acquaintance; but the buds of promise of the younger Low (of a poetic family) were blighted by an ornithological error:

"T is *morn*, and the landscape is lovely to view,
The *nightingale* warbles her song in the grove."

Weems had not yet appeared in the market, with his Court of Hymen; Clifton was pulmonary; Wardell's declaration

"To the tuneful APOLLO I now mean to hollow!"

was annunciatory — and nothing more; and Searson, exotic by birth, yet domesticated with us, having made vast struggles in his perilous

journey toward Mount Parnassus, had already descended, with what feelings is left to conjecture, by the poet's closing lines of his *Valedictory* to his muse :

'POETS, like grass-hoppers, sing till they die,
Yet, in this world, some laugh, some sing, some cry.'

The Mohawk reviewers, as John Davis called the then critics of our city, thought, with the old saying, that "where there is so much smoke, there must be some fire." But it is no longer questionable, that our Castalian font was often dry, and when otherwise, its stream was rather a muddy rivulet than a spring of living waters. It needs our faithful *Lossing* to clear up the difficulties of that doubtful period of patriotism and of poetry.

There were enough enlightened minds and generous hearts to recognize the merits of Colles. He stood before the community as a kind of miniature edition of Count Rumford. Projectors, with new inventions, sought his opinions. Garnett, of New-Jersey, a clever man, and in literary communion with the poet Akenside, conversed with him on the most effective impulse secured by the sails of the windmill. Williamson queried him on the electric powers of the gymnotus; Blanchard, the aeronaut, on the aeriform currents of our atmosphere; and Mitchill unfolded to him his theory of septic acid and how the Python produced pestilence. When Perkins arrived among us, armed with his tractors, and fortified by the credentials of a score of bishops and other dignitaries of the Church of England, in behalf of their saving efficacy, Colles, who meddled a little with physic, had nearly been entrapped by that infamous impostor, who assumed the ability to cure yellow fever by his metallic points, during its prevalence in 1799. The death of Perkins himself, on the third day of his illness, by the epidemic, while in full use of his remedial agent, was too convincing evidence of the absurdity of his means, for Colles longer to prosecute inquiries into the nature of the tractors and their mesmeric influence. Yet after all this sort of Caleb Quotem occupation, it was demonstrable that Colles, in feelings or in thoughts, never dismounted from the hobby he first rode: water and water-courses.

canals and aqueducts, were ever present to his mind: he could not visit Spuytenduyvel without thinking of his dear Bronx; the very flow from the spout of his tea-pot advised him of hydraulics and lock navigation.

I knew Colles well for a long period, and I, in my way, *pro re nata*, administered to him an occasional dose. On the old principle that misery loves company, I illustrated to him, from occurrences around him, that genius and poverty were often associates, as in the case of Oliver Evans, and told him what Bard had long ago told me, that the accomplished architect of the spire of our venerable church of St. Paul, died penniless, and in a hospital — but what has now-a-days become a creed in some brains, that like cures like, had no alterative influence in the present instance. Like other lovers of mathematics, he was fond of music, and versed in hymnology: he revelled with Toplady, and shed tears with Newton. When oppressed with inward sorrows he read Euler and Maclaurin, and occasionally, when without a meal, he summoned his ideality in calculating the safest means to sustain a bank currency. Like some political economists of the present day, he favored the notion that that bank was safest which has no capital. Colles cherished the doctrine of signs, which he derived, I believe, from Culpepper. He was wont to say that a disastrous star presided at his birth, and that if he had been brought up a hatter, the people would have come into the world without heads.

From this inadequate sketch it is sufficiently apparent that Colles pursued knowledge under the most stubborn difficulties; that through life he struggled with adverse forces, and rarely experienced the enjoyments of existence. His death took place in the fall of 1821, at the advanced age of eighty-four years. John Pintard and myself had the honor to be his only followers to the grave. The Rev. Dr. Creighton (that worthy divine who recently declined a bishopric) officiated on the mournful occasion. He lies in the Episcopal burial-ground in Hudson street, but no mark designates the spot. Thus much of Colles, and thus much was assuredly due to the memory of the man whose investigations more than three quarters of a century ago promoted the great internal policy which signalizes New-York, and finally ended

in the erection of that immense undertaking, the Croton Aqueduct, a demonstration worthy of the talents and renown of Major Douglass.

There was something very engaging in the physiognomy of Colles. He was naturally cheerful and buoyant; at times pensive, yet free from any corrosive melancholy. His ample front, his sparse white locks, his cavernous gray eyes, with that weakness which often marks old age, betokened a resigned spirit. To see him on an early morning visit, seated at his small pine table, with his bowl of milk, his dry bread and potato, offering up grace for the bounties he was favored with, was a lesson to the ungrateful epicure, of edifying influence. The cheerfulness and mellowness of his life are well expressed in the words of Dyer, on another occasion:

“——— THERE is a mood,
(I sing not to the vacant or the young,)
There is a kindly mood of melancholy
That wings the soul and points her to the skies.”

If to his great and varied attainments Colles had added the practical functions of a school-master, or had he been more fortunate in his fiscal relations, he might have been honored with the highest academic distinction by some of our venerable collegiate institutions.



Rev. D. B. Prentiss.

To a Beautiful Girl.

BY GEORGE D. PEENTION.

BEAUTIFUL girl! I have wandered far
Toward the rising sun and the evening star;
I have roamed 'mid the northern wastes of snow
And strayed where the soft magnolias blow,
But I never gazed on a face so bright
As thine, sweet spirit of young delight.

Beautiful girl! thou art bright and fair
As an angel shape in the moonlight air;
No shadow rests on thy brow of snow,
Save that of thy tresses drooping low.
Love's own dear light is wandering oft
O'er thy gentle lip of carmine soft.
Thy lovely cheek, where the rich, red glow
Of the warm blood melts through the virgin snow
Is sweetly blending in one bright dye,
The woven beauties of earth and sky.
Truth, holy truth, in its freshness dwells
Deep, deep in thy dark eyes' shaded wells,
And fancies wild from their clear depths gleam,
Like shadows of stars from a trembling stream;
And thy thoughts are a dream of Eden's bowers,
And thy words are garlands of flowers, bright flowers.

Beautiful girl! I have seen thee move,
A floating creature of joy and love,
As light as a mist on the sunrise gale,
Or the buoyant sway of a bridal veil,

Till I almost looked to see thee rise
 Like a soaring thought to the free blue skies,
 Or melt away in the thin, blue air,
 Like a vision of fancy painted there.
 Thy low sweet voice, as it thrills around,
 Seems less a sound than a dream of sound;
 Softly and wildly its clear notes swell,
 Like the spirit-tones of a silver bell;
 And the lips whence the fairy music flows
 Is to Fancy's eye like a speaking rose

Beautiful, beautiful girl! thou art
 A vision of joy to the throbbing heart;
 A star sent down from the world of bliss,
 And all undimmed by the shades of this;
 A rainbow pictured by LOVE's own son
 On the clouds of being, beautiful one!

Beautiful girl! 't is a weary year
 Since thy sweet voice fell on my ravished ear
 'T is a long, long year of light and gloom
 Since I gazed on thy young cheeks' lovely bloom;
 Yet thy gentle tones of music still
 Through the holiest depths of memory thrill
 Like tones of a fount, or breeze, or bird,
 In the long-gone years of childhood heard.
 And oft in my dark and lonely moods,
 When a demon wing o'er my spirit broods,
 Thine image seems on my soul to break
 Like the sweet young moon o'er a gloomy lake,
 Filling its depths, as the shadows flee,
 With beauty and love and melody.

Beautiful girl! thou art far away,
 And I know not where thy steps now stray:
 But oh! 't is sweet, it is very sweet,
 In the fairy realm of dreams to greet
 Thy cheek of rose, thy brow of pearl,
 And thy voice of music, beautiful girl!

Anteros.

A LIFE WITH ONE PASSION.

BY DONALD MAC LEOD.

EVERY body who knows Dr. T —, in a friendly way, knows that his darling study is Psychology; and this has always interested me exceedingly, as I suppose it interests every artist. Lately, in our conversations, we have been devoted, he as master and I as scholar, to the observation of characters formed by the development of a single passion, as avarice, ambition, love, etc. His close, analytical mind finds great pleasure in following and noting accurately the course of such a development, from its first exterior manifestation to its result; and he holds that when the soul is once fairly delivered up to the dominance of a single passion, the principle of life itself becomes involved, and that the end of the passion is only at the end of mortal existence.

His anecdotes, thoroughly illustrative of his theory, are many and of absorbing interest; and I only endeavor to repeat one here because the general reader is never likely to learn it from him. At the same time, I am convinced of my own incapacity to analyze like him. I will tell one story, however, that haunted me for a long time, and, as I am not a physician, but only a story-teller, I shall tell it in my own way.

There is a young, beautiful woman, sitting among pillows and cushions in an arm-chair, by an open window. The still atmosphere is heavy with the scent of tube-roses, jessamines, heliotropes, and other flowers of like powerful odor, which have always been her

favorites. Filled as the air is with these rich fragrances, she adds to them that of pastiles, burning on the chimney-piece, and her handkerchief is wet with extracts of violets. Her skin is white, but not transparent; it reminds you most of cream-laid note paper. The eyes are lazy, full, and the color of the double English violets. The hair is blond, an ashy blond, and has scarcely a wave in it; it could not be made to curl, but lies in rich, heavy, almost damp bands, about the face. Her form, though delicate, is thoroughly developed; the flesh firm, the outlines as if chiseled, growing thin now, except the throat and bust, and the hands and feet, which are very small, but rounded and plump, with dimples at the joints. She wears a pale blue silk *robe de chambre*, opening in front to show an under-dress of white watered silk. On the table beside her is a bottle and glass of heavy, rich Portugal wine, pure juice, which leaves a spoonful of sediment in every glass.

Except to taste this, or to inhale the odors, as the light air throws them occasionally through the window, or to respire the violet from the handkerchief, she seldom raises her head from where it reclines, thrown back upon the cushions, in which position she looks passionately and dreamily at her husband's portrait, which hangs upon the wall before her.

The portrait exhibits a man of twenty-six or seven, somewhat sallow, thin, with heavy, wavy, chestnut hair, and large brown eyes not without some fierceness in them. There is nothing remarkable about the face except the intense redness of the lips—the lady has that also—so red that you fancy the painter a bad chooser of colors; yet they say the likeness is perfect.

These are all the accessories which need be mentioned. Let the lady tell her own story:

My father died before my birth; my mother perished in bringing me, her only child, into the world. They left me a large fortune, and my guardians were well-bred, very ordinary, every-day, well-to-do people.

The first thing I ever loved, except strong perfumes and flowers, was a bird, an English bulfinch, which seemed to be very fond of

me, until one day, when I was about twelve or thirteen, it flew to a young girl who was visiting me, and refused to come back when I called it. When it did come, at last, I killed it in my hand.

I remember my nurse very well, and a pretty French maid who attended me afterward; but I do n't think I cared much about either.

I do n't think that I loved any thing much except the bird that I crushed in my hand; at least, until I got to be eighteen.

I was, of course, as is the case generally in New-York, taken into society quite young—at sixteen, I think—and I saw a good deal of it. I was rich, and I may say it now, beautiful, so that I did not lack suitors who professed the profoundest devotion for me. Some of them were pleasant, one or two handsome and fascinating men, and I often wondered at the existence of my utter indifference for them all. By-and-by I won the reputation of a cold, unaffectionate girl, and those who were really worthy began to leave me to myself, and none remained but those who thought only of my fortune. Cold and unaffectionate! Ah! if they could have seen the ceaseless agonies of tears into which I burst in my own room; if they could have seen my arms trying to wind themselves round my own body, or felt the thrills and yearnings of the unknown passion that convulsed me with its power, that was consuming my heart!

There was a large party given on my eighteenth birth-day, and it took its usual course. I have forgotten all about it until, about the middle of it, I saw a young man standing in a corner looking at me. As I met his look an indescribable thrill passed through me, and I felt faint for a moment. My impulse was to rise and clasp him in my arms. He haunted me and frightened me, yet I felt a strange desire to get near him. When he came, at last, introduced by my guardian as Mr. Mark Winston, I had scarcely strength or self-possession to bow. He asked me to dance and I refused, I know not why; I never cared for that amusement, yet I had never refused any one before. Then he sat down and talked to me a little while, but the shrinking still remained, and I answered I know not how or what. But he dropped a glove beside me, and when he had gone, I picked it up, and put it into my bosom; and when I was alone, I knew that I loved him, and that that love was my life.

Mark Winston was a Carolinian, and had brought no letters to the North, except to my guardian, so that our house was almost his only visiting-place. There was a pleasant, lively girl, niece to my guardian, staying with us then, and our party commonly consisted of the old people, Mark, Mary Lee, and myself. The spring came on and passed away, and in the latter part of it, we went to a country-seat at New-Rochelle.

Every hour my passion grew stronger; every hour it destroyed some minor characteristic of my nature, and advanced toward its end, the absorption of all my nature into itself. Still I shunned him, inexplicably to myself; I craved to be near him, to hear him, to watch him, to touch him with my dress in passing; but when he came to me, a positive fear would take hold on me, and I would feel almost ill. I stole from him; *stole* his gloves, his handkerchief; I would have done any act of meanness; I have picked the pockets of his coat when it hung in the hall. Once, noticing that the ribbon of his watch was worn out, Mary Lee gave him another, which he put on; and in doing so, he broke the crystal of his watch, and carried it up to his room. But for this, I would have fainted, or else sprung upon her; but this gave me a gleam of light. When he returned to the drawing-room, I went up stairs, procured another ribbon, and went into his room. I took her ribbon and tore it to pieces with my hands and teeth, and carried it out and stamped it into the black soil of the garden; but that which he had worn I had already in my bosom, and I treasured that and the gloves and the handkerchief, and whatever else of him I had, and kissed them, and sat looking at them in my lap, and slept with them in my bosom through the long nights. Yet for all this I could get no nearer to him.

At last I thought that he began to pay his addresses to Mary Lee, and then I recognized that love had not eaten up all my nature, for hate and rage still existed. Oh! what weary, weary weeks I spent in watching them! How softly I crawled down stairs! How stealthily I stole behind them in their walks! How I watched them conversing in the drawing-room.

On Thursday, the seventh of June—I had bought an almanac, and I used to mark the days on which I saw him—on Thursday, the

seventh of June, I saw him come up the avenue, and heard him enter the house. He did not mount the stairs, but passed into the drawing-room, and I *knew* that Mary Lee was there alone. I went to my dressing-table, and swallowed from a flacon a glass of Cologne-water. Then, when the shudder and tremor had passed over, I went gently down, and saw the door half open. The door was in the middle of the room; when partially open, you saw a huge mirror, which reflected every thing in the room: they sat behind it. Half-way down the stairs, I heard his voice, soft, low, pleading, tender: God! how long had this been going on? My satin slippers made no noise, and I reached the half-open door and saw them in the glass; he with her hand in his; I watched them there for a thousand centuries; and I heard him say, "Do, dear Mary; do promise for to-morrow;" and I heard her answer, in a timid, gentle voice, which seemed to me full of love, "No, Mark, I dare not."

Again he plead to her, and then—my eyes upon the mirror—then he took her hand and kissed it. I saw him do it.

I struck the door open—my hand was black for two weeks—and went in to where he still held her hand, and stood before them, and struck my foot upon the ground.

Mary Lee ran out of the room.

"So," I said to Mark Winston, "you come here for that, do you?"

He looked at me amazedly.

"You even must be base and dishonorable, you even can not respect the sanctity of a friend's house; and you call yourself gentleman."

He grew white, a kind of ashy white; and his eyes grew three shades darker, and burnt like living coals with rage. I feared him not, and said:

"And to love a thing like Mary Lee!"

Then the fierceness passed instantly from his eyes; and a flood of unutterable passion flowed—I saw it flow—into them, and he said:

"I was begging her to intercede with you, Louise, I never loved any but you. But you are so cold, so unaffectionate, so incapable of loving, so ——"

I sank down upon the floor, and clasped his knees, and said, "Mark, I love you, and have loved you, and will love you to eternity."

I remember my sitting upon his knees, with his strong arms, like mighty cords, binding my bosom upon his. And then came that wild rain of kisses, of consuming, devouring kisses, on my hair and eyes and forehead, and quicker and faster on my lips and neck. I fainted in his arms, on his convulsed bosom and impassioned, throbbing heart. At least I suppose I fainted, for I remember nothing until I found myself upon a sofa, with Mark kneeling at my feet, holding my hands in his, and his tears raining hotly upon them, faster and hotter than his kisses.

We were married on the fifteenth of September, and went to our home immediately — a nice country-house on the north shore of Long-Island — that was our home.

I do n't remember that we ever read, or drew, or had any music, or any thing else of that kind. I remember the walks in the forest or on the shore, and the flowers that he was fond of, and the perfumes he liked best, and the love that both of us had for the heavy lampshades, ground simply and lined with rose-colored tissue paper.

I remember that I never before had taken particular care of my person, except what is natural to any gentlewoman, but that now I bathed twice every day, and studied every toilette, chiefly the morning and the night-dress, and used no perfume but tube-rose, heliotrope, and violet, which were his favorites, and lived as in a dream — a long, may-be a bad, wicked, cruel, passionate dream.

All that I know is, that I was separated from him, and the physicians said he was going to die; and when I asked to see him, they said, "No; any body but you." He grew worse and worse.

They had forbidden me to go near him. My presence alone, they said, was injurious to him. They would not answer for his life, if I were to insist on seeing him. So I kept away in my own chamber while people were stirring in the house; but, in the early morning, when all was still, I used to creep to the door of his room, and crouch down there and think of him.

By-and-by this became unendurable, and I began to question

whether that cold-browed, scientific, quiet man had a right to keep a wife from her husband. I had heard so often, that, for a point of medical interest, any point new or curious in their science, they would not hesitate to destroy fifty lives to procure an elucidation, I determined at least to see. So I questioned Mark's nurse.

"Does he suffer much, nurse?"

"No, Ma'am; or, at least, he makes no complaint. Only just lies there, still and dreaming-like, and putting out his arms, and then folding them back round him again."

"Is he out of his mind at all?"

"God bless you! no. His eyes have no sparkle in them, and his voice is as little as a child's, only deeper, like the church-organ, you know, Ma'am, before they come to the loud part."

"But does he forget all his friends?"

"He never speaks about them, Ma'am, although the doctor is always a-mentioning them to him; but while they talk about *them*, he just lies there."

"About whom, then, does he talk?"

"O Ma'am, he hardly talks at all; only lies still, except his arms, and looks always like he was thinking of somewhat; and when he does speak, he never says but just only, 'Louise, Louise.'"

"Does he say 'Louise?' That is my name."

"Why, bless you, Ma'am, he never speaks nor thinks of any body but you. He calls always for you, and then, after he calls awhile, he seems to think as you have come, and he folds his arms in so —" here the nurse imitated the motion; "not *folding* them up as the gentlemen do, but kind of looking as if he were folding something else up into them; and then he keeps a-saying 'Louise, Louise,' in a little, low, soft voice, and by-and-by he falls asleep."

A new idea flashed upon me. Said I:

"Nurse, dear, they, the doctors, won't allow me to see him; are they cross with you? Let me see: how long have you been watching him?"

"Three nights now, Ma'am, on a stretch; but if I was ever so tired, Ma'am, I could n't let you go in."

"Oh! yes, I know that; but I want him well watched, and I am afraid that they don't take care of you."

"Oh! yes, Ma'am, I get plenty to eat, but, to tell you the truth, Ma'am, I have always been used to a little drop of wine, and I haven't had none."

"Well, nurse, I will bring you some into the little dining-room, and will call you when he gets asleep. Now go in and watch him."

She went into Mark's room, and I went to the sideboard, where I found several decanters full. I chose a small one, in order that she might drink it all. But first, I took it up to my own room, and put some laudanum in it; and then I got some dry biscuit and anchovy sauce to increase her thirst, and took it into the little dining-room.

It was nearly eleven then, and I undressed myself, but did not go to bed. I thought constantly of Mark, and I put on the pale-blue dressing-gown, in which he used to admire me, and I let the bands of my hair, which were very thick and heavy, fall down about my neck; and then I sat down before the clock, and thought about him and of the day when he first told me how he loved me, and of the day on which we were married.

When the clock struck one, I went down, peeped in, and saw the nurse moving about the chimney-piece. Then I went back to my room, sat down, and thought of Mark until two. Then I went down again, and, as I slightly opened Mark's door, I saw the nurse dozing in her arm-chair. I could not see Mark, for the door, half-opened, only showed the foot of his bed; but I heard him move and say "Louise;" and I shivered as I heard him. Meantime his movement or mine awakened the nurse, and she saw me.

I beckoned to her, and, after a glance at her charge, she came out. I saw that she was cold, for they allowed no fire in Mark's room; and I took her to the little dining-room, where a grate-full of coals was blazing, and made her take an arm-chair near the fire. Then I began to talk to her; but I made my remarks at long intervals, so that, after a few moments, she fell back upon the cushions, and slept.

When I was assured of her slumber, I rose, and, woman that I am, walked to the mirror. I saw that I was pale, and wondered what he would think of me. Then I went into his room, and stood beside

him. I had never before thought him handsome, but the pallor of his skin made his eyes dark and full of languor; the moisture upon his hair gave it a gloss which it never had worn in health, and his lips were full and crimson. To me, at that moment, he looked surpassingly beautiful.

He saw me at once, and after we had gazed at each other for a few moments, he put out his arms and said, "Louise, Louise;" and I sank down into his arms.

The lights in the room had burned out, and the first gray tints of morning began to appear, when I felt a fearful shudder pass over Mark's form, and he writhed himself free from my embrace. Then he asked hoarsely for water.

I sprang up, gave him a drink, and then stood at his bedside.

His eyes were on fire; his cheeks were covered with a burning flush, and his hands trembled as he used them in gesticulation.

"Louise," he said, "I am dying."

Then an indefinable terror seized me, and I crouched down beside the bed, but my eyes were fascinatedly fixed upon his.

"Louise, they told me, the doctors told me, that you were my death; they told me that your love had killed me; and they wanted me to quit you, Louise."

He put out his arms toward me, but I shrank from him with my blood curdled.

"Louise, I mocked at them. I said you could not kill me, for you had my life and soul in you as well as your own. God! what a pain!"

His form was thrown up from the bed in his agony, and then fell down again.

"Mark, what can I do for you, darling?"

"Did you speak, Louise?" he said with a wild stare. "I saw your lips move, but only heard your low, sweet voice saying, 'Mark, Mark, I love you.' I hear it always. I feel your breath upon my lips now. Come here, Louise. Quick!"

I bent toward him. His arms caught me in a fierce embrace, and so he held me as if he would have pressed my very life into his bosom, and he fastened his red lips on mine.

And there, in that clasp, the fires faded from his eyes, and his lips froze there upon mine.

I CARE not for what the doctors tell me. Mark is dead, and I am dying also ; but slowly, too slowly !

The Burial at Marshfield.

BY R. S. CHILTON.

"NOTHING in his life
Became him like the leaving it." SHAKSPEARE.

WHAT sorrow is this that hath cast o'er the land
So wide-spread a shadow? What bright star hath fled
From the heavens above us? Why stand men aghast,
Their eyes bending earthward, as if Earth were dead?
Go look in yon coffin; the answer is plain,
Written there in that wan and immovable face:
It darkens the sunlight and thickens the air,
And robs the bright world of its manifold grace.

The fire is gone out in those cavernous eyes,
Which flashed like a coal at the blast of his thought;
Those closed lips will part nevermore, though the world
For ages will ring with the lessons they taught.
Ay, well may'st thou mourn, like a RACHEL, to-day,
Dear Goddess of Freedom, and weep by his grave;
On thy altar were laid the first-fruits of his life;
To thee the great toil of his manhood he gave.

No longer he looks as when, proudly erect,
He gazed on the rock of the stern Pilgrim race,
And summoned before him the ghost of the Past,
And talked with the Future itself face to face!
Words fell from his lips like the first sudden drops
That fall from a thunder-cloud — large, heavy, clear;
And they purged men's minds as the prodigal showers
Purge the misty and slumberous atmosphere.

From the soil of his own loved New-England he sprang
When her acres were drenched with the blood of the brave ;
And back to her bosom returning to-day,
With his honors full-ripened, he sinks to the grave.
Never greater than when, (as the sun of his life,
Sloping westward, grew large,) humbly kissing the rod,
On the arms of the Angel of Faith and of Hope
He leaned for support, and went home to his God.

A Literary Martyrdom.

BY C. F. BRIGGS.

A LITTLE EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF A GENTLEMAN WHO WAS AMBITIOUS OF DISTINCTION: COMPILED FROM PAPERS WHICH WERE DISCOVERED IN HIS DESK, AFTER HE HAD LEFT HOME ON A TOUR THROUGH EUROPE.

THE subject of this brief memoir, which must be restricted to twelve pages of the present volume, was the son of wealthy but honest parents; at least they had never been convicted of larceny, nor of any other crime. We mention the fact of their honesty for the reason that there is a prevalent opinion among a certain class, that in this country, where wealth is so rarely inherited, it can not be honestly obtained; honesty and fair dealing not being supposed to be favorable to large gains. Though the father was engaged in the most respectable business of importing German dolls and other useful articles, and was one of the safest men down-town, he had enlarged views for his son, and determined to give him what he had always felt the need of himself—a thorough education; that he might have a capital to start with, which no adverse circumstances could deprive him of. Bonds and stocks might prove worthless, banks might fail, and merchandise depreciate in value; but no changes in the market could affect Latin and Greek; and with a good stock of these commodities, the father had no fears for his son. His reasons for attaching so much importance to these valuable languages, could not have been the wealth and importance which they have usually conferred upon those who possessed them in the greatest quantities; but, whatever the reasons were, they were all-sufficient in his opinion. After leaving college with the degree of A.B., and as much knowledge as young men usually take from the halls of learning where they graduate, the subject of

our memoir very sensibly took a wife, to aid him in combatting and overcoming whatever obstacles he might encounter in his way through the world. Having no leaning toward any particular profession, and feeling quite indifferent whether he earned his living by preaching the Gospel, practising medicine, or promoting litigation, provided he could distinguish himself, he hesitated a long time before he could prevail upon himself what to do, and perhaps he would never have come to any decision upon this important point, had not his father intimated to him, at last, that he should shut off the supplies, unless his son showed a disposition to do something for himself. Marvin, for that happened to be his Christian name, suggested to his father that a year or two spent in Europe might enable him to determine what profession would be best adapted to the bent of his genius. But the father did not see the force of the suggestion, whereupon the son was suddenly illuminated by a brilliant thought, which put an end to discussion and satisfied all parties. He would start a magazine, and distinguish himself as Jeffrey, Brougham, Campbell, Sydney Smith, Kit North, and other illustrious men had done before him, in the same way, and make lots of money beside. Any of the learned professions would require years of patient drudgery to gain respectability even, but here was a plan, now, by which reputation and wealth could be attained at a bound.

"Where there is a will there is a way," is an excellent maxim when there is money to back it up, which happened to be the case in this instance. Paper-makers, printers, binders, and all the operatives whose aid is necessary to further a literary enterprise, are the most amiable, obedient, and manageable of slaves, and always hail, with encouraging cheerfulness, every new attempt to establish a literary undertaking, when they are sure of their pay. Authors, too, forget their caprices, suddenly grow industrious and obliging, genius brightens up, and a thousand friends come forward with manuscripts and advice, under similar circumstances, and with a similar contingency. So the subject of this brief history found, and chuckled with inward delight over the opening glories of his career, as he made his preparations for issuing his first number. There were drawbacks to the business, to be sure — a back side to the canvas, which, it was con-

soling to him to remember, none would see but himself. He would become so prominent an object of popular esteem and curiosity, that he foresaw many annoyances and inconveniences, from being so continually invited to dine with this and that great man, to be compelled to attend the *déjeuners* of renowned prima donnas, to join literary coteries, being bothered for his autograph, and to accept conciliatory and grateful offerings, from authors, artists, and actors; all these things, to a gentleman of his quiet and unostentatious habits, would prove annoying; but he heroically straightened his back for the burden which was to descend upon his shoulders, and resolved to take the bitter with the sweet of his new employment without grumbling. His consolation and reward would be the consciousness of having elevated the tone of popular sentiment, of enlarging the bounds of human enjoyment, and of assisting in the development of American genius, and rewarding native talent. Very likely other men may have entertained some such feelings in embarking in similar enterprises, and they will readily comprehend the emotions of Mr. Smilax, at this momentous period of his career.

Our twelve pages will not allow us the pleasure of giving the world an account of the reception of the first number of the magazine, nor permit us to chronicle the gradual change which took place in the feelings of its proprietor and editor, as he day by day discovered he had so wonderfully over-estimated the delights and profits of his enterprise, and so ridiculously under-estimated its troubles and annoyances. How could he have so deluded himself! Manuscripts poured in upon him by the cart-load, and he was required to read every thing he received, and give a critical opinion upon it the next day. If he accepted an article, he did not thereby make a grateful friend; but if he refused one, he created an implacable enemy. Illustrious authors did not manifest any of that feverish anxiety for his company to dinner that he had anticipated, unless he acted the part of Amphitryon himself; and as for his autograph, the only applications he received for it were from certain gentlemen who were anxious to have it on the backs of notes, which they wished to part with.

One day, as he sat in the little apartment, which was most absurdly called his "sanctum," for it was as open to the inroads of

impertinent people as an intelligence office, looking over a heap of manuscripts with aching head and weary eyes, and thinking to himself that the business of enlarging the boundaries of human enjoyment was not half so agreeable an occupation as that of importing German dolls would be, when he was diverted from his desponding thoughts by the sudden apparition of a lady, accompanied by a small boy, who carried a large roll under his arm.

"You are the editor, I presume?" said the lady; and, having been assured of the correctness of her supposition, she seated herself in the only chair which was vacant in the sanctum—all the other seats being filled with bundles of manuscripts, which were waiting to be returned to their authors, or consigned to the balaam-box. The lady then lifted her veil, and taking the roll from the boy, pleasantly informed the dismayed editor, for whom such visitors had long since lost all novelty, that she wished to occupy a few minutes of his time in reading a manuscript novel, which she desired his opinion of.

The editor declined the favor she intended him, as courteously as his temper would permit him to do; but she insisted that he would be charmed with the work, and she would permit him to publish it in his magazine. He pointed to the heaps of manuscripts lying all about him, on the shelves, on the tables, in baskets, on the floor, and in the chairs, beside two or three green boxes, which were filled full of accepted articles, waiting their turns to be published, and told her they had all prior claims, which must first be attended to.

But ladies who have a point to carry are deaf to all arguments which do not tend to further their purposes, and the strange authoress only smiled more pleasantly than before, and tossing her ringlets from her pale cheeks, said, in her persuasive voice, "Allow me to read you one chapter? I am sure it will interest you."

"Madam," replied the beleaguered editor, "I have no doubt of it; but what's the use? I could not use the story if it pleased me never so much. And then I should only feel the greater regret in being compelled to reject it."

"Ah! now," said the lady, "there is the most delightful character in it, and a ghost, and a most mysterious personage. It would make your magazine sell wonderfully. It is just the kind of story which

every body says your magazine needs. Let me read you but one chapter?"

A pitcher of water and a tumbler were standing upon the table, and the editor, taking up the pitcher, filled the tumbler full.

"There, Madam," said he, "you see that when a vessel is full it will hold no more; see, another drop and it overflows. I am full, my room is full, desks, drawers, baskets, boxes, magazine, and all are full. I can receive no more."

"Just one more will make no great difference, I am sure," said the authoress, paying no other heed to the forcible illustration of the editor, than to smile most benignly and patiently while he demonstrated the simple fact. "Come, let me read my introductory chapter, and I am sure you will want to read the rest yourself."

"Madam, I have been compelled to deny thousands of such requests," said he, biting his lips.

"But a lady!" said she. "You might refuse to hear a gentleman, but you would not refuse a lady?"

The editor paused a moment, and he was ruined. He was naturally tender-hearted, and he thought of his wife and his mother; what if either of them should ever be compelled to solicit a favor from an editor? and how would he feel to hear they had been refused?

"Madam," said he, with a softened tone, "it is quite impossible for me to hear you read your novel now; but leave it with me, and I will read it through at my earliest leisure."

"I may depend upon you?" she said half-doubtingly, as she deposited the roll on his table.

"I pledge you my word as a gentleman," he said.

"I will call again soon," said the lady, who courtied and smiled, and then retired, followed by her page.

But she had scarcely left the sanctum when the wretched man, as he took up the roll of manuscript, and tossed it upon a shelf, where lay heaps of similar bundles, repented of what he had done.

"What a fool I was!" he exclaimed, as he glanced around him, "to make that rash promise! There is O'Mulligan, who will challenge me if I do not read his essay on the Round Towers; there is the Reverend Doctor Slosspoken, who will denounce me to his congre

gation, if I neglect his essay on Human Responsibilities; Professor Verdigriss will speak sneeringly of me to his class, if I am not prepared with an opinion of his article about the Retrocession of Solar Paradoxes; and Mrs. Winkle's Blighted Buds must be reviewed for my next number. How am I to do all these things, and read that woman's tremendous manuscript! I was a madman to make such a promise! The deuce take her! But I will not be so caught again."

He gave strict orders that no woman, under any circumstances whatever, should ever again be permitted to enter his sanctum; and after spending a few more hours at his dreary employment, he went home to his wife, solacing himself with the recollection of his domestic happiness, and repeating to himself a quatrain from some verses which he had addressed to his Maria Jane before their marriage:

"MARIA, on thy peaceful breast
The weary worker seeks repose,
And in thy fond affections blest
He finds a cure for all his woes."

"A cure for all his woes!" he repeated to himself, as he put his night-key in the door, and bounding up-stairs into the boudoir of his Maria, was suddenly arrested by discovering her in tears.

Maria Jane in tears! The heart of Smilax was smitten by the sight, and his anxiety to learn the cause of her first sorrow may readily be imagined by husbands who have had a similar experience — and what husband has not?

But he then learned that when a wife is most afflicted, there is nothing the matter with her. Mrs. Smilax continued to weep, and at every appeal of her husband, to enlighten him as to the cause of her grief, she would only reply, "Nothing!"

But Smilax knew perfectly well that "nothing," in this case, meant something dire and calamitous to his domestic peace. After a while, the torrent of his wife's grief subsided into a sullen and reproachful melancholy, more hard to endure than the most terrifying outbursts of grief and passion.

Maria Jane was not one of the Queen Catharine style of wives; she calmly subsided into the injured innocence state, and personated

most effectively the character of a resigned saint, persevering in her sad declaration that nothing had happened—nothing! She had no complaints to make. It would all be over soon; and what was her happiness, if he were only happy!

Smilax went to his office the next day, a thoroughly wretched man; but his duties were too engrossing to permit him to dwell on his domestic troubles. He had tried in vain to imagine the cause of his wife's griefs, but he could not call to mind any circumstance which could, in any manner, have awakened her jealousy, or given her reason to shed a tear. What added to his distress was his inability to consult with any of his friends in regard to the matter, or ask advice as to the proper mode of procedure in such cases. The spirit of discontent had entered his paradise, and he was unhappy, and that was all he knew about it.

The mail had brought him heaps of letters and manuscripts, all of them requiring immediate attention; the printer had sent him bundles of proofs, which must be read and returned at once; and O'Mulligan had threatened him with a scorching, in a rival magazine, for not deciding on his manuscript sooner; and two clergymen, a lady, a Polish lecturer, and half-a-dozen suspicious-looking men of a very miscellaneous character, were waiting in his ante-room, some to learn his decision in regard to communications already sent, and some to offer him essays and poems. It was a melting hot day; all the rest of the world had gone to the country or the sea-side; but he was forced to remain to make up his next number. The perspiration rolled from his clouded brow, as he seated himself at his overburdened desk, and thought of his duties. With a kind of grim desperation, he took up the roll of manuscript which the lady had left him the day before, and smiled scornfully, as he read the title, "A Pledge of Affection. By Pattie Passionflower."

"Another vegetable name in literature!" he said to himself; "Poppyflower would be better. I thought, when I received a poem from Carry Cauliflower, that that particular form of literary disease had come to an end; but here is another." He ran his eye rapidly over a few leaves of the manuscript—for he had learned the art of judging of the character of a literary performance without reading it all

through—and remorselessly writing a mystical word upon it, tied up the bundle and threw it into the balaam-box, with a large heap of other rejected offerings to be returned to their owners.

This was, at first, a most painful thing for him to do; for he had himself once been a contributor to a magazine, and he well knew the irritating anxiety which a young author feels for the fate of his manuscript; and he used to write soothing letters to the poor adventurers whose bantlings he was compelled to reject; but he had long since become hardened to his duty, and rather felt himself the aggrieved and injured party, when a manuscript was offered to him, which, after being at the cost of reading, he was compelled to reject. "It is not my fault," would Smilax say to himself; "if they can't write better; why should I be unhappy about it?"

Ah! little did the public think or care, that, to obtain the one tolerably good essay, which they would find fault with for not being more brilliant, he had been obliged to read through four or five hundred much worse ones. "What does the world care about the troubles or sufferings of any of its servants, who wear their lives out in trying to give pleasure or instruction to others? Not a straw! Yet we will be martyrs for the chance smile of approbation which the world now and then bestows upon us—slaves of its whims," said Smilax to himself, as he wended his way home that night, wearied with his day's work, and half-dreading to meet Maria Jane. The truth was that she had neglected to give him the customary parting kiss, which she had never forgotten to do before. "Forgotten!" exclaimed Smilax bitterly in his thoughts; "she did not forget it—she did it on purpose; she had her handkerchief to her eyes, and she would not allow me to kiss her. I have broken my wife's heart; but how I did it I have not the ghost of an idea. I hope she has got over it by this time, though."

But the faint hope was soon withered; for, as he opened the door, he heard a stifled sobbing, which he knew at once proceeded from Maria Jane; and worse and more ominous than all, the severe visage of his mother-in-law frowned freezingly upon him, as he entered the room where the wife of his young afflictions lay sobbing hysterically upon the sofa. Maria Jane had sent for her mother, and Smilax

knew that *she* would not say that "nothing was the matter," for that is not the way in which mothers-in-law vent their reproaches. It was a comfort to the distressed husband and editor to feel sure that he would now know the worst, let it be what it might. And he was perfectly correct in his assumptions; for, as he mildly asked what was the matter, the word "Monster!" fell upon his ear with a clearness and distinctness of utterance that made him hop.

"Do n't, mother!" sobbed out Maria Jane; "I can die, but I will never reproach him."

What Smilax would have said, or might have said, if he had not been rendered speechless by the strangeness of these proceedings, we must leave the public to imagine.

"I do n't wonder at your silence," said his mother-in-law. "You have killed this suffering angel, and made me childless."

Maria Jane, we may observe, was an only daughter, from which the tender manner of her bringing up may be inferred.

"If I have killed her," said Smilax, meekly, "I am ——"

"I can't bear hypocrisy," said his mother-in-law; "I should think much better of you if you confessed your villainy openly. Read that letter, and save yourself the trouble of further dissimulation."

As the word "letter" was named, the suffering angel on the sofa broke out in a fresh agony of hysterical sobs.

Smilax took the letter, and with a puzzled expression examined the direction, which was to his wife; the hand had a very familiar look to him; but, accustomed as he was to examining so many specimens of handwriting daily, he had but a confused idea of its individual character. He opened the letter with a trembling hand, and had read but a few lines when, to the horror of his mother-in-law, he broke out in a fit of the most obstreperous mirth. Unable to restrain his laughter, he threw himself upon the floor and fairly roared, holding on to his sides with both hands, and kicking his heels as though he were in convulsions.

Maria Jane started up wildly, and her mother tried to look very indignant, but felt that she must look very foolish. She knew she had made a mistake; and to be compelled to confess it to her son-in-law, in whose eyes she had ever striven to appear immaculate, and

not liable to any mistakes whatever, was enough to make her feel and look very foolish.

It was a good while before Smilax could command himself long enough to speak, but the moment he did, his wife leaped from the sofa, threw her arms around his neck, and, if there had been a piano in the room, she would have gone off with "*Ah ! non giunge !*" in a manner that any *prima donna* might have envied.

To save the trouble of an explanation, we will give our readers a copy of the letter which caused this domestic *emeute*, and leave it to their own imaginations to do the rest.

[C O P Y.]

"DEAR MADAM :

"Though a stranger to you, I am not to your husband ; and I do not flatter myself that he would confide to you the kind of transactions which such as I have with him ; and I would not now intrude upon you, were it not for the *peculiar circumstances* in which I am placed. I am a *mother* ; I believe that *you* are *not*, and *you* may not understand *my* feelings. But my offspring must be provided for. *I am not mercenary, yet I can not afford to part with the 'Pledge of Affection' which I left with him yesterday, without pay. This I wish you to say to him. After a long and *most satisfactory* interview which I had with him, when I returned to say this much, and 'nothing more,' I was denied all access to him, and have ventured to request you to act as my mediator with him. If my *presence is disagreeable* to him, he has my address, and may drop me a line informing me of his decision. The 'Pledge' may be sent back if he declines to pay.

"Most truly yours,

"TO MRS. SMILAX."

"PATTIE PASSIONFLOWER.

This little affair proved the straw which broke the camel's back. Smilax concluded the next morning that his martyrdom in the cause of literature had been endured long enough. The delusive idea of distinguishing himself by acting as a monthly nurse to other people's literary bantlings, and of elevating popular taste by any such means, was entirely dissipated. He sold out to some body as deluded as he

had been ; and soon after, the following advertisement in the morning papers told the catastrophe of his literary career, and the total eclipse of all his ambitious aspirations for distinction :

"PARTNERSHIP NOTICE. — Mr. M. Smilax, Jr., having been admitted a partner of our house, the business of importing German dolls will be conducted under the name of M. Smilax, Son & Co.

"SMILAX & Co."

"After all," said Smilax to me, one day, as I met him coming out of his broker's, where he had been looking over the stock list, with the view of making a safe investment of his spare capital, "what a precious delusion this love of distinction is ! What more should sensible men like ourselves aspire to, than to be distinguished in their own families as good husbands and fathers, and to have the satisfaction of knowing they owe no man a dollar, which they can not pay on demand ? That's the only distinction worth striving for."

I am afraid there was a shade of sarcasm in the smile which passed over my features in reply to these grovelling sentiments of my friend ; for he immediately added with a slight blush :

"It is true that importing German dolls is not the noblest occupation in which a reasoning creature can engage ; but children must be amused with dolls, as well as men with magazines, and why not choose the business which affords the best returns ?"

I could only smile again, for arguments of this nature have but one side to them ; and Smilax, feeling his triumph, changed the subject by inviting me to a family dinner, with Maria Jane and the children.

Trees.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

WHETHER pluming the mountain, edging the lake, eye-lashing the stream, roofing the waterfall, sprinkling the meadow, burying the homestead, or darkening leagues of hill, plain, and valley, trees have always "haunted me like a passion." Let me summon a few of them, prime favorites, and familiar to the American forest.

The aspen—what soft, silver-gray tints on its leaves, how smooth its mottled bark, its whole shape how delicate and sensitive! You may be sitting on the homestead lawn some summer noon, the trees all motionless, and the hot air trembling over the surface of the unstirred grass. Suddenly you will hear a fluttering like the unloosing of a rapid brook, and looking whence comes the sound, you will see the aspen shaking as if falling to pieces, or the leaves were little wings each striving to fly off. All this time the broad leaf of the maple close by, does not even lift its pointed edges. This soft murmur really sends a coolness through the sultry atmosphere; but while your ear is drinking the music and your eye filled with the tumultuous dancing, instantly both cease as if the tree were stricken with a palsy, and the quiet leaves flash back the sunshine like so many fairy mirrors.

Next the elm. How noble the lift and droop of its branches! With such graceful downward curves on either side, it has the shape of the Greek vase. Such lavish foliage also, running down the trunk to the very roots, as if a rich vine were wreathed around it! And what frame-works those branches shape, breaking the landscape beyond into half-oval scenes which look through the chiaroscuro as

if beheld through slightly shaded glass. And how finely the elm leans over the brook—its native place—turning the water into ebony, and forming a shelter for the cattle from the heat. It is scattered, too, over the meadow, making shady nooks for the mowers at their noon tide meal, shadowing also the farmer's gate and mantling his home stead in an affluence of green.

Then the maple. What a splendid cupola of leaves it builds up into the sky—an almost complete canopy from the summer shower. It reddens brilliantly when the blue-bird tells us spring has come, and, a few days later, its dropped fringes gleam in the fresh grass like flakes of fire. And in autumn, too, its crimson is so rich, one might term it the blush of the wood.

And the beech. How cheerfully its snow-spotted trunk looks in the deep woods—how fresh the green of its regularly-scalloped leaves! At spring-tide the tips of its sprays feather out in the glossiest and most delicate cream-satin, amid which the young leaf glows like a speck of emerald. And in the fall what rich clusters of fruit burthen the boughs! The pattering of the brown three-cornered beech-nut upon the dead leaves is constant in the hazy, purple days of our Indian summer, and makes a sweet music, almost continuous as the dripping of a rill, in the mournful forest.

The birch is a great favorite of mine. It reminds me of the whistles of my boyhood. Its fragrant bark—what delight it was to wrench it from the silvery wood for the shrill music I delighted in, particularly by the hearth-stone of my home!

"Conscience!" my aunt Katy. used to ejaculate, holding her ears; "is that whistling coming again? John, (John is my name—John Smith,) do, *do* stop!"

And when came a shriller blast,

"John, you little torment! if you do n't stop, I'll box your ears!"

What splendid tassels the birch hangs out at the bidding of April!—tassels that Indian sachems were proud to wear at the most honored feasts of their nation.

And into such rich gold is it transmuted by October, a light is almost shed of its own within the sylvan recesses. The speckled

bark of the black birch is glossy and bright, but give me the beauty of the white birch's coat. How like a shaft of ivory it gleams in the daylight woods—how the flame of moonlight kindles it into columned pearl!

Did you ever, while wandering in the forest about the first of June, have your eyes dazzled at a distance with what you supposed to be a tree laden with snow? It was the dogwood. Glittering in its white blossoms, each one spread over a broad leaf of the brightest verdure, pointed gauze upon emerald, there stands the pretty tree like a bride. The shadbush and cherry have dropped their white honors a month before, but the dogwood keeps company with the basswood and locust in brightening the last days of spring with its floral beauty. Up in the soft blue it lifts its wreathed crown, for it gathers its richest glow of blossom at its head, and makes the forest bright as with silver chandeliers.

While admiring the dogwood, an odor of exquisite sweetness may salute you; and if at all conversant in tree-knowledge you will know the censer dispensing this fragrance. But you will have to travel some distance, and you will do it as the hound tracks the deer, by scent, for the perfume fills the forest long before the tree catches the eye. At length you see it—the basswood—clustered with yellow blossoms, golden bells pouring out such strong, delicious fragrance, you realize the idea of Shelley:

“AND the hyacinth, purple, and white, and blue,
Which flung from its bells a sweet peal anew
Of music so delicate, soft, and intense,
It was felt like an odor within the sense.”

And the deep hum, too, about it—an atmosphere of sound—the festival of the bees surrounding the chalices so rich with honey.

I have mentioned the flowers of the locust and chestnut in conjunction with the basswood. Delicate pearl does the former hang out amid the vivid green of its beautiful leaves, and sweet is that pearl as the lips of the maiden you love.

And the chestnut—scattered thickly among its long, dark-green leaves are strings of pale gold blossoms—haunts also of the revelling

bee. Does the school-boy ever forget "the days that he went" truanting after the auburn fruit embedded in velvet within, but without protected by porcupines of husks? With what delight did the young good-for-nothings pelt down those yellow husks to be crushed open by indefatigable heels! Ah! the aurora of life—how bright, how merry it is!

For ever linked in the minds of these truants with the chestnut is the walnut. How the green, smooth globes that insphere the fruit make the eyes of the young vagabonds dance, and how eagerly they mount to shake down those globes, each fracturing at the fall, and letting out the round ivories that in turn imprison the dark gold meats!

And now the oak, "the brave old oak," and so forth. Suppose yourself in a wood! Do you see that little brown vegetable cup with a braided cover—there by the dead maple leaf and tuft of crimson-headed moss? Yon robin just planted his foot upon and covered it. And then do you see that towering tree whose head seems nearly to touch the white cloud above it? Look! upon its very apex there is a bird, seemingly the size of this wild pigeon on the beech-tree, but in reality an eagle. A great many years have intervened between the two objects, it is true, but you think twice ere realizing that yon seamed, stern, sturdy oak once nestled in this acorn. So of all trees, you say, from the seed. True again, but none strikes you so forcibly in this contrast as the oak. And what a tree it is! First piercing the mould, a tiny needle that the ground-squirrel would destroy with a nibble, and then rearing grandly toward the sun a wreath of green to endure for ages. Does the wild wind dash upon it? Its shakes its proud head, but no more bends its whole shape than yon crag. Doth the arrowy sleet strike it? Its leaves only make clicking music; and as for the early snow, it bears it up easily as a deer would fragments of kalmia-blossoms on his antlers. How finely its dark green stands out from the lighter hues of the beeches, birches, and maples! And then how it keeps old Time at a distance! Why, decades are nothing to it. The child gathers the violet at its foot; as a boy, he pockets its dropped acorns; a man, he looks at its height, towering up, towering up, and

makes it the emblem of his ambition. Years after, with white hairs and palsied limbs, he totters at noontide to lie within its shade and slumber, "perchance to dream" of that last sleep which can not be distant, and which "knows no waking." But has the oak changed? Mockers of the storm, stern darers of the lightning, there he stands, the same, and seemingly for ever. Challenger of Time, defier of earth's changes, there he stands the pride of the forest, satirizing, in his mute language, alike the variations of fortune and evanescence of man.

And he does all things in a grand, slow way, unlike other trees. In spring-time, when the aspen has showed for a month its young leaves of silver gray, when the beech has thrust forth its beautiful feathers, when the maple has made a red rain of its glowing blossoms upon the forest floor, the oak still looks as he did when January was frowning upon his branches. When the aspen has elaborated its small leaves into thick foliage, when the beech has spangled itself over with emerald, when the maple has hung upon its slender stems its broad pearl-lined verdure, no tint of green upon the oak. He stands yet in dark disdain, as if mourning the perished winter. But at last, when the woodland is smiling in its fully-developed glory, when the tardy blossoms of the locust and tulip-tree are drenching the air with delicious sweetness, then stirs the oak. Little brown things are scattered over his great boughs, which in due time become long, deep-veined leaves; and lo! the regal oak has donned his splendid robe. The summer passes, and the autumn comes. What stands at the corner of yon wood, swathed in a mantle of the true imperial? Crimsons, and yellows, and golden-browns are flashing all around him, as though there were a carnival among the trees, but no hue is brighter than that of the brave old oak in his robe of royal purple. And he is in no more haste to let that robe of his go than in putting it on. When the shrieking blasts have torn its mantle from every other tree, the oak still clings to his, as if he said to those shrieking blasts, "I defy your fury!" When the snow-bird comes twittering among the woods to tell them the snow will shortly be showering loose pearl all through their gaunt domains, the oak yet holds to his mantle, blanched and tattered though it be. High amid the snow-drifts, firm amid the blasts, the pale crackling leaves still

cling, with nothing in the wide, bleak forests to keep them company save here and there a shivering lingerer upon the beech-tree. Often it is only when their successors come "to push them from their stools" that the old leaves quit the gallant oak and lie down to perish. So a health to the oak!

We will merely touch, in passing, upon the horse-chestnut, with its great glistening spring-buds bursting into cones of pearly, red-spotted blossoms that almost cover its noble dome of foliage; upon the hemlock, with its masses of evergreen needles, and the cedar, with its misty blue berries; upon those tree-like shrubs — the hopple, with its gigantic leaves serving as sylvan goblets at pic-nics; the sumac, with its clusters of splendid crimson; the sassafras, diffusing from its thick leaf a most delicious breath; the laurel, arching above the brooks a roof radiant with immense bouquets of rose-touched snow, and even garlanding the apex of the water-beech with its superb chalice, while its younger sister, the ivy, crouches at the foot of the tamarack and spruce, rich in red-streaked urns of blossoms; and the witch-hazel, smiling at winter, with its curled, sharp-cut flowers of golden velvet.

We come now to the pine, of all my greatest favorite.

Ho! ho! the burly pine! Hurrah! hurrah for the pine! The oak may be king of the lowlands, but the pine is the king of the hills — aye, and mountains too.

Ho! ho! the burly pine! how he strikes his clubbed foot deep into the cleft of the rock, or grasps its span with conscious power! There he lifts his haughty front like the warrior-monarch that he is. No flinching about the pine, let the time be ever so stormy. His throne is the crag, and his crown is a good way up in the heavens, and as for the clouds he tears them asunder sometimes, and uses them for robes. Then hurrah again for the pine! say I. Reader, did you ever hear him shout? Did you ever hear thunder?—for there is a pine mountain on the upper Delaware that out-roads, in a winter storm, all the thunder you ever heard! Stern, deep, awfully deep, that roar makes the heart quiver. It is an airquake of tremendous power. And his single voice is by no means silvery when he is "in a breeze." When

the stern warrior-king has aroused his energies to meet the onslaught of the storm, the battle-cry he sends down the wind is heard above all the voices of the greenwood. His robe streams out like a banner, and so wild does he look, you would think he was about to dash himself from his throne of rock upon the valley beneath. But no; his great foot grasps more closely the crag, and when, after a while, the tempest leaves him, how quietly he settles to his repose! He adorns his crown with a rich wreath caught from the sunset, and an hour after, he wears the orb moon as a splendid jewel upon his haughty brow. The scented breeze of the soft evening breathes upon him, and the grim warrior-king wakes his murmuring lute, and oh! such sounds—so sweet, so soothing! Years that have passed live again in the music; tones long since hushed echo once more in the heart; faces that have turned to dust—but how loved in the old time!—glimmer among the dusky boughs; eyes that years ago closed on earth to open in heaven smile kindly upon us. We lie down in the dark shadow upon the mossy roots and are happy—happy in a sad, sweet, tender tranquillity that purifies the soul, and while it makes us content with earth, fills us with love for heaven.

Dirge at the Grave of "Little Freddy."

BY H. W. ROCKWELL.

——— "WHY, he but sleeps:
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed."

THOU art gone to thy rest! — like the wind of the ocean,
That dies on the breast of the blue heaving wave,
So with thee life hath passed with its stormy commotion,
And the last beams of sunset are bright on thy grave.

Sweet sunset! how oft with thy radiant fingers
Thou shalt touch the sweet blossoms we strew on his tomb,
While the red-breast near by in the forest-top lingers,
And warbles his dirge in the soft evening gloom!

Yet it is not unmeet that thou com'st near his dwelling,
O'erarch'd by the sweet sod, so fresh and so green,
While the mild evening wind from the valley is swelling,
And the haze-mantled forests look down on the scene.

Nor unwelcome thy song, little bird in the willow!
Who sing'st here so sweetly at night-fall and dawn;
For a fair head below lieth cold on its pillow,
And one half of life's glory and beauty is gone!

Sing on, happy bird! — while the night, fast descending,
Shuts in on the forest, and deepens its gloom:
The sigh of the breeze with thy sweet warble blending
Shall make me still linger and muse at his tomb.

Oh! what in my heart do these voices awaken,
That bids me look up from life's toil and unrest
To that home where the weary, and sad, and forsaken,
Are glad in the beautiful land of the blest?

And why, when each day brings a darker to-morrow,
Doth the path seem so bright that my darling hath trod
If it be not that we, in life's moments of sorrow,
Learn to humble the spirit and lean upon GOD?

The Satanic in Literature.

BY SAMUEL S. COOX.

It is an anachronism to date the connection of "OLD KNICK" with literature from the establishment of the Magazine, which is thus playfully personified by its familiar readers. Long before the brothers Clark rescued "Old Knick" from his bad fame, and gave him credit and character, there were intimate relations existing between the genius of type and the genius of "Knick."

Our votive offering upon the shrine where so many flowers, so much fruitage, and such grateful incense has been so often offered before, and *malgré* the terrors of the name, offered by such good and genial souls, shall be an examination into this relationship between the aforesaid genii. Before we have finished our analysis, it will be found that "Old Knick" has had more to do with human literature than we are apt to imagine, and that without him much of its mirth and more of its tragedy would be wanting.

If we are to believe the authentic records of the past, we shall find him, in the earliest times, inaugurating the typographical art. "He is in league with the devil," said the learned Sorbonne at Paris, of Dr. Faust, who had, under pretence of copying the Bible, sold the first printed edition to the Parisians at sixty crowns a volume; while those "slow coaches," the clerks, sold manuscript copies at five hundred! And the astonished professors, not dreaming of *printing*, and not considering the inconsistency of the devil becoming a pioneer colporteur, examined the quickly-produced copies, all minutely alike, and declared, "Surely the devil is in this marvellous matter!" And when Faust lowered his price, and multiplied his volumes, and as his red-

ink was observed to be peculiarly sanguine, they thought it best to inform the magistrate against him, as a magician, who, with his own blood, and by Satanic help, had multiplied Bibles beyond the power of human handicraft. And the magistrate, with the profundity of Justice Shallow, found that he was in league with the devil, and ordered that he be made a public bonfire. Faust saved himself by revealing his art to the Parisian parliament. The decision of Justice Shallow was not wholly in error. There is much beside his judgment to confirm the tradition. At this day there is none to deny that the devil has much to do with printed thought; if not with its form and type, certainly with its essence and spirit.

This must be so necessarily. So long as the drama of life alternates between good and evil, will the devil be a star among the actors. Being the principle of evil, he will have more or less to do with human nature, until that principle loses its place in the heart and its power over the head. It is a restless principle; ever busy at the loom of life, weaving into the tissue its sombre strands, and unrolling to the gaze its fantastic figures, which in letters become the mirror of human vicissitude.

As our imperfect nature has no exemption from its temptations, so every department of literature bears evidence of its influence. Is it the lyric gush? The principle of evil sparkles in the ruby wine, and melts with the amorous eye. Is it the stately drama? It plays the prompter, and puts on the mask. Is it the grandeur of the epic? It gives unity to the action, of which it is the hero!

To analyze this element, it may be necessary —

First, to define what is meant by the Satanic element;

Secondly, to trace it to its source and display its greatest examples in literature;

And *lastly*, to discuss the good taste of their appearance in so notorious a form.

I. It is hardly necessary that I should give a formal introduction to a personage so well known as the subject of my paper. Most of my readers are acquainted with him, at least by reputation. It may not be necessary to search books to define him. He can be found

when and where you are *disposed* to look for him. Paracelsus stiffly maintains that the air in summer is not so full of flies as it is with his presence. The odium which hangs most heavily upon him is the *odium theologicum*. We do not propose to take this view of him, except so far as it may throw light upon his literary uses. A theological view might include his abuses rather than his uses.

It may be more original, if not so interesting, to consider the devil as of some use in the world. That his unprepossessing features have often inoculated the young with wholesome fear will even yet be stoutly maintained. Ever since the days of Luther, the catechisms of Germany have been adorned with a frontispiece, representing him with the appendages of horn, hoof, and forked tail; and this was one of the modes employed for teaching youth correct theological notions. But the march of intellect, which is said to lick all the world into shape, has licked the devil out. His horns are no longer a dilemma to the sinner; his claws no longer reach out after the wicked; and his tail is no longer unfolded to harrow up the soul! Our intellectual age has acted upon him as the crowing of the cock is said to act upon ghosts — the visible presence vanishes before daylight. But it is unphilosophical to affirm that he *is* not, because his visible form has vanished. He may make his tracks in other people's shoes, and in the multiplicity of his engagements he does not always cover them. We may tell, from the slime he leaves behind, that a serpent went that way, and not less certainly that the devil has been about by certain actions in human society. His horns are hid under many a judge's wig; his hoof is pinched by many a patent-leather boot; and his tail concealed by costliest broadcloth. And, my fine lady, he does not disdain to hide in your dimpled smile, to wanton with your ringlets, glitter in your ear-drops, nestle in your muff, and shoot his darts in your glances.

He has no particular profession or trade, though he can lend a hand to all. He preaches, though he has never taken orders. He is no lawyer, but who can sophisticate like him? He is no doctor, but he often kills. He is no mechanic, but he glories in a glowing forge, where implements of manifold deviltry are turned out. He is no broker, but none of your old, sleek, plump cent-per-cents has such

razors for so close a shave. He is no editor, but every one has heard of the Satanic press. He is no tailor, but ever since he sat cross legged over the first suit of fig-leaves, he has had a remarkable run in furnishing the disguises in which cant, humbug, duplicity, and villainy appear. He is not in the mercantile line, strictly, but yet he is

——— "a merchant, too,
Who sells by the shortened yard;
Who keeps his accounts in a way of his own.
When he sells two ounces, he sets *three* down,
And charges two shillings as half-a-crown,
And proves by his clerk 't is true!"

In fact, he attends to no body's business, only because no body's business is every body's business. The whirr of his unseen wings, as he goes skurrying through the air, may be heard at any time by any one who chooses to listen! Any one who is after the devil will find 'he devil after him.

To define this ubiquitous personage is as difficult as to "paint chaos, to take a portrait of Proteus, or to catch the figure of the fleeting air," which is his principality.

But that would be a poor transcript of human thought in which his element of evil were omitted.

Whether its introduction into literature has been of any benefit to our race, we do not now consider. Even in poetry and fiction, familiarity with its presence is by no means to be coveted. If the devil is truly represented, he must be shown as a fiend of tact and talent; and then he is as certain to excite admiration as he is to blaspheme; and if, as an amiable devil, why the *better* devil he is made the *worse* devil he *is*; for his character then would be altogether mistaken. If the bad passions are sought to be represented in him, if he is portrayed as one seeking whom he may delude and devour, there are enough of his clan in the human mould, which the varied pen of literature has delineated, and may yet delineate.

The spirit of evil may as well be illustrated indirectly in the human character as in the direct Satanic character, for the reason that the old rogue appears more at home when abroad, more easy in a

counterfeit than in his genuine shape. But whether in the one or the other; whether in his own dun hide the devil plays his part before the "bacon-brained" boors of the middle ages, in the "Mysteries;" or whether, as Appolyon, he wrestles with Bunyan; or, as Astorath, assaults Saint Anthony; or plays the mischief with Faustus in Marlowe; or fills Dante's Inferno with his form; or sits at the dreaming ear of our first mother with Milton, whispering his wily wickedness; or hovers over Madrid on the mantle of Asmodeus; or wings his way with Byron's Cain to the nethermost abysses to look upon pre-Adamite phantoms and the chaos of death; or, with Goethe, dances through the Walpurgis Night among the witches of the Brocken; or blurts out crazed blasphemy with Bailey's Festus; or lures Beauty to a noble sacrifice in Longfellow's Golden Legend; he is not more certainly the principle of evil, and the antagonist of good, than when he plays the hypocrite with Joseph Surface, murders noble natures with the *honesty* of Iago, harps on his humility with Heep, or embodies the intense badness of Jeffrey Punchcons, or lubricates the downward way with Oily Gammon, or teases and cheats simplicity with Becky Sharp, or dishes out to poor school-boys molasses and brimstone with the ladle of Mrs. Squeers!

But my subject is large enough when limited to the analysis of the Satanic element in literature, where Satan appears in person, and not by proxy. The consideration of the use made of him by Dante, Marlowe, Milton, Goethe, Byron, Southey, and Bailey, will afford theme enough. Its discussion will imply an examination into the original suggestions which these authors profited by in the delineation of their several devils.

The Mosaic history of the evil spirit, his form in Eden, and the consequences of his temptations are familiar. They are the germ out of which nearly all diabolic literature has grown. Wherever introduced, the arch-rebel tempts man to his fall by the alluring fruits of pleasure and knowledge. Another Biblical account, nearly contemporaneous with that of Moses, is that in which Satan is represented as asking of God the privilege to tempt Job. It represents Satan, not as a fallen rebel, but as a tempter; the more potent because *authorized* by JEHOVAH; or, as Bailey expresses it, as the

shadow of God himself. "There was a day when the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord, and Satan came also." He had been walking to and fro upon the earth, and having scoffed at Job's integrity, the Lord said unto Satan, "Behold, he is in thy hand." This relation of Job has been made the scape-goat for the bold blasphemy of Byron, the insane licentiousness of Bailey, and the scoffing jeers of Goethe.

The unwritten literature of the earliest ages and rudest nations has contained traditions as to the evil spirit. He takes various forms and characteristics, according to the physical environment or condition of the people. In the Indian mythology, the dominion of the Universe was divided, and even the powers of darkness had their castes. The Indian Trinity consisted of Brahma, the Creator; Vishnu, the Preserver; and Sheva, the Destroyer. Sheva was represented as a black figure, with a terrible countenance. He is the only devil whom literature has united in the holy bands of matrimony. If *he* is such a monster devil, what must his wife be? Her name was Goorga. She was quite as black as her amiable husband, with forehead and eyebrows dripping blood. The feminine taste is displayed by a necklace of skulls, and ear-rings of human bodies. At her zone hang the hands of the giants whom she had slain. Quite an eligible match for Sheva, and not unsuitable for any devil!

The tropical sun of Africa daguerreotyped him in blackest shades as a divine devil, whose worship even yet holds the swart Ethiop in thrall. In Scandinavia the grim spectres of the misty North were servitors of the Great Evil One, whom to propitiate was accounted wise devotion. The power of evil was very naturally feared by the savage, and his religious instincts led him to give hostages and pay homage to an enemy more formidable than the lion of the jungle and more insidious than the serpent of the fens.

This profane idea of the devil is not unlike that of the more refined nations of antiquity, of which it is the prototype.

The Greek classics might as well be without their heroes as their Hades. Homer led Ulysses into the realms of Pluto. Thither Euripides, in the *Alcestis*, and Hercules Furens, represents his heroes descending. Sophocles has shown the son of Jupiter and Alce

mene carrying off the three-headed dog of hell. Similar marvellous narratives formed the subject of two of the lost plays of Æschylus, and the soul of his grand tragedy, the sublimest effort of the Grecian tragic muse, is the man-loving and Jove-despising Prometheus, with his will of adamant, unmoved amidst the thunders and lightnings of ALMIGHTY wrath!

We find the prototype of Milton's Satan in this sullen and implacable hater of heaven. Æschylus had a genius for painting with a terrible grace. He delighted to represent those old demi-gods—those dark powers of primitive nature, who, warring against the divine order, had been driven into Tartarus, beneath a better-regulated world. The emperor among Titans, even as Satan among the fallen angels, was Prometheus, half-fiend, yet benefactor of the creature, though invincible in his endless hatred of the CREATOR. The Titan suffers, with what a hopeless agony! yet proud above all pain—chained to the naked rock on the shore of the encircling ocean, conscious that he holds the secret on which rests the ALMIGHTY'S throne; and whether silent in the energy of his will, or giving it expression to the condoling sea-nymphs and the wandering Io; and at last, when still braving the threats of Jove, and amidst the storms of his unappeasable vengeance, he is swallowed up in the chaotic abyss, still defiant, still exultant!

Some have found in this demi-Satan a prototype of the sacrifice of the SAVIOUR. Prometheus suffered to give man perfection; in this he was like our SAVIOUR. But he did this contrary to the will of the OMNIPOTENT; and here the comparison fails. In one case the throes of nature were sympathetic with the sacrifice of DEITY. In the other, they were HEAVEN'S implements of torture! The resemblance between the chained Titan and the fallen son of the morning is so striking that Milton must have taken it as his model of Satanic intellectual energy.

The spirit of the Prometheus may be found lurking in nearly every mythology and religion.

Although the province of the devil was well defined and limited in the Christian dispensation, yet even in its earlier literature we find a sect, who, having taken Prometheus as a type, erected a throne or

earth for the power of hell. The Gnostics of the second century held the doctrine of two principles, from which proceeded all things; one a wise and benevolent DEITY; and the other, a principle essentially evil. Elxai and Saturninus propagated these doctrines in Syria, and in the Greek language, and instituted an order whose tenets utterly degraded the religion of CHRIST. Valentine of Egypt formed them into a system, and evoked out of it, by some fanciful angelic marriages, a Superior Power, called Demiurgus, from whose forming hand our globe and our race issued, and to whom men were enslaved by their evil passions. CHRIST came to this world to redeem it from Demiurgus, and the contest was to rage until Demiurgus was dethroned.

But another Gnostic branch held that the serpent by which our first parents were deceived was either CHRIST himself or Sophia, the perfect wisdom concealed under the serpent's form; and serpents became with them objects of Christian worship! The sophistry of Greece was thus renewed; the distinctions between good and evil were brushed away, and an admirable hint given to the nineteenth-century lawyer, Bailey, of the Inner Temple, for his *Festus*, in which he beatifies the Gnostic vision, and makes the DEITY and the devil to be one!

In the dark ages the devil assimilated himself to the gross imagination of the ignorant, and walked forth in all the material deformity of hoof, horns, claws, and tail. The medium by which he was exhibited was the theologic drama called the Mysteries. The pilgrims from the Holy Land were the actors. In later times, and even up to the Reformation, a higher form of these mysteries obtained, and greater attention was given to their composition. In these plays the devil was a favorite, for *he* always raised the laugh. This theologic stage usually consisted of three platforms, and the devil had the lowest, the angels the next, and God the highest. On one side of the lower platform was a yawning cave, from which the devil ascended to delight and instruct the spectators. Never a king or a baron gave to his subjects or retainers a gala where this rude representation was omitted. Indeed, the devil became so common that men ceased to regard him as other than a jolly good fellow; and the

actor who could growl his part most *demoniacally* won the applause of the men and the smiles of the women.

The relics of this age are yet to be seen in Europe. Many an ancient minster or chapel has its images over the door-way carved in stone, bedaubed in canvas, or illuminated in missal, representing the laughing prince of perdition. I remember one in Fribourg, Switzerland, where the devil appears with the head of a hog, and a basketful of sinners at his back. He weighs them in the scales, and while good angels in vain strive to make the beam kick in favor of heaven, the satellites of sin strive on the *other* side, and that successfully. When weighed, they are shovelled into a seething caldron, where grinning imps stir them into a hotch-potch of slab hell-broth, with an industry worthy of a better cause, and an indelicacy which would shock a Parisian *cuisine*.

The coarseness of the dark ages disappeared, and with it this ribald devil. But in cultivated minds there still lingered a terrible form of evil. It was a reality even as late as Luther—a reality at which the burly reformer hurled his ink-stand in the Wartburg. In the fourteenth century, hell and purgatory were realities, ever present to the eye of the Christian. The vices and follies of men had run riot with a prodigality which called for a retribution; and the stern justice of Dante's intellect created an Inferno, where, with dreadful distinctness, grim and gibbering fiends should add terror to the torments of the damned. At this time learning was just opening its way out of the cloister to the sun-shine; statuary began its mission by carving a Madonna or a crucifix; painting colored a missal, as initiatory to the frescoes which now glorify the domes of the Italian basilicas; eloquence, waiting its Luther and Erasmus, spake in panegyric of some favorite saint; and history toyed at legends preparatory to her more serious duties: then arose Dante, and with the same power with which he dared to scale a heaven of bliss, descended to the abodes of despair.

Yet even his retributive morality, elevated for his age, partakes somewhat of its coarseness. In his description of Satan he seems to have been stricken dumb by the dread apparition, so that his pen trembles in view of its awful office. The few etchings of Satan

which he gives, might have been then considered as sublime at the Florentine court, and would be now, had not Milton far outstretched him in the grandeur and boldness of the vision, and had not some of the features been so grotesque as to be laughable. The first observes Satan standing mid-breast in the icy lake of hell, his black banners before him, and a cloud of night around him. Dante is in stature more like a giant than the giants are his arms !

" If he were beautiful
As he is hideous now, and yet did dare
To scowl upon his MAKER — well from him
May all our misery flow —"

He has three faces; one of vermilion, representing anger; one between wan and yellow, representing envy; the third black, representing gloom. Vast wings shoot forth under his shoulders, made, like those of bats, without plumes, yet larger than any sails upon the sea! He flaps them, and three cold winds come forth, freezing Cocytus to its depth. His six eyes weep tears of bloody foam. At every mouth he champs a sinner, bruising them as with ponderous engine. One of these victims, honored as a special mouthful, is Judas Iscariot, the skin of whose back is stripped up occasionally, by way of variety. No dead Judas either, but extremely vital, for we are told that while his head is in the Satanic jaw he plies his feet without! The last view which Dante has, places his lordship upside down to his vision, which position certainly takes nothing from the terrible grotesqueness of the scene!

But as without the rude Mysteries we would have had no Dante, so without Dante we should have had no Miltonic Satan. The seed of one age becomes the blossom and fruit of another; for the black art of the middle ages gave Goethe the seminal idea of his great drama.

The revival of learning found Europe full of legends of devilish tricks with witches, wizards, warlocks, conjurers, magicians, astrologers, and others of that ilk. How men and women walked invisibly, rode in the air on broomsticks, gibbered a universal language, raised winds, disturbed the dead, and tormented the living — are they not

written in the black-letter folios of the Magi, seldom to be conned seriously in this matter-of-fact age? It may now be thought very undignified in Satan to condescend to such hocus-pocus whimsies as the evil eye, magic circles, tipping tables, cabalistic words, changing a truss of hay into a horse, producing the phantom of a deer-hunt in a banqueting hall, saying the Lord's Prayer backward, and the like. That credulous age has gone by, and we, vaunting our *science*, sneer at it; yes, *we*, in this age of table-tapping spiritualism! Our learned judges who ridicule Lord Hale for his faith in witchcraft; our *savans* who smile at the idea of the protective horse-shoe, who can not see the peculiar virtue in hanging a witch with a green withe, instead of a rope, swallow whole tomes of gibberish revelations from silly and lieing spirits, rapping out their ridiculous fanfaronade on varnished mahogany! There was something horribly definite in the shapes which peopled the medieval imagination. After beating around literature for dim intimations of spiritual devils, it is refreshing to come upon the devil in fact and in form. Those two great eyes stare at you; the flame which breathes from mouth and nostril glares upon you. There is the snaky hair and hardened horn, the dim hide and shaggy back, the divided hoof and double vibrating tongue, the brimstone smell and candles burning blue, as they wink and flicker. The air grows hot, the heart beats as it burns, and the hair of the flesh stands up, while in icy rills sensation chills to the bone! Oh! there was in this a sturdy belief, unruffled by science, quite ravishing to transcendental souls. There was then a happy propensity, especially among the ignorant, to resolve every thing strange and wonderful into devilism. A solution so convenient will commend itself to our rapping circles, as well for its simplicity as for its agreement with the maxim, that where the marvel is unaccountable, the devil is in it. Beside, if not true, it is as good a solution as any yet submitted. This is the way the ignorant people of the fifteenth century resolved all the wonders of magic and the results of alchemy. The wooden pigeon of Architus, the brazen serpent of Boëtius, which hissed, the golden birds of Leo, which sang, and the brazen head of Friar Bacon, which spoke, were evidences of Satanic connection. The scholars and chemists of that time did not feel indignant, either, at the allur-

for many of them, bedevilled by the madness which vanity, seclusion and the fumes of an indigestible learning created, gave out in speeches that, in their transmutation of metals, and in their search after the elixir and the philosopher's stone, the assistance of his nether majesty had been politely tendered.

It was out of this credulity that Dr. Faustus, the sorcerer, became so intimate with the devil. Marlowe, one of Shakspeare's contemporaries, first fixed this legend in the drama. But his Faust was a vulgar sorcerer, tempted by a poor devil to sell his soul for the ordinary price of sensual pleasure and earthly glory; and who, when the forfeit comes to be exacted, shrinks with very unheroic whining.

Many German writers have attempted the same legend: they failed. It was reserved for the great leader of the German choir, to inspire, with perpetual life, this thrilling tradition. Goethe seized upon it, not to gratify the curious, but to establish a truce between the ideal of his soul and the actual of his life, which elements had long warred in his bosom with no determinate purpose or goodly end! He travels with his devil along the dusty pathways of life, penetrates into its purlicue of vice, even becomes licentious, blasphemous, and vulgar in holding the mirror up to its changeful scenes, revels in the wine-cups of the Rhine, and runs the whole round of human pleasure and knowledge; but at last, guided by the gentle spirit of Margaret, whose excellence, innocence, Christian faith, and sensitive purity could not bear even the disguised presence of evil, seeks in her an ideal so ethereally pure and consolingly serene, even amid the prisons and tortures of earth, that the seraphs of God welcome her with transporting minstrelsy on the golden lyres, as if she were the very essence of Godhood and grace! This ideal is the object of the devil's hate. Faust would woo her to himself; but HEAVEN at last divides them; for Faust hath sold himself to the devil, and the sweet presence of Margaret could never dwell, save in unrest, near the dark companion of her love.

The story of Faust is every one's own experience. We burn for more pleasure, knowledge, and power. The fiend promises them if we will sell to him our souls, and then the strife begins.

Solomon has been called the Faust of Scripture. He found the

vanity of pleasure, knowledge, and power, when he had become their bondman. "A genuine and generous attachment might have placed happiness by means of the affections once more within reach of the oriental monarch. But the presence of three hundred wives and seven hundred concubines deprived him of even that contingency." Mephistopheles, the caustic and cynical voluptuary, could have wished for no better subject. "If an overgrown library can produce a surfeit of knowledge, an overstocked seraglio will more certainly bring an atrophy of the affections. When reason, feeling, and conscience are ill at ease, to fall back upon sensual indulgence for a remedy is to take a roll in the gutter by way of a medicated mud-bath!"

To this recreation the sated scholar, Faust, is invited by Mephistopheles, and in the course of their companionship, the character of Mephistopheles, as "the best and only genuine devil of modern times," is revealed. It is this character we now propose to discuss.

Mephistopheles is not the devil of horn and hoof; for he expressly repudiates the use of such signs of his calling. He says of these appendages, that they would prejudice him in society; shrewdly implying that he could get into many a man's graces in a fashionable doublet who would cut his acquaintance if he swished a tail! Carlyle has said, "Goethe's devil is a cultivated personage, acquainted with modern sciences; he sneers at witchcraft and the black art while employing them." He has the manners of your modern gentleman; can swagger and debate, drink and poetize, swear and pray, smoke and philosophize. He is a diplomatist, and can lie with "distinguished consideration." He is a politician, and can talk and trim in a bar-room with as easy a tact as in the study of the scholar. He is a sneering, scoffing devil, sharp at sarcasm, quick to the ridiculous, appreciative of the rascally, loves a lie as an Englishman does beef, or a Spaniard a bull-fight; and has altogether the coolest inventive malignity, mingled with the most infernal meanness ever embodied in literature. He is perfectly at home in a pew, can say most gracefully his grace, and dusts his knees after devotion with great demureness. He believes in himself, and is true to no one else but himself, which makes him consistently false to all.

His first appearance when he asks the LORD, with great self-com

placeneŷ, leave to guide Faust in his own way, and offers to bet with the ALMIGHTY that he will win, is about as frigid a piece of blasphemous mockery as can be found. Obtaining and expressing great thankfulness for the privilege, he goes off from the presence of the ALMIGHTY and his angels with the remark, "I like to see the ancient one" (or old gentleman) "occasionally. It's quite civil in so great a LORD to talk with the devil himself." It is this ultimate, impudent depravity, "logical life with moral death," which makes him so fascinating to the skeptics of Germany. Yet, if need be, he can hide this repulsiveness. You may keep him company for weeks and never have a hint of hell or a sniff of brimstone. He may be with you without your knowledge, seeing without being seen, hearing without being heard, coming in without leave, and leaving without noise; can be shut neither in nor out; is seen when he is not known, and is known when he is not seen: so that he is the more potent in his allurements and dangerous in his designs, because he is so complete in his duplicity. As Spenser was called the poet's poet, so may Mephistopheles be called the devil's devil. He assumes the form of a poodle or a gentleman at will; goes off in thin air, or takes substantial form; sings songs with the jovial; talks like an institution with a "we;" argues philosophy with the pedantic, and plays the Satanic all the time.

One of his many sides is the comical. He has his fun, but it is a diabolical fun. In the wine-cellar, at Leipzig, is a drinking party, loud in carousal and deep in their cups. The devil would show Faust with what little wit and much content life may fly away; and in the guise of travellers they join the party. He sings song, furnishes liquor by boring a hole in the edge of the table, draws from it wine, some of which, spilt by an awkward reveller, turns to flame. Then, indeed, is dismay; then ensues a fight, in which, of course, the devil gets the best; after which he transports, by his necromancy, the carousing company into a paradise of beauty, where, amid flowers and fruit they revel, plucking luscious grapes with avidity, which, as the illusion is dispelled, they find, for grapes, each other's noses.

It is said that the devil has a hand in all the fun and frolic of life. There is some reason for the assertion. The confession may not be

creditable; but an analysis of the most comical characters of Shakespeare or Dickens will reveal a large alloy of deviltry. Mischief is first cousin to Momus. "Old Knick" always has fun at his "table." There is an infirmity in our nature which likes this flavor of sin in the wine of life; it may be because it prefers the joking to the earnest devil. Many never think of him without a chuckle, or talk of him without a joke. The majority will enjoy the Devil's Drive of Byron better than his Lucifer, and the Devil's Thoughts with Coleridge much better than Satan's speeches to his fallen comrades. Coleridge has happily seen the laughing side, and catches this view of him when he sings,

"FROM his brimstone bed at break of day
A-walking the devil is gone,
To visit his snug little farm, the earth,
And see how his stock goes on.

"Over the hill and over the dale,
And he went over the plain,
And backward and forward he switched his long tail,
As a gentleman switches his cane.

"He saw a lawyer killing a viper
On a dung-hill hard by his own stable;
And the devil smiled, for it put him in mind
Of CAIN and his brother ABEL.

"He saw an apothecary on a white horse
Ride by on his vocations,
And the devil thought of his old friend,
DEATH in the Revelations.

"He saw a cottage with a double coach-house,
A cottage of gentility,
And the devil did grin, for his darling sin
Is pride which apes humility.

"He peeped into a rich bookseller's shop,
Quoth he, 'We are both of one college;
For I sate myself, like a cormorant, once
Hard by the tree of knowledge.'"

Byron took up this strain, and tried to handle it similarly, but he had less humor than spleen. His devil drove with him into London, visited the booksellers, the Lords and Commons, and found so much geniality, that he went back delighted to his meal of homicides done in *ragoût*, and a rebel or two in an Irish stew, and sausages made of a self-slain Jew.

But no author has combined, in this jolly devil, such a variety of diabolic attributes as Goethe. It was necessary that life be exhibited in all its phases, and to omit laughter would have been a sad deprivation. Having bound Faust in a contract signed with his own blood, he runs with him the round of transient joy, takes him through the rack-ing experiences of love, hampers his mind with denial, harrows it with doubt, proves to him the emptiness of pleasure, and drives him to despair, and would drive us also, but for the heavenly vision of Margaret, whose life, like the prayers of Dante's Beatrice, buoy the soul upward to the SOURCE of Love and Light! whose life leaps from the dark drama like a silver cascade from a gloomy Alpine gorge, white in purity, spanned by the iris of Hope, and singing like a seraph of Joy.

The Satan of Milton is so familiar that it needs no analysis in order to compare him with this sneering skeptic of Goethe. The former is epical, the latter dramatic. The former is a higher reach of genius. It is transcendental. The Satan of Milton, like the witches of Macbeth or the Tempest, is supernatural. The scenery and conduct belongs not to our sphere, the earth. Mephistopheles is entirely at home among *men*. The Satan of Milton is vast, vague, uncertain, "floating many a rood;" a conception, not a form of matter; a shadowy phantom towering sublime like Teneriffe, with features scarred with the thunder of God's vengeance. Mephistopheles is a worldling, a changeling, a schemer, with no very determinate means, but takes any to a bad end.

"So monarchs, when their politics grow stale,
Change measures, and by *novelty* prevail."

The Satan of Milton in intellectual massiveness is only equalled by his moral obliquity. He embodies a *will* more than Promethean

Mephistopheles seems to say, "I would," or "I may;" Satan, "I WILL!"

Napoleon coped with destiny, and read in the stars his horoscope; and he moved on to its fulfillment as the cannon-ball which he sped, regardless of the ruin it made. Talleyrand played with men and associated with women, and, like the Vicar of Bray, by a mobility in duplicity, retained his place under every form of government. Bonaparte was more like Satan; Talleyrand, Mephistopheles. Mephistopheles copes with man, and laughs over his success in human weakness; Satan copes with God, and energizes, by his nervous oratory, the myriads of hell to rise against the OMNIPRESENT in arms. The one shirks and dodges through life; the other rises above life, defies Death and conquers Despair.

In Mephistopheles we have a dove in gentleness, if need be; a serpent in cunning at all times; but he never rises to that lofty daring in which the heroic element consists. "But Satan's might intellectual is victorious over all extremities of pain; amid agonies unutterable, he delineates, resolves, and even exults. Against the sword of Michael, the thunder of *ГЕHOBAH*, the flaming lake, and the marl burning with solid fire; against the prospect of an eternity of unintermittent misery, his spirit bears up unbroken, resting on its own innate energies, requiring no support from any thing external, nor even from hope itself!"

Satan and Mephistopheles are neither old wives' devils, such as those of Tasso and Klopstock; they are not vast, well-defined machines, munching Iscariots, like Dante's Satan; not allegorico-mystico-sophistico-metaphysical devils, like Bailey's Lucifer, hungering and thirsting after unrighteousness, and striving to reconcile good with evil, and to educe purity out of pollution.

There is a fascination both in Satan and in Mephistopheles, which belongs not to the heroes of Byron and Bailey. Byron reflects in his Lucifer his own morbid doubtings, and reviles God with a bitterness of spirit which deserves the reprobation of the good. Bailey, in his Festus, loses all regard for the properties of the diabolic. His devil falls in love in one place; in another, scolds the damned like a fish-woman, reproves his under-fiends for laziness, telling them that they

do not earn enough to pay for the caloric that burns them; mingles love and lust; loses sight of the distinctions between the moral and the intellectual, and ends his medley with the triumph of sensibility over reason and the endevilment of God ALMIGHTY.

Suppose proclamation were made for a great congress in Pandemonium. The infernal palace of Dis is lighted with the lurid flames; the hissing of the serpents, the wail of the lost, and the surging of the liquid lake ceases for the occasion. Suddenly the smoke of the pit clears away, the seats of the Satanic senators are revealed, and the roll is called. Sheva, the black destroyer of Ind, answers for himself and queen; Prometheus, the Titanic heaven-hater, and Demiurgus, the gnostic world-king of evil, are there! The arch-fiend of the Mysteries exalts his horn, and stamps with his iron hoof! The three-faced Emperor of Dante, with his mouthful of sinners, sends a tempest from his mighty wings to announce his presence! The leering Mephistopheles swaggers to his seat with a devil-may-care air! And Lucifer, Moloch, and Belial, and Beelzebub, and all the devils of romance, tradition, and history, fill the hall. But the great leader appears not yet! Suspense reigns in the abyss! Far off his coming shines! And Satan, the self-elected king of all, strides proudly to the highest seat! Then go up the shouts which shake hell's concave!

No caucus for speaker is needed now. No wrangle for the premiership; for no voice is heard till the ruined archangel has first spoken and commanded. He overtops them all, even as Jove the gods of Olympus, "in mien and gesture proudly eminent!"

Other languages have had worse specimens of depravity in their literature than ours. France, in her licentiousness, Germany, in her skepticism, Italy, in her abandonment, have more of the elements of positive evil; but it was reserved for the English muse to produce this unrivalled genius of evil; and while we deplore that industry, intellect, and will are associated with so much badness, yet, thanks to John Milton, the freeman of English intellect, at once heroic and holy, he has created an impassable gulf between evil and good, and testing human action by these most radical distinctions, sings a "Paradise Regained" from the thralldom of Satan!

Thus much for our analysis of the Satanic element of literature.

There is much only hinted, more unsaid. My limits allow no excursions into the fields of theology. Nor have I introspected the human heart, to find its legions of devils, who harbor along its sinuous avenues, and revel in its chambers of imagery. We may feel bold at the idea that the material devil has disappeared; may draw a relieving sigh that all these creations we have considered are but the figments of the imagination; but this one fact remains as palpable as granite, that there is a devil, all the more real because viewless, all the more subtle because concealed, all the more dangerous because he hides in our hearts, befools our senses, and makes his hell in our own unhappiness. His is a spiritual existence, and therefore a more terrible reality!

Is, then, the "Paradise Regained" but a song? And shall the fact ever be a Paradise Lost — *lost — lost for ever!* Shall those mysterious relations of the soul to evil, emblemed in these creations of literature, continue? Shall the soul for ever "lacerate itself with sin and misery, like a captive bird against the iron limits which necessity has drawn around it?" We answer fearfully, *Yes*; yet hopefully, *No!*

Fearfully, *Yes*; for while the human intellect is prostituted through print, there is the most enduring of wrongs, the most irrevocable of evils. It is the angel of light, fallen, and eclipsed of his glory, and dragging other angels with him. Wit, fancy, talent, humor, judgment, and genius join in some gifted mind with the cunning craft of deviltry, and an influence like that of a leprous spot enters and defiles the soul for ever.

Hopefully, *No*; for as the age grows brighter and warmer, a kindlier philosophy bedews the lip of song, and a holier spirit enkindles the fire of enthusiasm. The works of those who refuse consecration at the font of purity, who would wanton with licentiousness and error, will be thrown aside among the rubbish of dullness and duncery. The splendors of genius will not save them from the eclipses of neglect. This idolatry of the Satanic will pass away, and the prince of the power of the air will in vain seek for his old alliance with the genius of print, so long as virtue is regarded as better

than ability, and godliness than gain. Shall the evil one for ever haunt humanity? Hopefully, no! no! no!

I have an Italian painting which is emblematic of this contest between evil and good on the earth. It is a night scene on the shores of Sicily. The artist stands amidst the broken columns and disjointed arches of a villa, beautiful in its ruin, even as man in his fall. He overlooks the blue sea. There is an unwonted blending of light and shadow on earth, wave and sky. Light and shadow? Rather *lights* and shadow; for two lights reveal a scene of loveliness and terror. Yon red and lurid light bursts from the top of *Ætna* in eruption. Yon white and tranquil light gleams from the moon, through rolling clouds of smoke — gleams in broken silver on the wave, on the ruin, against the lining of the cloud, and mingling with the lurid blaze, repaints the mountain sides, the half-hid villages by the shore, and interpenetrates the moving masses of smoke, which the sea-breeze bears away from the peak to the inland. The chaste light of heaven thus blends with the impure fires of earth, as the good struggles with the evil.

Lo! ships skim the sea, full-rigged and swift; for interchange goes on amidst the elemental strife. In the light which fills the rents of the ruin, in the foreground, sits a rustic maiden in picturesque white bodice and scarlet kirtle, blushing at the tale of love whispered by the shepherd at her side; for love survives, though polluted Pompeiis perish! The fire-mountain rises from the sea, whose waves, moonlit and musical, spring to kiss its throbbing feet and cool its raging fire; for joy is not wholly hushed by the earthquake which "smacks its rumbling lips," eager to devour. The lights reveal, amidst the villages and through the smoke, many a spire of God's church, pointing with silent emphasis upward.

But a pall overhangs the picture; yet through it the allegory shines. The shadow of evil beclouds human destiny, yet through it we see commerce knitting man to man by the amenities of intercourse; love blending heart to heart by her solaces of sweetness; joy making music on the sands of time; and religion pointing out the path of aspiration, to a better home, where throes of earth and

the temptations of Satan come nevermore! Through it shines the queen of heaven, serene as faith, and beautiful as hope.

Ætna's fires grow dim before the rising day, but that queen of heaven, untainted by its impurity, sails away to smile on other lands. The morning shows but the ashes of the wasted energies of the night of boding. Wasted? Oh! no; for even its ashes may fructify the earth; and it is well said, that in the ploughing of the earthquake, even as in the ploughing of grief, wrought by temptations, is the agriculture of God. Without it no rich immortal vintage can be gathered. And trials and temptations of the evil spirit, and the literature which enshrines it, may last, like Ætna's fire, for a night; but hopefully the heart yearns for the joy which cometh in the morning!

Jeannie Marsh of Cherry Valley.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

AIR. "*Roy's Wife.*"

I.

JEANNIE MARSH of Cherry Valley,
At whose call the muses rally;
Of all the nine none so divine
As JEANNIE MARSH of Cherry Valley.
She 'minds me of her native scenes,
Where she was born among the cherries;
Of peaches, plums, and nectarines,
Pears, apricots, and ripe strawberries!
JEANNIE MARSH of Cherry Valley.

II.

JEANNIE MARSH of Cherry Valley,
In whose name the muses rally;
Of all the nine none so divine
As JEANNIE MARSH of Cherry Valley
A sylvan nymph with queenly grace,
An angel she in every feature;
The sweet expression of the place,
A dimple in the smile of nature!
JEANNIE MARSH of Cherry Valley.

The Sun-Dial of Isella.

BY RICHARD B. KIMBALL.

OUR young traveller—we have no means of ascertaining his name, or who he was, possibly the author of “Views Afoot”—had safely crossed the last torrent, which, the bridge having been swept away a few days previous, was even now not altogether free from danger. He had passed the boundary of the Valais, and, in fact, stood upon the soil of Italy. To be sure, he did not at once behold the deep blue of the sky, nor breathe the mild atmosphere, nor witness the exuberance of foliage and of flower, which belong under an Italian sun. Nevertheless, the presence of the luxuriant chestnut, the softer green of the grass, and the frequent appearance of the vine itself, proved to our pedestrian, as he entered the little village of Isella, that he was fast bidding adieu to the desolate majesty of the mountain, and would soon enjoy a prospect of the loveliness of the plain.

There was nothing inviting about the place which the youth had reached, save its romantic situation. At the present time it was filled with travellers in great variety, who had been detained by the overflowing of the “gallery” beyond, which rendered an advance impossible. The sole house of entertainment was a miserable and dirty inn, now literally without provisions, if we may except a quantity of onions and some fat bacon. It could, of course, afford no accommodation for the hourly increasing additions to the company. The only building of decent appearance was the custom-house; for Isella, being the frontier town and on the Simplon route, the number of travellers was large at certain seasons, and at this spot every species of luggage underwent a close examination. Finding he could obtain nothing

whatever at the tavern, the youth, without delaying to exchange courtesies with any of his fellow *voyageurs* whom he encountered there, turned suddenly away, and with the promptness and alacrity of an old soldier, entered one of the meanly-built cottages which compose the town, and soon procured half a loaf of black bread, some very poor cheese, and a bottle of wine, so exceeding sour that, thirsty as he was, it was not till he had been nearly choked by the coarse crumbs he could bring himself to swallow it. He left the hut, making a series of wry faces, but, after all, feeling much refreshed and quite ready for adventure. The "gallery" was still filled with water; yet to a pedestrian, this might not prove an insurmountable obstacle; so he resolved, after reclaiming his knapsack at the custom-house, and with another glance at the surrounding scenery, to hasten on his way. Who will blame our hero? What to him — young, eager, and enthusiastic — was the crowd which pressed around the inn? What to him was the look of interest displayed by many a fair girl, as he passed, this way and that, unconscious? He was entering Italy for the first time. But he did not hasten on his way; he staid more than one good hour at this unpromising, wretched place. Notwithstanding the sun began to decline, and kept sinking and sinking toward the west, still he remained quietly on the same spot where he stopped — as he thought but for a moment — just after leaving the officers of the customs, with his knapsack in his hand.

It was before a sun-dial: a dial not remarkable in its appearance, an ordinary dial, but having some letters engraved on it, which attracted his attention, and he paused to read them. The lines made such an impression on him that he put down his knapsack, drew out his memorandum-book, and seated himself a few steps aside to copy the inscription. It was as follows:

"TORNA tornando il sol, l'ombra smarritta;
Ma non più rètorna l'età fuggita."

The vanished shadow returns when returns the sun
But fugitive Life returns never again.

WHILE the youth sat for a moment, engrossed with reflections which the words suggested, two persons approached the dial, and stopped before it. They were husband and wife, refined in appearance, and considerably past the prime of life. They stood quite still for two or three minutes, their eyes fixed on the inscription. The woman was the first to speak. Turning her face full on her husband, though still retaining his arm, she exclaimed: "Now I know why you left the young people at Martigny to follow us in the morning; I have not forgotten this spot; I have not forgotten that thirty years ago this day" — and tears started to her eyes as she spoke — "you and I were here, in this very place, reading these same lines: impulsive, vivacious, and very happy; we were just married; these lines struck me as full of sentiment, but it never occurred to me that they conveyed a moral lesson, for a moral lesson just then seemed quite out of place. So I thought, at least, when, with serious, almost solemn, look, you said to me, 'No, it returns no more again! Let us live so that we shall never have one regret that it does not return; let us live so that, growing wiser and happier each day, to go back to yesterday would only be a lessening of our joys.' But I did not forget what you said, Walter," she added, after a moment's pause.

"You did not, Maude," replied her husband gently; "and here we stand, before this mute monitor, to thank God that we did not pass it unheeded. Thirty years seem compressed into a day," he continued in a less serious tone; "indeed I do not feel one hour older."

"Neither do I," responded the wife; "and as for you, your heart positively seems younger than on the morning you spoke so seriously." There was an interchange of affectionate looks, when she said to him, "And yet, Walter, how insensibly events steal upon us! What agency is at work, unseen, unfelt, and unperceived, till we are taken by surprise by what is accomplished? Do you not think?" —

"HOLLOA, there! is there any thing worth seeing up yonder?" echoed from a coarse voice below, so startlingly that our youth lost the remainder of the sentence. At the same moment, from another

direction, appeared a party of young fellows, evidently students; and the *lovers* walked quietly away.

The young men came up in great glee. One read the inscription aloud, two or three gesticulating vigorously to his emphasis. Vociferous plaudits followed the performance. "Bravo!" cried one, "those lines are worthy of the old 'Many-Sided' himself; not unlike" — "Our subject, gentlemen, is *Time*," broke in another with an oratorical tone; "a very important one, when you consider how long we may be kept here, subjected to such entertainment as is served up for us at the *Inferno* over the way. Nevertheless it is my duty to caution you. Beware of impatience. Do well and wait. Let it be your consolation that time flies swiftly; for what says Horatius Flaccus?

"*Eheu, fugaces, Posthume, Posthume, labuntur anni!*"

'To-morrow will be one day after to-day,

and

One more day carries us a day farther on.'

That shall be the inscription on my sun-dial, when I erect one. But I am growing tedious; I perceive it myself; I beg pardon for interrupting some body, who was about to say something. Pray, proceed." "Good people," harangued another of the group, mounting a large stone for a rostrum, "permit me to arouse you to a sense of your unhappy condition. You are neglecters of the present; while you spend your precious moments here, Alfieri Fierafsi is cooking his last onion. *Curpe diem*. You doubt, you gainsay, you deny absolutely, you don't budge, one of you, after that onion. You are thinking of Godot's soups and Stein's friandeaus. What a mistake! what a fatal error! Listen to me. Look not behind; the past is monumental salt; 'a living dog is better than a dead lion;' so the present living and breathing onion is worth more than a kitchen-full of have-beens, whether roasted, stewed, or fried! All which Master Schiller (catching the thought from me) indifferently well paraphrases as follows:

"'FRIENDS, fairer times have been,

Who can deny, than we ourselves have seen,

And an old race of more majestic worth?
 Were History silent on the Past, in sooth,
 A thousand stones would witness of the truth,
 Which men disbury from the womb of earth
 But yet that race, if more endowed than ours,
 Is past! No joy to death can glory give;
 But we, we *are*, to us the breathing hours;
 They have the best who live!"

Immense applause succeeded the recitative, and with a general shout of

"Huzza for 'the omnipotent Now!'"

the party went frolicking on their way.

THESE had scarcely left before another company appeared, composed of tourists, who had evidently made each other's acquaintance *en route*, and their plans coinciding, were going on together. There was a handsome girl among them, with a stylish figure, black hair, and dark eyes, who was particularly demonstrative in praise of the inscription.

"Italian!" she exclaimed; "we are really, then, in Italy—in Italy!"

"You are, Mademoiselle," said a young man, with as much admiration in his look as he dared to manifest; "this is the frontier."

"Indeed! oh! how happy I am! in Italy at last! My dreams so soon to be realized! I can scarcely contain myself with delight! And these lines: I must have a new title in my common-place book; here it is; your pencil a moment: *Sun-Dial*"—and the inscription was copied. "How admirable! how appropriate! 'Time, the runaway.' Ah! yes! he is a runaway; and how he keeps us chasing after him!"

While the fair one, in the exuberance of life and health, was giving play to her elastic spirits, a young girl, very pale, with hollow cheeks, attenuated form, and weak step, leaning on the arm of

ner father, came up and stood behind the group — a victim of consumption doubtless, on her way to a more genial climate, and — a grave. The eye of the invalid rested on the dial. Word by word she seemed to take in what was written. She did not speak, but with a gentle sigh, and a look mournful yet placid, she turned aside, and parent and child proceeded.

Meanwhile the other young lady was running on as vivaciously as ever.

"Well," she continued, "now that I have one inscription, I wish I could find another."

"Allow me to furnish one," said the young man before named; "I took it from the dial at Ununa:

"*'VULNERANT omnes, ultima necat';*
All wound, the last slays."

He pronounced these words in a tone so pointed that the handsome girl, although evidently used to compliment, blushed, and asked, hastily, "Where is Ununa? My geography at this instant fails me."

"It is on the Spanish frontier," replied the other.

"You have been in Spain, then?" said the handsome girl, fixing her eyes on her admirer with a glance of deeper interest than she had hitherto manifested. "Oh! how I want to go to Spain! I must go to Spain, before we return — the country of" — The company were walking on, and the rest of the conversation was lost.

"WHAT *can* it be yon party were gazing at?" said one of two very solemn personages who now drew near, in charge of a courier.

"A sun-dial, Messieurs — a very famous one — erected by Charles the Great when he conquered the Alps; to show, as you perceive, the hour of the day, and also to indicate when the weather is cloudy."

"Indeed! is it possible? You will please render the lines for us?"

"With pleasure, Messieurs; very famous lines they are — written

by the poet Alpheus. It's Italian — Italian, Messieurs." And the courier proceeded to translate them thus :

"WHEN you see the sun, you see the shadow ;
But Time goes along, and no body is the wiser !"

"Exceedingly impressive," said one of the solemn faces.

"Exceedingly," echoed the other.

AT this moment the president of the — Bank in — street, a little in advance of his family, to show his leading position, reached the spot.

"Strange," he exclaimed, "that in these old countries they should have introduced so few modern improvements!" Turning to his daughter, he demanded "The English of those words?" It was given pretty correctly, for the young lady had "attended" to the modern languages.

"Now, then," said the bank president, "this is absolutely untrue. Any body knows that the sun comes round every day ; and any body ought to know, too, that in cloudy weather the shadow do n't come. Ridiculous ! Preposterous ! All stuff ! This machine may do well enough here, but I hardly think it would answer for a rainy day at the bank. Our notary would not know when to protest."

"But, father," said the daughter, timidly, "how do we ascertain when we have the true time except by the sun ? and how else can we correct our time ?"

"Child !" replied the financier, in an authoritative tone, "I am astonished at this display of your ignorance after such an education as you have received. How do we correct our time ? By the chronometer, to be sure !" And the president of the — Bank in — street strode on.

THE next comer was a pragmatICAL old gentleman, having in his charge, as pupils, two young scions, who appeared particularly to dis-

relish the restraint which their senior attempted to impose, and the instruction with which he was continually endeavoring to cram them.

"Ha! a sun-dial," said the old fellow; "an excellent opportunity for investigating the subject of dials! They are of great antiquity — very great antiquity. The first we have any account of is the dial of Ahaz, of which we read in the Second of Kings, and on which the shadow went ten degrees backward, as a sign to King Hezekiah; and in this connection I deem it proper to observe that the miracle was probably effected by means of refraction, performed on the atmosphere by the agency of clouds or vapors rather than by an interruption of the course of the earth or any of the heavenly bodies. I will remark about the dial, first, as to its antiquity. Ahaz began his reign just four hundred years before Alexander, and twelve after the foundation of Rome. How long the dial was in use before the time of Ahaz, we know not; without doubt a considerable period. Some writers insist that Anaximenes, the Milesian, four hundred years before CHRIST, was the first who made a sun-dial. Others bestow this honor on his countryman, Thales, who lived two hundred years earlier. I will not now speak of Aristarchus, nor of Papyrius Cursor, and others named in history as having made dials; for the moderns have brought dialling to much greater perfection. Opportunity, however, is wanting, else I would give you a lecture on this rigidly mathematical science. Nevertheless, if you will lend me your crayon, I will teach you how to construct the common dial, referring you, at the same time, for more special scientific information, to the works of Rivard, De Parcieux, Dom. Bedos de Celles, Joseph Blaise Garnier, Gravesande, Emerson, Martin, and Leadbeater. Now for a gnomonic figure. Let A, B, C represent" —

"Tom! I say, Tom! what the deuce are you loitering there for? We are having lots of fun up this way."

Whereat the two youths, in the most abrupt manner, took to their heels, leaving pencil and paper in the hand of the astonished preceptor, who, slowly shaking his head, but without a word of comment, walked reluctantly forward.

ALMOST immediately after, the author of — passed the spot. His person was known to our youth, who watched the movements of the man of celebrity with considerable interest. A glance was given at the dial, the lines were rapidly transferred to his note-book, while he muttered, half aloud, "A good motto for the heading of a chapter. It *may* do for an article. Strange, often as I have been here, this should have escaped me." It seemed to our young traveller, as the author walked away, as if his heart had been taken out, and an artificial one put in its place.

A SOLITARY and sad-looking figure paused before the dial, and raising his eyes to heaven, said something about "a day's march nearer home," and pursued his course.

THE young pedestrian fell into a reverie. "It is even so," he said to himself; "the world is a mirror which reflects one's own thoughts, and feelings, and hopes, and fears, and character, and disposition. Hence the great truth: 'Seek and ye shall find.' No matter what one seeks, a supply always follows the demand."

The youth was startled from his day-dream by the vigorous and healthful voice of a man, in the prime of life, who, with a companion, had approached the dial unobserved, and was in his turn reading the inscription.

"Very neat," he exclaimed; "the Italians have a most delicate way of expressing a sentiment; but after all, this does not compare with our straightforward and forcible English proverb:

"'TIME and tide wait for no man!'"

So it seems, thought the youth; for, starting hastily to his feet, he threw his knapsack over his shoulder, and was presently hid from sight by an abrupt bend in the road just below the village.





Henry W. Longfellow

The Emperor's Bird's-Nest.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

ONCE the Emperor CHARLES of Spain,
With his swarthy, grave commanders,
I forget in what campaign,
Long besieged in mud and rain
Some old frontier town of Flanders.

Up and down the dreary camp,
In great boots of Spanish leather,
Striding with a measured tramp,
These Hidalgos, dull and damp,
Cursed the Frenchmen, cursed the weather.

Thus, as to and fro they went,
Over upland and through hollow,
Giving their impatience vent,
Perched upon the Emperor's tent,
In her nest they spied a swallow.

Yes, it was a swallow's nest,
Built of clay and hair of horses'
Mane or tail, or dragon's crest,
Found on hedge-rows, east or west,
After skirmish of the forces.

Then an old Hidalgo said,
As he twirled his gray mustachio,
"Sure this swallow over-head
Thinks our Emperor's tent a shed,
And our Emperor but a Macho! '*"

* Macho, the Spanish for mule.

Hearing his imperial name
Coupled with these words of malice,
Half in anger, half in shame,
Forth the great campaigner came,
Slowly from his canvas palace.

"Let no hand the bird molest,"
Said he, solemnly, "nor hurt her!"
Adding then, by way of jest,
"GOLONDRINA is my guest;
'T is the wife of some deserter!" *

Swift as bow-string speeds a shaft,
Through the camp was spread the rumor
And the soldiers, as they quaffed
Flemish beer at dinner, laughed
At the Emperor's pleasant humor.

So, unharmed and unafraid,
There the swallow sat and brooded.
Till the constant cannonade
Through the walls a breach had made,
And the siege was thus concluded.

Then the army, elsewhere bent,
Struck its tents as if disbanding;
Only not the Emperor's tent,
For he ordered ere he went,
Very curtly, "Leave it standing!"

And it stood there all alone,
Loosely flapping, torn and tattered,
Till the brood was fledged and flown,
Singing o'er those walls of stone,
That the cannon-shot had shattered.

* GOLONDRINO, in Spanish, means a swallow and a deserter.

Traditions of the Natchez.

BY T. B. THORPE.

OF all our Indian tribes, none were more interesting or more rudely destroyed than the Natchez. What is remembered of them is calculated to make a deep impression upon the imagination, and to cause regret that some historian had not preserved a truthful history of this singular people. In the early traditions of the Mexicans, preserved to us in their hieroglyphical paintings, there is presented the wonderful spectacle of families and nations, from innate impulses, moving from "the North," and, ever restless, wandering over an unoccupied continent in search of homes. It is evident that the same wisdom that confounded the primitive language at Babel, and scattered the swarming millions of Asia, impelled the early occupants of our continent to move onward like advancing waves of the sea.

In these strange migrations, some chief must have separated from the parent multitude, and turned his face with his followers toward the South-west; and finally reaching the delectable lands of all the valley of the lower Mississippi, there established what was afterwards known as the tribe of the Natchez.

The country selected is of surpassing loveliness; for, from the precipitous bluff that so unexpectedly frowns down upon the Mississippi, inland, to where the nation erected its great mound, is one continuous undulation of picturesque scenery, originally enriched with groves of live oaks and magnolias. It was really a fairy land, and enough of the primitive forest still remains to give the sanction of truth to the most florid description of it preserved in legendary lore.

There can not be a doubt, that at the time these nomadics took

possession of their adopted homes, that the surrounding country was comparatively without inhabitants; for the savage and warlike nations which lived in the neighborhood never would have permitted the Natchez, when in their infancy, to occupy lands, which afterward even they defended more by moral than by physical force.

As fire-worshippers, the Natchez displayed their Oriental origin, and they were more sincere in this most poetic of all idolatries than the magi of the East. They possessed a tradition which, unlike the traditions of any other nation, gallantly ascribed the salvation of their race to a woman. This was, that after the destruction of all the inhabitants of the earth, save a single family, which family was about to die because of the continued darkness of the heavens, a young girl, inspired with the wish to save her race, threw herself into the fire which was used as a light; and that no sooner was her body consumed, than she arose in the East, surrounded with such surpassing glory that her form could not be looked upon: thus enshrined, she became the chief, her nearest female relation being elected her successor. Hence was established the worship of the sun, and the living sacrifice of the sacred fire, together with the belief, that so long as it blazed upon their altars, the Natchez would be powerful and happy.

The Sun, a female sovereign, was absolute in power. The rewards of the chase, and of the cultivation of the soil, were placed under her charge, implying, that they were the results of her genial rays, and through her, as if direct from the hands of Providence, they were distributed among the people.

The Natchez must have rapidly increased after their establishment on the banks of the Mississippi; for their tradition was, that in the first century of their settlement, they erected those monuments of industry on which to erect their temples and bury their dead, the remains of which are so much admired to this day. Their great work was built upon a hill, where they believed fire fell from the sun, indicating that their wanderings were at an end. This series of mounds, the most remarkable in the valley of the Mississippi, have been almost entirely overlooked by the curious in such relics of ancient days.

A natural hillock was levelled upon the top, and used as the foundations of the mounds, the only example known. Upon a base thus

prepared was raised the grand elevation for the great temple of the Sun, and the inferior works used for defence, and the graves of the nobles. In examining these singular ruins, now covered with trees of a century's growth, it is not difficult to conceive them rising in their perfection from the open plain, their summits smoking with sacrificial fires, and covered with priests and people. It was only upon the great mound, and at the festival of fruits, that the Sun showed herself to the multitude. Attired in robes of white cotton, adorned with feathers, and her breast glistening with various brilliant stones, she assisted in the early greeting of her supposed ancestor, and as the god of day ascended in the East, and shot his bright rays across the landscape, they first of all fell upon the sacred priestess, and were reflected back in ten thousand rays, which were regarded by the worshippers, as a recognition of sympathy and acknowledged relationship.

According to the belief of the Natchez, the extinction of the fires of the temple would be the signal for their destruction; thus having it would seem, with some other nations mentioned in history, a foreboding of their extermination. A brief period before the French invaded their homes, by some accident this fearful catastrophe happened, and the nation was consequently suffering from superstitious depression. It was therefore that they fell a comparatively easy prey to the superior arms and discipline of the European invader.

In their struggle for existence, after an obstinate defence, they were first driven from the banks of the river, but again rallying, they gathered for their final struggle at the base of the great mound. As soon as the tribe thought themselves sufficiently prepared, they provoked attack, and their last great battle took place. The Sun-Chief was killed, and the survivors, believing that the dark prophecy that rested upon the Natchez had been fulfilled, as a crowd of flying fugitives retreated west of the Mississippi, and after various misfortunes, were lost, or became absorbed among the Oumas, the Tensas, and other friendly tribes.

The enlightened mind, in speaking of the Natchez, explains their destruction upon philosophical reasons. It was the weak giving way to the strong; but their fate appealed to more sympathising and more imaginative hearts, who have softened the story of their ruin, stripped

it of its harsher features, and left it so interwoven with golden light, that we half forget the unwelcome truth, and think hopefully of the departed. The Southern Indians of our day, when sitting beside their "council fires," and speaking of the times that are past, tell us:

That a young Natchez chief, famed for his virtue and bravery, became enamored of a beautiful maiden, and that his passion was returned. His interviews were stolen ones, and few and far between. On one occasion, when the young chief was keeping his night-watch over the sacred fire of the temple, he heard the plaintive song of a day-bird; and flying to the neighboring groves, there met his mistress, and exchanged the solemn vows of eternal love. Returning to the temple, the young chief, to his horror, discovered that the flame had expired in his, unconsciously to him long absence, and the altars, which had ever glowed with living fire, were cold.

Alarm filled the young warrior's breast; despair was impressed upon his features; and as the sun illumined the hills, and made the homes of the Natchez glisten in its refreshing, and to them sacred radiance, there was no response of ascending sacrifice, and the chief priests rushed with precipitation to the temple, to learn the cause.

Terrible indeed were the wailings that ascended from the soul-stricken worshippers. It was deemed that a curse had fallen upon the nation; that its speedy extinction was shadowed forth; and amidst the excitement, by order of the great Sun, the young maiden was sacrificed, not only as a propitiation, but that her surpassing beauty should no longer tempt the guardians of the sacred altars to neglect their vigils.

The young chief was doomed to make expiation in fastings and prayers; and after due ceremonies, he was imprisoned in the centre of the great mound, there to remain until he wooed back the lost fire from heaven. It was in vain that he essayed the comparatively easy task of lighting the proper combustibles by rapid friction. Overwhelmed by religious fear, his strength of arm appeared to have departed; and even when, from long and patient labor, the fire was about to descend, a tear of regret for the memory of his mistress would fall upon the just-igniting wood, and leave his interminable task to be again renewed.

Although years, yea, centuries, have passed away ; although the entrance to the great mound has crumbled undistinguishably into the surrounding mass, and huge trees have usurped the places of the ascents and the altars, yet the old Indians, in their day-dreams, visit the young chief, who is still in the centre of the mound, perseveringly engaged in his labor — and confidently assert, that when he recovers the sacred fire, he will again appear at the altar, and that the Natchez, in all their former glory, will take possession of their now desolated homes.



Yours cordially,
John G. Paxe

I'm Growing Old.

BY JOHN G. Saxe.

My days pass pleasantly away,
My nights are blest with sweetest sleep,
I feel no symptoms of decay,
I have no cause to mourn nor weep,
My foes are impotent and shy,
My friends are neither false nor cold;
And yet, of late, I often sigh,
I'm growing old!

My growing talk of olden times,
My growing thirst for early news,
My growing apathy to rhymes,
My growing love of easy shoes,
My growing hate of crowds and noise,
My growing fear of taking cold,
All whisper in the plainest voice,
I'm growing old!

I'm growing fonder of my staff,
I'm growing dimmer in the eyes,
I'm growing fainter in my laugh,
I'm growing deeper in my sighs,
I'm growing careless of my dress,
I'm growing frugal of my gold,
I'm growing wise. I'm growing — yes —
I'm growing old!

I see it in my changing taste,
I see it in my changing hair,
I see it in my growing waist,
I see it in my growing heir;
A thousand signs proclaim the truth,
As plain as truth was ever told,
That even in my vaunted youth,
I'm growing old!

Ah me! my very laurels breathe
The tale in my reluctant ears,
And every boon the Hours bequeath,
But makes me debtor to the Years!
E'en Flattery's honied words declare
The secret she would fain withhold,
And tells me in "How young you are!"
I'm growing old!

Thanks for the years, whose rapid flight
My sombre muse too sadly sings!
Thanks for the gleams of golden light
That tint the darkness of their wings!
The light that beams from out the sky,
Those heavenly mansions to unfold,
Where all are blest, and none may sigh,
"I'm growing old."

Edmund Kean.

B Y H . T . T U C K E R M A N .

THE finest moral trait in Kean was a certain spirit, tenacity of purpose, and lofty confidence in himself, which differed widely from presumption or conceit: a kind of instinctive faith, that no force of circumstances or prescription ever quenched. This quality, more easily felt than described, seems the prerogative of genius in all departments of life, and is often the only explicable inspiration that sustains it amid discomfiture and privation. It runs, like a thread of gold, through the dark and tangled web of Kean's career — lends something of dignity to the most abject moment of his life, and redeems from absolute degradation his moments of most entire self-abandonment. Thus, when an obscure and provincial actor, performing Alexander the Great, he replied indignantly to the sarcasm of an auditor in the stage-box, who called him Alexander the Little: "Yes, Sir, with a great soul!" and exultingly told his wife, after his first great success in London, in reply to her anxious inquiry what Lord Essex thought of him: "D — n Lord Essex, the pit rose to me;" he felt that the appeal of genius was universal, and that which stirred in his blood demanded the response of humanity. This consciousness of natural gifts made him spurn the least encroachment upon his self-respect, however poverty weighed him down, and long before fame justified to the world his claims. He rushed for ever away from the house of his earliest protector, because of a careless remark of one of the company that disavowed his equality with the children of the family. Whenever an inferior part was allotted him, he fled to avoid the compromise of his feelings; and after his triumph

was achieved, poured a bowl of punch over the stage-manager's head at Drury Lane, to punish his impertinent criticisms at the first rehearsal. The same proud independence led him to avoid the social honors of rank. He liked professional and literary men because he thought they truly relished and understood his art. The restraints, the cold uniformity, and the absence of vivid interest in the circles of the nobility, either oppressed or irritated him, and he chafed until free to give vent to his humor, passion, and convivial tastes among boon companions.

A fine audacity and that abhorrence of the conventional we find in hunters, poets, and artists—the instinctive self-assertion of a nature assured that its own resources are its best and only reliable means of success and enjoyment—thus underlaid Kean's wayward and extravagant moods; and while it essentially interfered with his popularity as a man, it was a primary cause of his triumph as an actor; for no histrionic genius more clearly owed his success to the will. In this regard he was a species of Alfieri. The style he adopted, the method he pursued, and the aim he cherished, were neither understood nor encouraged until their own intrinsic and overwhelming superiority won both the critics and the multitude. The taste in England had been formed by Kemble and his school: dignity, correctness, grave emphasis, and highly-finished elocution had become the standard characteristics. Kean was a bold innovator upon this system; he trusted to nature more than to art, or rather endeavored to fuse the two. Thus, while carefully giving the very shades of meaning to the words of Shakspeare, he endeavored to personify the character—not according to an eloquent ideal, but with human reality, as if the very life-blood of Othello and Lear, their temperaments as well as their experience, had been vitally transferred to his frame and brain. He seemed possessed with the character he represented; and, throwing mere technical rules to the winds, identified himself through passional sympathy, regulated by studious contemplation, with the idiosyncrasies of those whose very natures and being he aspired to embody and develop.

Kean obeyed the instinct of genius, when, in opposition to the management at Drury Lane, arranging his débüt, he exclaimed,

"Shylock or nothing!" In that part there was scope for his intellectual energy, opportunity to give those magical shades of intensity and throw into those dark, acute features the infinite power of expression for which he was distinguished. A few weeks before that memorable evening, his first-born son had died in a provincial town, and in all the agony of his bereavement he had been obliged to act, to gain money to defray the funeral expenses. Thence he had gone up to town, and, owing to a misunderstanding of the contract, for months endured the pressure of actual want and the heart-sickness of hope deferred. The season was unpropitious, his spirits and energy were depressed by fasting, affliction, and neglect. While he was at rehearsal, his wife sold one of her few remaining articles of apparel to obtain him a dinner, fortified by which he trudged through the snow to the theatre. The series of triumphs succeeding this memorable night are well known. The overpowering reality of his personation gave Lord Byron a convulsive fit, caused an actress to faint on the stage, and an old comedian to weep, replenished the treasury of Drury Lane, electrified the United Kingdom, ushered in a new theatrical era, and crowned him with sudden prosperity and fame. His star, however, set in clouds; his last appearance in London was as melancholy as his first was brilliant; alienated from his family, the victim of excess — proud, sensitive, and turbulent — his domestic troubles were only reconciled just before his death, which came as a relief to himself and those with whom he was connected.

While the histrionic achievements of Kean identify his name with the progress of dramatic art, his actual life and habits pertain rather to a sphere without the limits of civilization. A wild vein belonged to his very nature, and seemed indicative of gipsy or savage blood. It gleamed sometimes from his extraordinary eyes, when acting, so as to appal, startle, and impress every class of observers. A man once cried out in the pit at the demoniacal glare of his optics, as Shylock meditating revenge on his creditor, "It is the devil!" His poet-biographer compares him to the van-winged hero of *Paradise Lost*; and West, the painter, declared he had never been so haunted by the look of a human face as by that of Kean. Something of this peculiar trait also exhibited itself in his action and tones,

and made his audience thrill with the fierce energy of his soul. But while it thus subserved the purposes of art, and was, in fact, an element of his genius, it infected his private life with a reckless and half-maniacal extravagance that was fostered by his addiction to stimulants, an unprotected infancy, and the precarious and baffled tenor of his youth and early manhood.

When we bring home to ourselves this erratic behavior, combined with extreme vicissitudes of fortune, the career of Kean, as a man, seems almost as remarkable as it was as an actor. A stage-Cupid at two years of age, a circus-rider and harlequin, then an infant prodigy reciting *Rolla*; his very origin disputed; now the slave of a capricious, ignorant, and selfish woman; and now the wayward protege of a benevolent lady; arranging *Mother Goose* for one manager, and taking the part of a supernumerary for another; reduced to such poverty as to travel on foot, his wife trudging wearily at his side, and his boy clinging to his back; at one time swimming a river with his theatrical wardrobe in a bundle held by the teeth, and, at another, for whole days, half-famished, and his wife praying at her lonely vigils for a speedy release by death from hopeless suffering; to-day dancing attendance, for the hundredth time, at *Drury Lane*, to gain the ear of the director, and known among the bystanders only as "the little man with the capes;" and to-morrow, the idol of the town, his dressing-room besieged by lords—few chronicles in real life display more vivid and sudden contrasts than the life of Kean. The mercurial temper that belonged to him was liable, at any moment, to be excited by drink, sympathy, an idea, or an incident. One night it induced him to disturb the quiet household where he lodged, by jumping through a glass door; another, to seize the heads of the leaders attached to his majesty's mail-coach and attempt a wrestling-match. In *Dublin*, it winged his flight for hours through the dusky streets, with a mob of screaming constables at his heels. It inspired him to engage in midnight races on horseback. In more quiet manifestations, it induced him to make a pet of a lion, and a sacred relic of the finger-bone of *Cook*; and prompted him, to his wife's extreme annoyance, to retire to bed in the costume of a monkey. At one time it led him to muse for hours in a church-yard; and, at another,

to try country-life on his estate at Bute, or haunt the "Red Lion" and the "Coal-Hole." In England it made him a volunteer jockey at a race; in Italy, a fascinating story-teller and mimic to the monks of road-side convents; and in America, caused him to be duly inaugurated chief of a tribe of Indians.

There is no actor of whom such instances of arrogance toward the public and individuals are related; but it is to be observed that they generally originated in exasperated feeling, caused by undeserved neglect or gross misappreciation; and charity will ever make allowance for the inevitable results of an incongruous and homeless childhood. Kean's father nearly ruined his son's physique by employing him, at a tender age, to figure in pantomime; timely surgical aid having only saved his limbs from utter deformity. The redeeming influences of his early years were the benevolent intervention of Dr. Drury, who, recognizing his promise, sent him to Eton; and the patient teachings of Miss Tidswell, an actress of Drury Lane. That he was born with a genius for the stage is evinced by the fact that at the age of thirteen his Cato and Hamlet satisfied provincial audiences; and his recitation of Satan's Address to the Sun, from *Paradise Lost*, won royal approbation at Windsor. His talent for feigning served him occasionally more practical benefit than that derived from its entertaining quality; as, when he was released from a rash engagement on board ship, as cabin-boy, for pretended deafness, and escaped the indignation of a London audience he wantonly disappointed, by a well-acted dislocation of the shoulder.

If Kean's early circumstances were adverse to his moral, they were, in many respects, highly favorable to his professional development. The long apprenticeship he served to the stage, embracing every grade of character and almost all functions of a player, made him thoroughly at home on the boards, and induced much of his ease, tact, and facility; his circus experiences and habits of active life gave both vigor and suppleness to his frame; while the vagrant career he led, brought him in view of all kinds of character and phases of life, by which he observantly profited to a degree that only those intimate with him fully realized. While in this country, his genius excited the intelligent admiration, and his recklessness the benevolent care of

a professional gentleman, who became his constant associate and friend. From him I learn that the versatility of Kean's accomplishments was quite as remarkable as the intensity of his acting and the extravagance of his moods. He would often enchain an intellectual circle at a fashionable party, by his exquisite vocalism, the effect of which was inexplicable to those who listened to his limited and unmusical voice; or by the rich anecdotes or shrewd comments of his table-talk; and when released from this to him intolerable social thralldom, work off the nervous reaction induced by so many hours of restraint, by throwing half-a-dozen summersets with the celerity and grace of a practised harlequin. He was, indeed, a compact embodiment of muscles and nerves; his agility and strength were such that his frame instantly obeyed his will from the bound of a gladiator to the expressive restlessness of quivering fingers. His voice ranged through every note and cadence of power and sensibility; now by a whisper of tenderness bringing tears from callous men, and the next moment, chilling their very hearts with the fierce tones of an imprecation. But these remarkable physical endowments would have merely subserved the narrow purposes of the athlete or the mimic, had they not been united to a mind of extraordinary sagacity and a face of unequalled expression; by virtue of these he rendered them the instruments of efficient art. The professors at Edinburgh were disappointed, after seeing him perform and hearing him converse, to find that he had no original theory of elocution to broach, and no striking principles of oratory to advocate. His touches were a composite and individual result, no more to be formally imparted than the glow of poetry or the zest of wit; they grew out of profound observation fused into a practical issue by the inspiration of genius.

Coleridge said that to see Kean act was like reading Shakspeare by lightning. The spell of his penetrating eyes and half-Jewish physiognomy was not more individual than his style of personation; and the attempt to transfer some of his points to another has almost invariably produced an incongruous effect. His excitable temperament was another secret of his magnetism and his foibles; while it enabled him wonderfully to engage the sympathies of an audience, it rendered him liable to be overcome by the least moral or physical excitement,

and made him the slave of impulse. Regularly in New-York, every afternoon, he seized the copy of an evening journal inimical to him, with the tongs, rang for a servant, and sent it away in this manner; while, at the same time, he scrupulously laid aside a guinea a week, during the whole of his sojourn, to reward the faithful services of a poor servant: often drawn by his kind guardian from a haunt of debauchery, just in time to appear on the stage, he would, at others, attire himself like a finished gentleman, mix in the most refined society, and manifest a noble scorn of money, and an absolute reverence for mental superiority, that excited involuntary respect. Kean, the dissolute man, the inebriated boon companion, quoting Latin, the generous and loyal friend, the funny mimic, and the great impersonator of Shakspeare, seemed like so many different beings, with something identical in the eyes, voice, and stature: and as marvellous a disparity marked his fortunes—it being scarcely credible that the same man whose appearance brought a solitary sixpence to the Dumfries theatre, is he who, glittering with the ornaments of Garriek, filled Drury Lane to suffocation for entire seasons; or that the luxurious apartments, crowded with men of note, are tenanted by him whose wife for years kept vigils of penury. It is creditable to Kean's magnanimity under these bewildering transitions, that he never played the tyrant; that he was uniformly kind to poor and inferior actors, and manifested a spirit above envy. After seeing old Garcia perform *Otello* in New-York, he sent him a costly gift in token of his admiration; he candidly acknowledged the superiority of Talma, and labored, with genuine zeal, to commemorate the histrionic fame of Cooke.

It is common to speak of great acting or vocalism as indescribable; and, to a certain extent, this is doubtless true; but distinctness of style is characteristic of genius in all things, and an intellectual observer can adequately report even the evanescent charms of dramatic personation when harmoniously conceived and efficiently embodied. Accordingly, we derive from the criticisms and reminiscences of Kean's intelligent admirers, a very clear idea of his general merits. It is obvious that these consisted of simplicity and earnestness; that, endowed with fiery passions and a sagacious intellect, he boldly undertook to represent Shakspeare, not according to any prescriptive

model or rules of art, but through his individual reflection and sympathy. Like the great master of the written drama, he followed closely the intimations of nature; cast, as it were, self-consciousness away, and assimilated the actual elements of human life with his own action and expression. Hence the truth of his violent contrasts—the light and shade of art. Hence the frequency and effect of his brief, suggestive, and thrilling exclamations, that made a single word or interjection reveal infinite woe, joy, surprise, or madness. It is for the same reason, that, upon refined minds and earnest hearts, his acting unfolded ever new beauty and truth, as described by Dana, whose criticism, when Kean read, he exclaimed, “This man understands me.” By this firm, and, if we may so say, subtle yet instinctive adherence to nature, a certain grandeur and effect, only yielded her genuine votaries, seemed to invest and glorify the actor, so that his most incidental attitudes and by-play wore a reality undiscoverable in the most elaborate efforts of inferior performers. To the same principle we ascribe his versatility. Each character was a distinct study. Where his consciousness was at fault in suggesting the most authentic manner, tone, or expression, he had recourse to observation; he reflected deeply, and appeared to identify himself, by the process, with the being he was to enact, until his very soul became imbued with the melancholy of Hamlet the insanity of Lear, and the mental agony of Othello.

Barnet.

BY CHARLES G. EASTMAN.

"'So,' muttered the dark and musing prince, unconscious of the throng, 'so perishes the Race of Iron. Low lies the last Baron that could control and command the people. The Age of Force expires with knighthood and deeds of arms. And over this dead great man I see the new cycle dawn. Happy, henceforth, he who can plot, and scheme, and fawn, and smile.'"

"LAST OF THE BARONS."

AND so the Race of Iron passed —
So Barnet's bloody field
Saw, cold and still, its lion heart
Lie crushed with WARWICK'S shield;
And when the victor's trumpet rang
Above his fallen head,
The age of knightly deeds had passed —
The Baron-power was dead.

Lord of a hundred baronies,
Chief of a mighty race,
His lightest word the people's law,
The throne his knotted mace;
Girt by his more than royal host,
He heard his war-trump ring,
And towered among his barons bold,
Too proud to be a king.

But Time was working wondrous change,
And from his native realm
Were passing fast the Barons' rule,
The haubert and the helm.

The land was dealt to nobles new,
 And men of foreign birth,
 And London loons were swarming round
 The broad old Norman hearth.

His Age had perished, and the Race
 That gave the Age renown
 Fell with it, and the Castle bowed
 In silence to the Town.
 Low lay its great and mighty Chief,
 Its last and noblest man,
 And dawning o'er his broken brand
 The Age of Trade began:

The Age when Barter sneered at Birth,
 And parchment pedigrees
 Outweighed the names the Normans bore
 Across the stormy seas;
 When shone no more the honest brow
 Beneath the burgonot,
 And men began to fawn, and smile,
 And cheat, and lie, and plot:

When knaves trod on the knightly heel,
 And Avarice, like a rust,
 Eat out the brave old chivalry,
 And swords grew thick with dust;
 When churls and serfs grew fat with gain,
 And villains bought the land,
 And scorned the iron men of yore,
 The battle-axe and brand.

The pen usurped the sword; the loom,
 The mace; the plough, the spear;
 And Agriculture cut the grain
 Where rang the battle cheer;
 And men began to feel the rule
 Of Trade, more potent grown
 Than baron grim, or iron earl,
 Or monarch on his throne.

'T was best, perhaps: yet from the Age
 When trick and traffic came;
 When knights turned knaves, and ladies fair
 Grew false to woman's fame;
 The Age in mincing merchant-kings
 And London tailors great;
 When craft and cunning, fawn and fraud,
 Began to rule the state:

We turn, great Baron! to the men
 Who crowned thy regal times,
 Admire their rude, gigantic strength,
 And half forget their crimes.
 The castle nursed a mighty race —
 A race of Nature's mould;
 And worth meant something more than wealth,
 And grandeur, more than gold.

Those monarch earls and lion lords,
 And barons stout and brave,
 Despised the crawling sycophant,
 The sleek and cringing knave;
Their grim baronial banners told
 Of battles *they* had fought;
 Of glory passed from sire to son,
 And not of titles bought!

But trade and traffic, stock and steam,
 The platter and the plough,
 The mallet and the milliner
 Are lord and lady now.
 The Castle crowns the mousing mart,
 The Palace sails the deep,
 Ambition mounts to bantam hens,
 And chivalry to sheep.

The Earl discusses early blues,
 The Baron runs to seed,
 And Fame combines a purgative,
 And Skill invents a mead;

Nobility is stock and starch,
And Greatness fat sirloin ;
And Worth and Quality are found
In calico and coin.

A Dutch Belle.

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPT

BY P. HAMILTON MYERS.

BALTUS VAN KLEECK left the world without disposing of that portion of it which he claimed to own, and when his pretty daughter Getty became, by operation of law, sole proprietress of several square miles of the terrestrial globe, without any guardian or man of business to guide or instruct her in its management, her position was one of no little embarrassment. Not that she would have so regarded it had she been left quite to herself in exercising her sovereignty, for Getty was an easy, good-natured soul, who said yes to every body's advice, and to all applications for favors.

Not a tenant but would have had his rent lowered, or his house repaired, or some privilege granted, or restriction removed, had it not been for the perpetual interference of Aunt Becky, a shrivelled, nervous old lady, who was kept in a continual state of excitement by the fear that her niece would be imposed upon.

"Don't you do it, Getty!" were the words with which she usually burst in upon these conferences, spectacles on nose, without waiting to hear the specific subject of negotiation.

"I'll tell you what, Aunt," said the heiress, one day, after one of these interviews, from which the applicant had retired discomfited by the very first gleam of Madame Becky's glasses, "I must have an agent to manage these matters, for they are quite beyond my comprehension. What with farms to hire, and farms to sell, and

stock to be disposed of, and rents to be collected, I shall go crazy ; I know I shall. I must have an agent."

"What for, then, would you have an agent?" said the dame, in a loud key, scowling meanwhile over the black rims of her spectacles. "To cheat you out of every thing, and grow rich on your money, hey?"

"No, Aunt ; some good, reliable man ——"

"Good, reliable fiddlestick, Getty!"

"I say no, Aunt."

"I say yes, child. He will charge you half for taking care of your property ; and he'll run away with the rest. Do n't talk to me about agents."

Getty had never divested herself of the dread with which, from childhood, she had regarded her scolding relative, and so, without fully resolving either to carry or yield the point, she sought to escape further altercation, at present, by not pressing it.

"But these repairs, aunt," she said, "which are so much needed for these poor men?"

"It is no such thing! There are no repairs wanted. Why, one would think the houses and fences had all tumbled down the moment poor Baltus was gone. It is no such thing, I say. They are well enough. I have been in every house on the estate within a fortnight, and they are well enough."

"But Mr. Jones, who has eight children, can't make his rent out of the farm."

"Let him give it up, then, to some one who can. What *business* has he with so many children?"

"And Mr. Smith has lost one of his best oxen."

"He must take better care of his oxen, then. He need not expect us to pay him for it ; I can tell him that."

"But I gave him ten dollars, at all events," replied Getty, not without alarm.

"*Ten dollars*, child! Well now, did ever any body hear the like of that? Ten dollars to that idle, whimpering fellow! Why, Getty, you will be in the poor-house in a year, if that is the way you are going on ; that you will. *Ten dollars!*"

Becky could hardly throw accent enough upon these two words to express her appreciation of the magnitude of the waste.

"I dare say it was too much," said Getty, who had always been accustomed to give way to her imperious aunt, and had not the courage to disenthral herself from her tyranny, "but he told a very pitiful story."

"Yes, yes! they'll tell pitiful stories enough, if they can only find any one silly enough to believe them. But I'll see to it that there is no more such throwing away of Baltus's money. Give me the key!"

Getty submissively took from a side-pocket a small bunch of keys, and slipping the smallest off the steel-ring which held them together, handed it to her aunt. No sooner, however, had she done so than the absurdity of the command and compliance became apparent to her, and, with rising wrath, she was about to recall her act, when her eyes met the dark scowl of the old lady, and yielding to the force of habit, she remained quiet.

Now Becky's conduct, harsh as it seemed, was altogether caused by excessive anxiety for her niece's interest; for she was, to the full extent, as honest as she was crabbed. She felt her responsibility as the only surviving adult relative of her brother, and as a sort of natural guardian both of the heiress and her estates, a position which she was by no means desirous of retaining longer than the welfare of Gertrude required it.

Her only hope of relief from her self-imposed duties was in seeing Gertrude married to some "stiddy, sober man;" but on this point she had a morbid anxiety even greater than that which related to the property; for she was in constant trepidation lest the heiress should fall a victim to some needy fortune-hunter, in which class she ranked all suitors who did not follow the plough, and wear homespun. She even went so far as to question more than one presuming beau as to his intentions; and one timid young man who had been a whole month accumulating courage enough to make a first call upon Gertrude, was so frightened by the fierce manner in which Aunt Becky asked him what he wanted, that he only stammered out something about having got into the wrong house, and retreated without ever seeing the object of his hopes.

Strangely enough too, although Getty knew her aunt's conduct in this instance, and her general asperity toward gentlemen visitors, she did not seem to resent it, or to be rendered at all unhappy by it; nay, she was even suspected of rejoicing at so easy a mode of escaping the persecution of lovers. She was unwilling, however, that the imputation of inhospitality or impoliteness should rest upon her family; and on this point she remonstrated with the duenna.

"Let the *molly-yhacks* stay at home, then," said Becky. "What business have they to come here 'sparking?' Let them stay at home, and when we want them we'll send for them."

How and when Harry Vrail's acquaintance with Gertrude began, it would be difficult to say; but for several preceding years his hunting excursions had seemed to extend more often through her father's forests than in any other direction; and the silvery stream which tinkled across the meadows of Mynheer Van Kleeck afforded the finest-flavored trout, in Harry's estimation, of the whole country around. It was natural enough for him, on these expeditions, to stop occasionally and chat with old Baltus on his *stoop*; and sometimes to leave a tribute of his game with the proprietor of the domain on which it was bagged.

If a string of finer fish than usual rewarded his afternoon's labors the larger half was sure to be left at Baltus's door, despite all resistance; and then the servant was to be instructed in the art of dressing them, and Getty was to be taught the mystery of cooking them, in the way which should best preserve their flavor.

Sometimes, too, the fatigued youth could be induced, at the close of the day, to remain and see if his instructions were properly followed, and at the bountiful board of the Dutchman, his seat chanced ever to be beside that of Getty, who saw that he received of the choicest portions of his own gifts. How she loaded his plate, too, with dainties drawn from dark closets, the key of which was seldom turned, save on such occasions as this! How the thickest cream filled the old-fashioned silver cream-pot to the brim, and was half-emptied over Harry's strawberries, or on Harry's currants, while with her own white hand, she pitched the large wheaten slices, quoit-like,

around his plate, enjoining upon him in the most approved fashion of Dutch hospitality — to eat!

Nor did Harry always find himself sufficiently refreshed to start for home as soon as the evening meal was finished. From the table to the long covered stoop was a natural and easy transition, for there the air was fresh and cool; and while Baltus planted himself, puffing, in his favorite corner, and his silent vrow sat knitting and musing at his side, and pussy, unproved, now dandled the good dame's ball of yarn in her paws, and now, tapping it fiercely, pursued it rolling far across the floor; while the swallows darted daringly inside the pillars, and skimming close to the ceiling, flew chirping out at the farthest opening, Harry and Getty chatted and laughed together, talking only on common themes, it is true, yet at times in tones which might have been mistaken, by one who had not caught the words, for tones of love.

And there *was* a time, when yet Harry's father was alive, and was a man of wealth, that the young man dreamed of love. It was presumptuous, he knew, in him, even then, to look up to one so fair and pure as sweet Gertrude seemed to him, and one for whom so many worthier than himself would be certain to aspire. Yet he could not refrain from hoping, though with so faint a heart that he never found courage to declare, or even most remotely to hint at, the love which consumed him. But if, while he was the prospective heir of great wealth, he felt thus unworthy of the object of his admiration, how widely, hopelessly yawned the gulf of separation between them when positive poverty became his lot! With a pang of unspeakable intensity, he dismissed the bright vision which had gilded his heart, and sought no more to recall so painful and illusive a dream.

Yet, strangely enough, while he held himself thus unworthy of Gertrude, and considered that his changed position precluded him from the right to offer her his hand, he saw no such obstacles in the way of his brilliant cousin Tom, now about to enter, with a victor's stride, upon that field which he had so ingloriously relinquished.

A very young lawyer was Tom; decidedly handsome, and possessing a moderate amount of talent, flanked by a most immoderate and inordinate vanity. But, in Harry's estimation, his merits were

so many, and his fortunes so sure, that he might almost be entitled to wed a princess; and although he was incensed, he was not surprised at the very confident tone in which the young disciple of Themis had spoken of winning the beautiful Gertrude, if he chose. Harry thought so himself: he had often thought of it before, and had wondered why his cousin had never seemed to notice this sparkling jewel in his path, any more than if it were but common crystal.

But true love, even when hopeless, instinctively revolts at the idea of seeing the beloved object won by another, however worthy; and Harry, although not without some upbraidings of conscience, had carefully abstained from saying any thing which should set the current of Tom's thoughts in the direction of the great prize he had discovered. Very great, therefore, was his alarm, when his good grand-sire had made his abrupt suggestion, and when Tom so coarsely and ungraciously seemed to approve it. Yet he suppressed his great grief, and replied truthfully to his cousin's inquiry, failing, in his abundant charity, to perceive the utter selfishness which had so entirely overlooked himself, or any predilections which he might entertain.

He even acceded to his friend's request to accompany him on his first visit to Getty; not because any formal introduction was needed, for there had been a slight acquaintance existing between all the parties from childhood, but because Tom thought it would serve to put him at once on a better and more familiar footing with the heiress. And so it did. Getty was delighted to see the cousins, for the lonely child had few visitors, and she appreciated the kindness which remembered her bereavement and her isolation. So very amiable and cheerful did she appear, so naturally graceful and winning, especially when conversing with Harry, with whom she was best acquainted, that Tom was positively delighted with her, and on his return homeward, he announced his fixed determination to offer himself within a week.

"Won't she be astonished?" he said.

"It will be rather abrupt," replied Harry. "She will hardly expect it so soon."

"Very probable; but when a thing is to be done, the sooner it is accomplished the better. Beside, it would be scarcely fair to keep her in suspense."

"Perhaps you are right."

"I shall not hurry her to fix the day, you know, but I abhor long courtships; and these things can be as well settled in a week as in a year."

"But if——"

"No, no; a 'but' and an 'if' are quite too much in one sentence. I tell you I have no fears. She may possibly be engaged to some boor; but even then, Harry, I think it could be managed; do n't you?"

"I do not think she is engaged; certainly not to any one unworthy of her."

"Then we are on safe ground," said Tom, with hilarity. "She seems a nice girl, and I have no doubt we shall get on capitally together. She shall soon lead a different sort of life from her present one, cooped up in an old brown farm-house, with a dragon to guard her. Won't she open her eyes when we go to the city, and when she gets into New-York society?"

Harry began to open *his* eyes a little, a very little, to his cousins' character; but the force of education was strong, and he had been taught to believe Tom almost perfect: so his invincible good nature was busy in meliorating the harsh views which he was at first disposed to take of his conduct, and in inventing excuses for him. Beside, he had a strong affection for Tom, which he believed to be fully reciprocated, and he did not doubt that Getty would inspire him with the same fervent love which his own heart had once felt, and even now with difficulty suppressed.

He did not pursue the subject, nor return to it again, excepting when compelled to do so by the other, whose exuberant spirits ran wild in contemplation of the fortunate change which he was about to make in his affairs, and who could not cease to wonder that he had never before discovered such an obvious opportunity for his personal advancement. The more he thought of his project, the more deeply his heart was set upon it, and so bountifully was he supplied with that quality of mind which Harry most lacked, self-esteem, that he had no misgivings as to success.

* * * * *

"WHAT has come over you, then, Getty, that you have been singing all the time, up stairs and down, for these two days — hey?" said Becky to her niece, on the afternoon of the second day after the visit of the cousins Vrail.

"Oh! nothing, aunty," said Gertrude, hesitating. "I often sing like that; do not I?"

"Not often, I hope. I have counted these stitches three times, and every time your ring-te-iddlety has made me forget how many there are."

The dame's tone was severe; and as Getty spied the old scowl taking shape on her forehead, she retreated to her own room to sing away the remainder of the evening by herself. On the morrow, also, her heart seemed equally light, and snatches of old songs were escaping all day from her lips, making every room and closet vocal with melody, as she flitted through them on various household duties. Now and then a growl responded to some of these chirpings, silencing them for a while only to break forth in some other quarter of the house, more cheerily than ever. As evening drew nigh, her merriment gradually subsided, and she withdrew to her own apartment in a more thoughtful and pensive mood — not long, however, to remain unsought. Her heart beat quickly, when, listening, she heard the voice of a visitor below, and far quicker, when a servant-girl came up and informed her that Mr. Vrail was in the parlor, and wished to see her.

Startled but not surprised, with a fluttering heart and a flushed face, she flew to the glass to add the last touch to the simple adornments of her person, and, although far from being vain, she could not forbear contemplating a moment, with complacency, the sweet picture reflected by the faithful mirror.

She waited a little while for her agitation to subside; for, with that rapid breath and heightened color, and with something very like a tear glistening in her eye, she was unwilling to meet her visitor; but, while she waited, she received another and a more urgent summons.

"You had better come down, Miss Gertrude," said the girl, who seemed to guess that her young mistress was expecting a not unwell

come visitor; "you had better come down, for your aunt Becky is getting ready to go in and see the gentleman."

This announcement did not have a tendency to allay Miss Van Kleeck's excitement, but it hastened her movements, and in a few moments she was at the parlor-door, which she entered tremblingly, and not the less beautiful for her fright. Her step had been agile, but she stopped as if spell-bound just within the door-way, seemingly unable to comprehend or reply to the very civil "Good evening" with which she was addressed by Mr. Thomas Vrail.

The changed expression of her countenance, so radiant on entering, so amazed and saddened now, did not fail to attract the notice of that young gentleman, who, sagely attributing it to the awe inspired by his presence, at once condescendingly resolved to reässure the heart of his charmer by his suavity. But, although Getty recovered herself so far as to say "Good evening," and, after another considerable pause, to ask her visitor to sit down, and then to sit down herself on the farthest edge of the chair most remote from her companion, she did not seem easily reässured.

Tom said it was a pleasant evening; and Getty said "Yes," very, very faintly.

Then Tom said it was a beautiful walk from his house to Miss Van Kleeck's, and Getty again answered with a monosyllable, but this time a little more distinctly.

"A very delightful walk," reiterated the suitor, "and one which I hope I shall have the pleasure of taking frequently."

Miss Van Kleeck, thinking it necessary to say something in reply, and, entirely failing to comprehend the drift of the remark, "hoped so, too."

Tom now felt himself to be getting along fast, nay, with very railroad speed; so he ventured to draw his seat a little nearer to Getty, to her manifest trepidation, for her eyes turned quickly toward the door, and she seemed to be contemplating flight.

But it was one of Tom's maxims to strike while the iron is hot, and if he had been so well convinced of having made a favorable impression on the evening of his first visit, he felt doubly sure now, after the new encouragement he had received.

"I may be a little hasty, Miss Van Kleeck," he said, again slightly lessening his distance from her, "but I have had the presumption to imagine that I — that you — that I —"

"Please not to come any nearer," said Getty, hastily, as her suitor's chair exhibited still further signs of locomotion.

"Ah! certainly not, if you wish it," replied the lover very blandly; "I mean, not *at present*; but allow me to hope that the time will come, when you — when I — that is to say, when both of us —"

Tom stopped, for Gertrude had risen, and had taken a step toward the door, with much appearance of agitation.

"I fear you do not understand me," he said hastily.

"I fear I do," she replied quickly and sensibly, "although it is rather your manner than your words which express your meaning."

"Stay, then, and be assured that I am quite in earnest."

"I do not question your sincerity, Mr. Vrail —"

"That I have come here to offer you this hand," he continued, extending certainly a very clean one, which bore evident marks of recent scrubbing for its present service, but which the heiress exhibited no haste to accept.

She had attained sufficient proximity to the door to feel certain that her retreat could not be cut off, and her self-possession having in some degree returned, she listened respectfully, and replied politely, although with a tone of sadness.

"I will spare you any further avowal of your feelings, Mr. Vrail," she began.

"Do not think of such a thing, dear Gertrude," he replied, still unawakened from his hallucination, "I am proud to make profession of my love for you."

"Will you listen to me a moment before I go?"

"An hour! a week! nay, for ever!"

"I shall not detain you a minute."

"I assure you I am in no hurry!"

"*I am.* You are laboring under a mistake. We are nearly strangers to each other, and you have scarcely the right to address me in the way you have done; but if it were otherwise I have only

to answer by declining your offer," she said, glancing at the hand and arm which had remained projecting like a pump-handle all this while, with the evident expectation on the part of Thomas, whose whole attitude was quite theatrical, that it was speedily to be seized and clung to.

He now began to look astonished and alarmed, but he immediately rallied.

"Oh! I see how it is!" he said; "I have been rather abrupt, I dare say; but we will become better acquainted. I will call often to see you, and then — why, Miss Van Kleeck — *do n't go!*"

Getty had now become angry. She left the room and her astonished lover, but paused a moment outside the door, and said, with a very pretty flush on her cheek, and a very bright sparkling in her eye:

"Call as often as you choose, Mr. Vrail, but I shall never see you. You do not seem to understand the plainest words, but I assure you we shall never be better acquainted with each other than we are now. Good evening."

So saying, Getty almost ran out of the outer room, shutting the door after her with a haste which gave it quite the character of a slam, and hurried up to her own apartment.

Tom's panoply of conceit, which was almost invulnerable, and had withstood so much, only now gave way.

"I really believe she means to refuse me," he said, soliloquising. "It is certainly very ridiculous; but perhaps she may come back. I will wait a little."

He did wait some minutes, listening earnestly, and was at length gratified by the sound of approaching steps, which he advanced to meet with great alacrity; but what was his consternation on encountering at the door the wrinkled and vinegary countenance of Dame Becky, whose huge spectacles, as she stood confronting him a moment in silence, glowered upon him like the eyes of the great horned owl.

The lover retreated a step before this apparition.

"*Do you want Getty?*" she said, at length, in a voice amazingly shrill and sharp.

"I — yes, I should be happy to see her a few minutes if — if you please."

"But do you *want her*? Do you want to marry her?" she asked, in still more of a scolding tone.

"Oh! — ah! — yes, madam," said Tom, attempting to win the old woman by a fine speech; "I am exceedingly proud to call myself an admirer of your beautiful niece; and I have indulged the hope that we might find our tastes congenial to each other, and our hearts sympathetic. May I count, dear madam, on your influence with Miss Gertrude?"

"No, you can't; and more than that, you can't have her. So, no more of that. You are the *third* this week!"

"Good gracious! the third *what*, ma'am?"

"No matter what; you can't have her. You understand, don't you?"

"Y — yes," said Tom, "I suppose I do."

"Very well, then — no offense meant," said Aunt Becky, now trying to modify what might seem harsh in her language, by a touch of politeness, but who still spoke in the same high key. "Won't you sit down?"

"No, I thank you," muttered Tom, now decidedly crest-fallen; "I rather think it is time for me to go."

"Good night, then," said Becky, following him to the door, as closely as if he had been a burglar. "*Take care of the dog!*"

"The deuce!" said Tom to himself, clutching his cane as he walked off the stoop. "Is there a dog to be escaped too? I should n't wonder if they should set him on me!" and he quickened his step down the lane that led to the highway, and was soon out of sight of the old farm-house, without even turning to take a last look at the solitary light which gleamed like a beacon from Getty's room. Alas! alas! no beacon of hope for him!



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